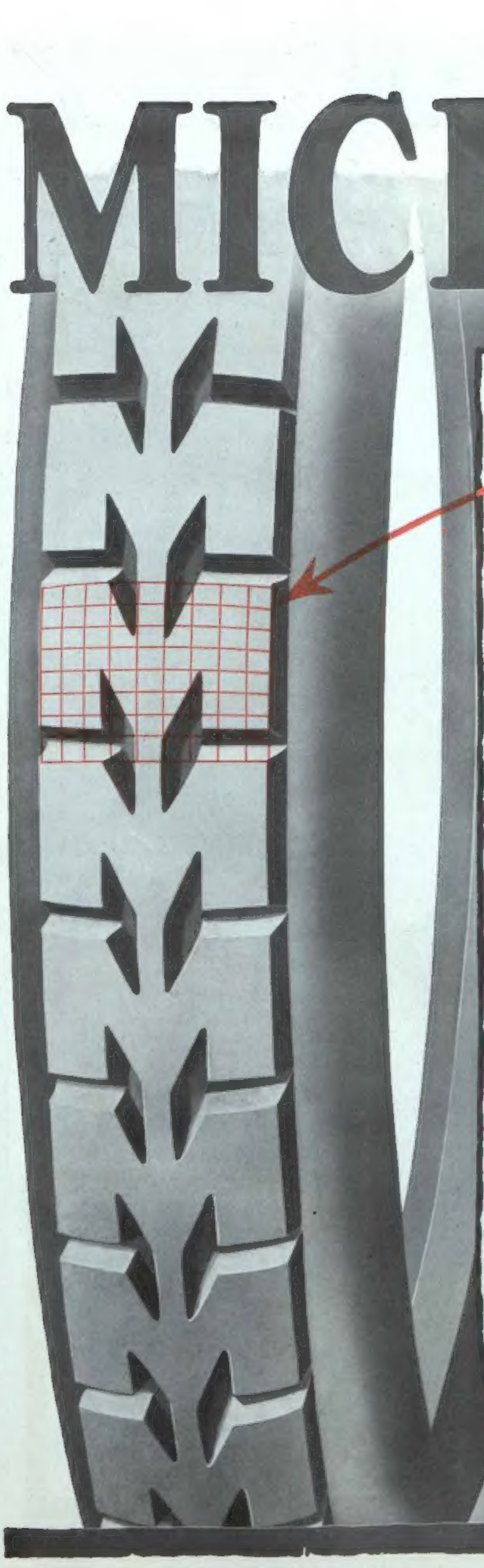
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ted Weekly
by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 16, 1917

In This Number: Carl W. Ackerman—Maximilian Foster—Will Irwin—Basil King
Charles E. Van Loan—Elizabeth Jordan—Nalbro Bartley—Eleanor Franklin Egan

MICHELIN



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It is easy to file off a *point*, but not so easy to file away a broad, flat surface.

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Prevents Dust

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How to Identify a Tarvia Road

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2. If it has a bad smell, it is not a Tarvia Road. Tarvia has a good, clean, "tarry" smell while it is hot at the time it is applied. After a few days, like a tar-and-gravel roof, it has no perceptible odor.

3. If it tracks or spatters, it is not a Tarvia Road (unless the workmen are grossly careless). Tarvia is not oily or greasy. It percolates downward into the macadam and hardens quickly. If the road builders apply more Tarvia than the road will absorb, they are supposed to sprinkle on sand or fine stone to absorb the excess, leaving the surface clean, dry and firm within a few days.

4. If the road works into ruts, it either is not a Tarvia Road, or, if a Tarvia Road, it was improperly built. Some road oils which lay the dust temporarily by the water-sprinkling principle actually have a lubricating effect upon the road, weaken the natural bond and ruts quickly result.

5. If the frost bothers it, it is not a Tarvia Road. Tarvia, like the tar from which it is derived, is about the most waterproof thing on earth. If it is properly used it keeps the dampness out of the road just as tar does out of the foundation of buildings.

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Tarvia brings good roads within the reach of many communities which otherwise could not afford them. While it sometimes, though not always, adds to the original cost of a road, it saves large sums in the end by reducing the expenses of maintenance and prolonging the life of the road-surface.

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To any one who is interested in the modern, inexpensive way of building and maintaining good roads, we shall be glad to send a Tarvia booklet without charge. The booklet shows good roads all over the country which are being built and maintained at lower cost than any other type of permanent roadway.

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Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

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Chauncey Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. Constructed with "Tarvia-X," 1915. The dustless, mudless and automobile-proof surface is very popular with the residents.

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THE FIRST TEN THOUSAND

By GEORGE PATTULLO

WELL, they're at it. From the rock-ribbed coasts of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of California, as the spell-binders say, the youth and chivalry of America are drilling themselves thin to break into the First Ten Thousand.

More than forty-five thousand able-bodied citizens have thrown up their jobs, or locked the office door, in order to learn soldiering and qualify as officers for the great new army to be raised under the selective draft. They are in sixteen training camps—and if you don't believe they're working like beavers, cast your eye over their daily schedule given below.

It would disqualify them utterly for membership in a labor union. Commanders like "Go-Getter" Pershing, who puts in fourteen hours at a stretch without any apparent hurt, have figured out that a healthy male is capable of ten solid hours of labor a day, provided he takes care of himself; and all the training camps are organized on that basis.

Ten thousand was the goal under the Officers' Reserve Corps plan, which would result in one man in four being chosen for a commission. But the need is growing and will grow, so that probably every sound, qualified man of character who has responded to the call will ultimately become an officer.

PHOTO, BY LEO COTTON, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

More Than Eighty Men Live in Each Barracks

At the outset the War Department laid down twenty-five hundred as the maximum quota for each camp. There were to be fifteen full companies of one hundred and sixty-six men each. Then applications began to pour in from the National Guard, and it was discovered that more recruits had been enrolled than could be handled. The Guard candidates had to be taken care of; so letters were sent to hundreds of the new men advising them they could not be received.

Immediately there was an uproar—wailing and gnashing of teeth. Lots of applicants did not receive their notices until after they had parted from their jobs or until arrival at a camp. The wires to Washington were kept hot, and congressmen and senators bombarded department heads.

Learning the Rudiments in Officers' Training Camps

"I JUST can't go back," one recruit informed me at Camp Funston. "To come here I threw up a twenty-six-hundred-dollar job with an insurance company, and there's another man in my place now. Besides, I spent two days saying good-by to my friends; and my girl cried over me. If I went home like this they'd give me the laugh."

Two or three anxious days ensued and then the majority of the disappointed ones were accepted. Camps were enlarged to include eighteen companies, and the strength of some is now in excess of three thousand men.

The job facing the training camps is to furnish officers for a division from each one—and a division consists of nine regiments of infantry, three regiments of field artillery, one regiment of cavalry, one regiment of engineers, and miscellaneous small organizations.

During the first month all the men will receive the same drill, regardless of which branch they aspire to enter. That is to train them in the rudiments and teach them discipline. But along toward the end of June they will be reassigned in due proportions to form nine infantry companies, three batteries of artillery, two troops of cavalry and one company of engineers at each camp. Other men to be selected for the coast artillery will then proceed to Fort Monroe, Virginia, or Fort Winfield Scott, California.

When the whole ninety days' period of training has been completed the commanding officer in charge will select, from each company, troop and battery, the officers for one regiment of the corresponding arm. Thus, we shall have carefully selected officers for sixteen infantry divisions and two cavalry divisions by the time the supply departments are ready to furnish the equipment and the machinery can be set in motion to secure the enlisted men—an army of approximately half a million.

Deciding Factors

MANY factors will enter into the selection of officers. Mature men and those who show a natural capacity for leadership will have the preference.

"I want to warn you gentlemen," said one company commander, "that you are under observation all the time with a view to discovering your fitness to command and instruct other men. We who are in charge check up on you every day. See to it that you get no bad marks."

This is practically the same system employed in some schools and gives the men of character and industry and intelligence a chance to forge to the front. Now as to what they are doing in the training camps. It was manifestly impossible to cover all; but as the work in one is similar to the work in the others I propose to give a glimpse of our life at Camp Funston, Leon Springs. In doing so I should like to point out that the work these candidates for commissions are doing now is precisely the same as the enlisted men will be called upon later to perform when they start training under the selective draft. Therefore, every man subject to call ought to go carefully over their program.

The citizen who fondly imagines that a soldier can be made in a month is the one who has never tried it. The more we learn of what a soldier has to know, the deeper grows our regret that we didn't go at the job two years ago.

"A million men springing to arms overnight!" is the cheap claptrap of a self-starting demagogue. If they did we should be four hundred thousand rifles short for their arming.

The days when father could take down his trusty squirrel rifle from the wall above the mantelpiece and go forth to victory are dead and gone. Nowadays father has to step lively and drill about a year before he is fit to send against trained troops. For war is no longer a question of valor and marksmanship and numbers only, but a vast undertaking in which organization, equipment, artillery, specialized training and economic preparedness are the determining factors.

Yet it stirs the blood to see how young America takes to the game. Their hearts are in it. They are ready and willing to tackle anything that will forward the work; they are up on their toes to learn.

A while ago I held a commission in a Canadian militia regiment, and it was our custom to go to camp once a year for drill. The average recruit there was from the farm or the factory—as fine material as can be had in the world. They corresponded to the same class of men that go into the better National Guard organizations in the United States. We worked hard with them; but the boys in the training camps for the Officers' Reserve Corps were doing better at squad drill before two days had passed than we used to achieve at the end of a fortnight. That makes one hopeful.

Still, it remains a mystery how the Department can hope to turn out efficient officers in three months, no matter how intensive the training may be. Every one of us is beginning to realize the gigantic nature of the task. And there is none of the hysterical

clamoring to be launched abroad at once that rises from a portion of the civilian population.

Instead, there is a growing feeling among the older men that the United States should not be stampeded into precipitate action. Enormous pressure has been brought to bear for the dispatch of a preliminary expedition. Its military value would be nil—that is admitted—but the advocates of the step urge the moral effect on our allies.

Anyone can appreciate the Allies' standpoint and sympathize with it. But our own interests are also to be considered. If you don't take care of yourself in this world nobody will do it for you. And a small, inadequately trained force now would be nothing but a heroic sacrifice.

I am one of those cheerful idiots who believe that America will win this war—poor, despised America! For more than two years we have been eating humble pie—the rich, fat slacker among the nations. They have dinned it into our ears that we are helpless; that we are incapable of contending against a foe, and would be headed for the demnition bowwows only for the protective might of Britain.

Admitting that some of this is true, the bulk of such talk is the veriest junk. We're a million miles from being helpless. Our whole record gives the lie to helplessness in any field we elect to enter. In competition with the world, America has outstripped every nation in the arts of peace. And now that she has turned her hand to war—well, watch the chips fly. Right now the job looms as an impossibility; but the United States is accustomed to achieving the impossible.

Therefore, brethren, cheer up! Humility is doubtless a virtue in church; but it gets what it deserves elsewhere, and we have grossly overdone the rôle. As a people we are either making the eagle scream, and bragging that we can lick the world, or we are in the depths, pitifully afraid that Mexico or Guatemala or Timbuctoo will come over and conquer us. There is a broad middle path, and it is high time we took it by calling to our aid a native sense of proportion.

But let's get back to camp. Of course it rained the day of our arrival. Rain goes as naturally with the opening of a camp as gravy with spareribs. After a few days of intermittent downpours, the company streets were seas of mud, through which the boys splashed and slipped.

"If French mire has anything on this Texas gumbo I'll eat it!" declared a recruit from the North.

Soldiering With Shovels and Brooms

LEON SPRINGS lies amid rolling hills that are clothed with oak and mesquite trees—at this season, as sweet a country as one could wish to see. Besides the Officers' Reserve Corps, there are some regulars training there and a regiment of the Texas National Guard. Motor trucks go grinding past throughout the livelong day; long lines of cavalrymen are giving the horses their exercise; Mexicans are clearing ground and hauling lumber; the rap of the hammer and rasp of the saw on the new barracks and quartermaster's building keep up ceaselessly until late at night; and from the rifle ranges comes a steady spatter of fire. All is noisy orderly confusion.

The barracks were not quite ready for us. Our old friend Red Tape has held up a lot of work on these camps; and though the various commanders have cut through it ruthlessly they were unable to overcome all the delays. However, things were in pretty fair shape and the boys did not grumble at certain unavoidable inconveniences.

As soon as we had drawn our equipment cards we were sent to a big tent for bedding. It was no easy job securing these cards; some of the boys stood in line all day, so great was the rush. Each man drew three blankets—two very heavy, and one light; a bed sack that could be stuffed with hay; a mosquito bar; and what they call a shelter tent. This outfit is really all anyone needs for protection; but to be comfortable a man accustomed to a mattress finds that the cots are none the worse for one. Accordingly most of us bought a small mattress and a pillow from the post exchange for three dollars and sixty-five cents.

Then we went to our barracks. Each company has two—long, bare wooden shacks, with numerous windows that are tightly screened. As the companies have about a hundred and sixty-six men each, we sleep more than eighty to a shack. They were not yet completed—quite a number of recruits spent the first night practically in the open—and those that were ready had to be cleaned out and put into shape.

We went to work with shovels and brooms. Carrying out the rolls of roofing was easy enough; but that sweeping! It isn't a man's work, and that's all there is to it. A male was never cut out for piddling round with house tasks, anyway. His duty lies in the hustling marts of trade, down where the electric fans keep the air cool; or out close to Nature on the golf links.

There ought to be a law against permitting any woman to sweep too. After an hour at it you feel as though somebody had walloped you in the small of the back with a crowbar.

Well, we cleaned out the barracks, opened up the new cots, and made our beds for the night. Very few knew how to obtain the best results with the blankets, and consequently the majority nearly froze that first night. Later we learned how to make a bed and slept very comfortably. This war business is going to turn out a lot of housebroken husbands, I'm telling you. Perhaps the condition of the blood had something to do with it, also; for I noticed that chaps who went round shivering the first two days soon took to sauntering in the open in their shirt sleeves. Open air and exercise had hardened them.

They will not permit any food or water to be brought into the barracks. That is a sanitary precaution. But don't let this rule interfere with shipments of cakes and such delicacies to Jimmie. He can eat them outside; and quite a few of us will risk the damp air to help him.

Every man makes up his own bed and sweeps round it. As the cots are about eight inches apart, there is very little sweeping to do. Then the newly acquired janitor gathers the dirt into piles and carts it away; after which he scatters sawdust on the floor.

To shave, you must go outside or to the company barber shop; also, to wash your face and hands. That was about as far as we got for a couple of days; but now we tackle the showers. They are situated directly behind the barracks—one shack, equipped with eight or ten showers, to four companies. I heard more picturesque swearing the first cold day we went under the showers than at any time since the Harvard-Yale tie of 1910.

In order to get a running start on the profession of an officer most of the recruits bought wrist watches at home, but for the life of them they could not wear the things naturally. They went round with a hangdog air, miserably apologetic.

"Feels like a wart," one kept complaining.

When you inquired the time they turned their backs to take a surreptitious peep.

"You're wrong," I told a Dallas man. "It's long past that."

"Perhaps it is," he admitted ruefully. "But what can you expect? A thing like this is bound to get temperamental."

Later they gained confidence. "Now, boys, all together for the wrist-watch parade!" And they would shoot their cuffs in joyous unison.

It was early announced that the real training would not start until the fifteenth; but as we had a week ahead of us they tried some preliminary drill. It consisted of learning the position of a soldier, saluting, right and left dress, squad drill, and so on.

This matter of Right Dress! is a ticklish proposition. For a while the sergeant in the front rank of our company yelled "Back in the middle!" until he was black in the face; so I led him aside and explained.

There were three of us who just could not Right Dress! If we got our backs into line, we bulged in front. However, ten hours a day will overcome that difficulty.

Here is the daily schedule observed the first week: Reveille at 6:25. The dashed bugler gave you barely time to drag on some clothes and then he blew the Assembly—nominally at 6:30. There was no time for a bath or a wash. You rushed forth with tousled hair, and lined up and answered to your name.

Then Nothing to Do Till To-Morrow

THEN they marched you off and you took intervals for the setting-up exercises officially designated "calisthenics without arms." For twenty minutes they kept you at deep breathing and various bodily contortions calculated to take the kinks out of your joints. These exercises were a tragedy to the fat men; but when you went to breakfast—oh, boy!

Mess call did not come until 7:15, which afforded opportunity to bathe and slick up. After you had eaten, the beds were made for inspection of quarters by the captain. This did not mean simply rolling back the blankets—not by any means. Each had to be folded in a specified manner and placed just so at the head of the cot; your shoes had to be clean and lined up at the lower left end; and all your belongings were neatly hung up or stowed away. No trunks are allowed in barracks except those of regulation length, which will fit into the end of the cot.

A sick call came at 7:45 in the morning, and again at 4:40 in the afternoon. At those hours the unfit reported. Which reminds me of something that occurred in Company Four. Rembert Watson was corporal in charge of quarters for the day. A forlorn youth from Oklahoma approached him at the noon hour and said he was like to die from a chill.

Corporal Watson consulted his schedule.

"Hell, man, you can't get sick until 4:40!" he exclaimed. "Don't bother me."

The first call for drill was at eight o'clock and they kept us at it only an hour. Then we were free until ten, at which time the company commander gave us a talk on matters of camp discipline, care of health, and such.

Dinner came at 12:15; more drill from two o'clock until 3:30; retreat at 5:35; and a parade, review or company drill for thirty minutes. The recall sounded at 6:05 and the summons to supper at 6:15. After supper we could loaf or study; some did one, and some the other.

Tattoo was blown at 9:30 and gave you fifteen minutes to get ready for bed. Then taps at 9:45. Out went the lights and you settled to sleep. If, after the day's work, you could not sleep, something was seriously the matter. One fellow stoutly maintains that eighty-five men in our barracks snore, and all in different keys. Personally I don't believe it. I haven't heard a solitary snore yet.

The physical inspection by the regular army surgeons was stiff. *(Continued on Page 73)*

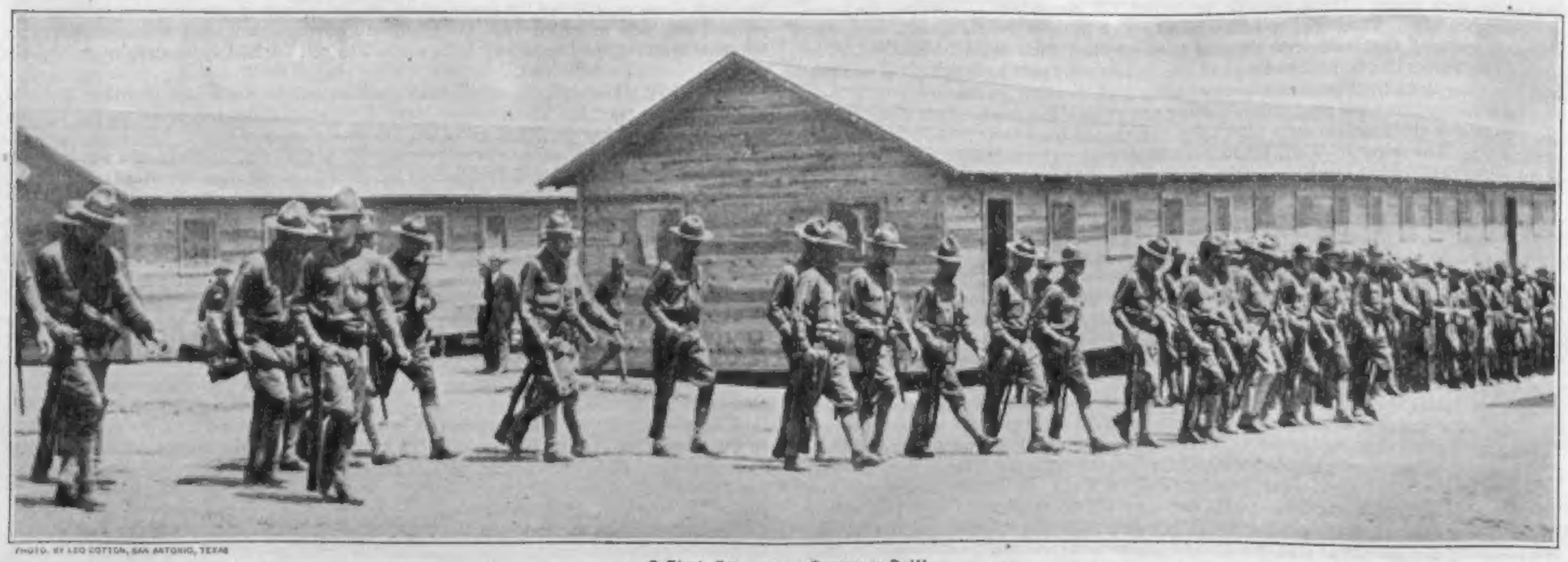


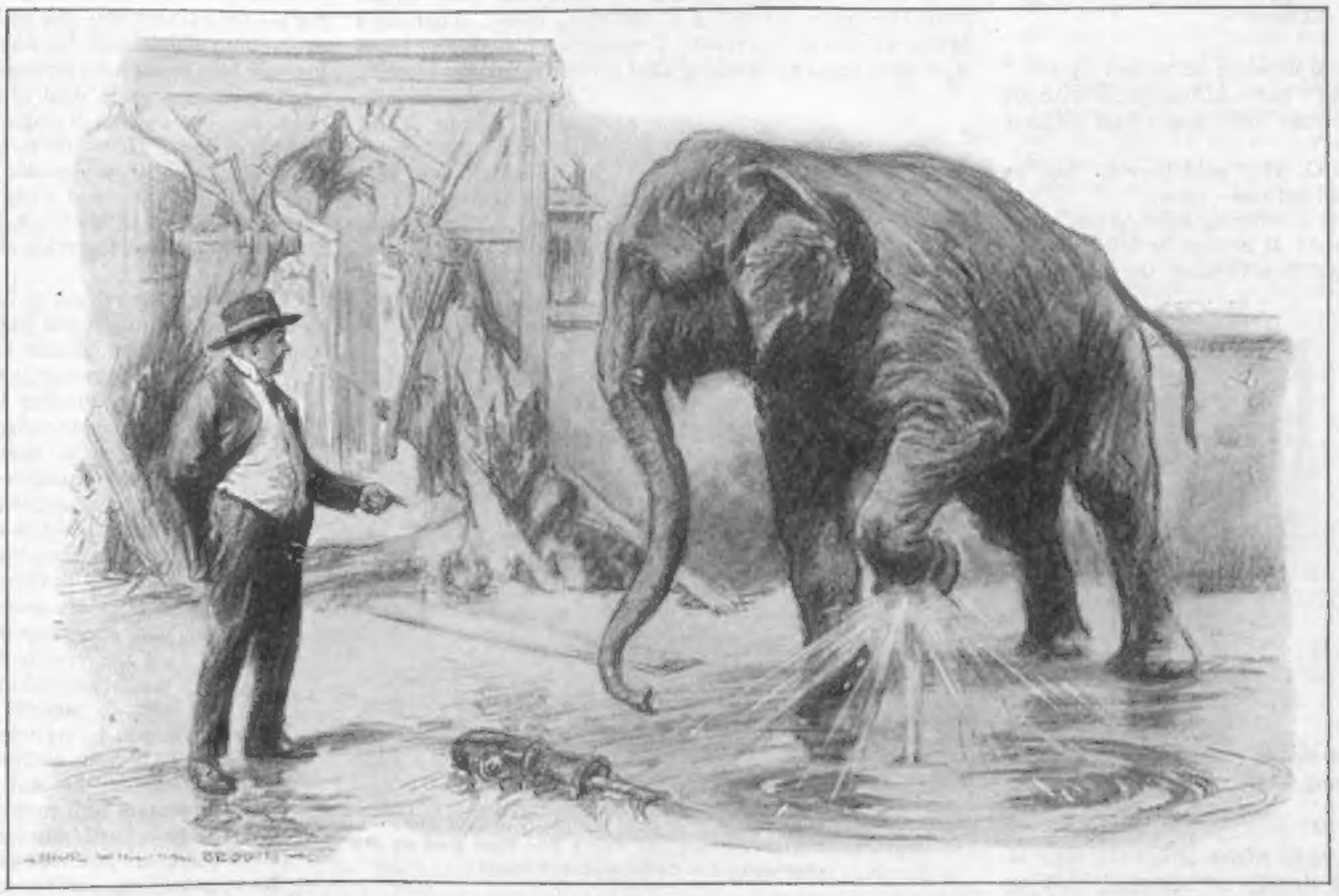
PHOTO. BY LEO COTTON, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

A First Attempt at Company Drill

TODS

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"Is This Any Way for a Gentleman to Act, Just for Fun? Answer Me. Is It?"

HE WAS undeniably a handsome boy in spite of the dust and dirt which he had managed to pick up in a fall from a cliff in the Moonshine Mountains of Kentucky. His clothing was ripped and torn in a fashion to break a costumer's heart; but his hair was barely rumpled, and waved back over an alabaster brow as white as theatrical powder could make it. The youth had not escaped personal injury entirely, however, for on one cheek was a thick crimson smear which seemed to proceed from an ugly cut over the temple. He did not open his eyes when the sturdy bewhiskered mountaineer laid him gently in the tiny patch of sunlight on the bank of the mountain stream. One would have said that the boy was badly hurt, if not indeed dying, and this impression would have been strengthened by the look of deep concern in the eyes of the mountaineer and the keen anxiety in his voice when he spoke:

"Say, Davy, I'm a reasonable man and always was, but if you want me upstage and behind Jerry I'll have to squat in the water while Miss Beverly chucks a fit over her angel chee-ild. If it was summer I wouldn't mind it so much, but take it from me, this creek comes right down out of the snow, and it's cold enough to freeze the legs offen a frog!"

The injured youth opened one eye and grinned, and David MacWade, director of thrillers, replied with some asperity:

"There's just that little three-cornered wedge of sunlight left on the bank of the stream, and it's going fast. If you kneel to the right of Jerry you interfere with Miss Beverly; if you're on the left you're in the deep shade. I can't lug this entire company back here to-morrow just for one scene. When we shoot, you back up a little, Sam, and if you get wet—well, you get wet, that's all."

"And I'll catch my death o' cold," mumbled Sam resentfully. "I ain't as hardy as I used to be, Davy, and rheumatism of the joints ain't no joke ——"

"Come on, Miss Beverly!" interrupted the director. "The rehearsal, please, and make it snappy, because the light is going fast!"

A woman came in sight round the bend of the stream, paused for one startled instant and then ran swiftly forward, stumbling through the brush and driftwood. This was Miss Beverly, for film purposes the mother of the youth lying so white and motionless in the fading patch of sunlight. Miss Beverly's specialty was mothers—sorrowing ones, for preference. In her time she had mothered an army of motion-picture sons, to say nothing of scores and hundreds of erring daughters. Having seen much of celluloid catastrophe, she knew exactly what to do. She threw herself down on the ground beside Jerry Fairfax and, taking his head in her arms, began to rock back and forth in an ecstasy of grief.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she wailed. "You mustn't die—I won't let you die! Speak to me! Only speak to me!"

"Yeh!" grunted Sam, squatting on the brink of the stream. "Be a little gent, Jerry, and speak to the lady. Tell her to pull this scene fast when she gits to it, or I'll be the one that'll die—froze to death by inches!"

"Very good," said MacWade. "We'll make it now."

Miss Beverly ceased wailing and addressed MacWade in crisp, matter-of-fact tones.

"Will there be a close-up of this scene?" she asked.

"Sure!"

"Then," said the motion-picture mother, "I will save my tears for it."

"Tears!" ejaculated MacWade. "You don't want tears, Miss Beverly. Tears are *passé*. They have been overdone. Everybody will think it's the old glycerin-in-the-eye stuff."

"Oh, but I always have tears in a close-up!" persisted the lady. "Real tears!"

"Suffering Doc Cook!" growled Sam. "Do I have to freeze in that creek till the dame makes herself cry real tears?"

"We'll make it now," said David with a sigh, and under his breath he added a few private comments for the benefit of Gabby Trozier, his camera man. The latter squinted at the setting sun, fiddled with the crank of his machine and nodded.

"Just because she's got a pair of leaky eyes," complained David, "she wants tears in every scene. She would have cried her way clear through this picture if I had let her!"

"Uh-huh," said Gabby. "Some sob sister! But are you going to let her cry this time? The sun'll be gone in a few minutes, and if she's going to have tears she better have 'em quick."

"We'll see how she comes out. All right, let's go!"

The scene was made, after which Gabby shifted the camera nearer to the group and announced himself as ready for the close-up.

"As you were!" ordered MacWade, whereupon Sam crept back into the water, shivering, and with many a muffled objurgation.

"Ready?" asked the director.

"Oh, but I must have tears!" protested Miss Beverly. "I always have tears! Just a minute please, Mr. MacWade!"

"Shed 'em for me!" growled Sam. "Shed 'em for me, cut down in my youth and innocence, drownded by Davy MacWade ——"

He was interrupted by a sudden and amazing outburst of vocal grief. Without the slightest warning Miss Beverly hurled herself upon the prostrate and defenseless Jerry, and her heartbroken wailing startled the bluejays in the manzanita thickets. Her slender form quivered to the stress of her emotion; she pawed at Jerry; she patted his cheeks; she kissed his alabaster brow. The motion-picture mother was "getting into the part"; she was trying to make herself believe that here was indeed her son, laid low in his youth and beauty. She was earnestly endeavoring to feel her tears; technically the process is called "pumping."

"Oh, my boy, my precious boy! He mustn't die—his mother won't let him die! And he's all I have left in the w-w-world!"

"You still got me!" came in a savage whisper from the wretched Samuel. "The script says Jerry and me is brothers. You still got me, but you won't have me long. The whole San Gabriel River is runnin' into these hip-pockets of mine!"

"You can't die—you shan't die!" And in the very midst of a terrific spasm of anguish Miss Beverly looked up at MacWade, dry-eyed but expectant.

"Am I getting any yet?" she asked quite calmly.

MacWade shook his head. He was too disgusted to speak.

"Perhaps if you would whistle something for me ——" Miss Beverly was nothing if not a conscientious performer. "I—I can't seem to feel them yet, but if I had a little music ——"

"Oh, for pity's sake!" began MacWade impatiently, but the competent Gabby nudged him and he subsided.

"Let her cry if she can," whispered the camera man. "It's all right, boss; let her cry!"

"Music always helps," continued Miss Beverly. "Whistle Hearts and Flowers, please, or Somewhere a Voice is Calling. I cry best to those pieces."

"Yeh," said Sam with an elaborate sneer; "whistle for the lady, Davy; or maybe you got a harmonica handy. A jew's-harp would be just the ticket. Play her them Sweet Vi-o-lets, professor, and play 'em slow. . . . Great king, woman! If it's only a few drops of water you want, I got a lot to spare. I'll chuck some on you!"

It was the resourceful camera man, hand on the crank, one eye on the descending sun and the other on the simmering director, who came to the rescue of the struggling artist and saved what remained of the fading light. Gabby lifted up his voice in song, and his atrociously nasal tenor would have made anyone weep, even if his selection had not been that most lugubrious of all ballads, The Brooklyn Theater is Burning. With this melancholy caterwauling in her ears, Miss Beverly redoubled her sobs and cries and at length produced a faint moisture—at least enough to dampen her eyelashes.

"I've got 'em!" she announced triumphantly. "Now shoot!"

And as Gabby turned the crank, he chanted the chorus slowly and painfully:

"Hark, hark! to that wild cry of fi-yer!
How dismal them warning bells sound;
For our gay Brooklyn Thee-ay-ter's burning,
She's burning, alas, to the ground—oi-yoi!"

When all was over, Sam rose stiffly from his crouching position and went dripping over to the director.

"Please, sir," he whined, "I think maybe I could cry, too, if you'd only whistle a little for me. Yeh, I can give you tears if I get the right kind o' music. Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven—that's my favor-ite song."

"I'll give you something else if you stand here soaking wet!" scolded MacWade. "There are some dry clothes in the tonneau of my car—I always carry a change for emergencies. Hustle into 'em quick, before you catch cold."

"A wonderful little guy," muttered Sam as he hastened away toward the spot where the automobiles were parked. "Never overlooks anything; never forgets anything! He ought to be the Sec'etary of the Navy!"

"All right, people!" shouted MacWade. "We're through for the day! Everybody at the studio at eight to-morrow morning. Here, Gabby, I'll give you a hand with that camera. Thank the Lord and the scenario department, there won't be any weepy mothers in the next picture!"

"And you'll be short a few tears in this one," grinned the knight of the crank. "I grabbed that close-up as soon as I got set, taking no chances on the light. I sneaked it over while Beverly was pumping and Sam was watching her. Good thing I did, because when she finally produced the light was gone."

MacWade was more or less familiar with the catch-as-catch-can collaboration of his camera man, but this time he found himself rather at a loss and demanded an explanation:

"You'd already shot the scene, yet you let her string us along for ten minutes? What was the idea of that? I don't get you."

"Sam didn't get me either," was the grim reply; "but I got him and I got him plenty. Any time that big Bohunk steals the pie out of my lunch I'm going to get even with him somehow. I held him in that ice water for eleven minutes by the gold watch and chain, and if that ain't getting hunk, Davy, what is? No weepy mothers in the next picture, eh? What's it to be, old dear?"

"African stuff."

"But our elephant up and croaked on us last month," objected Gabby. "You can't have African stuff without an elephant, any more'n you can have desert stuff without camels. It ain't being done."

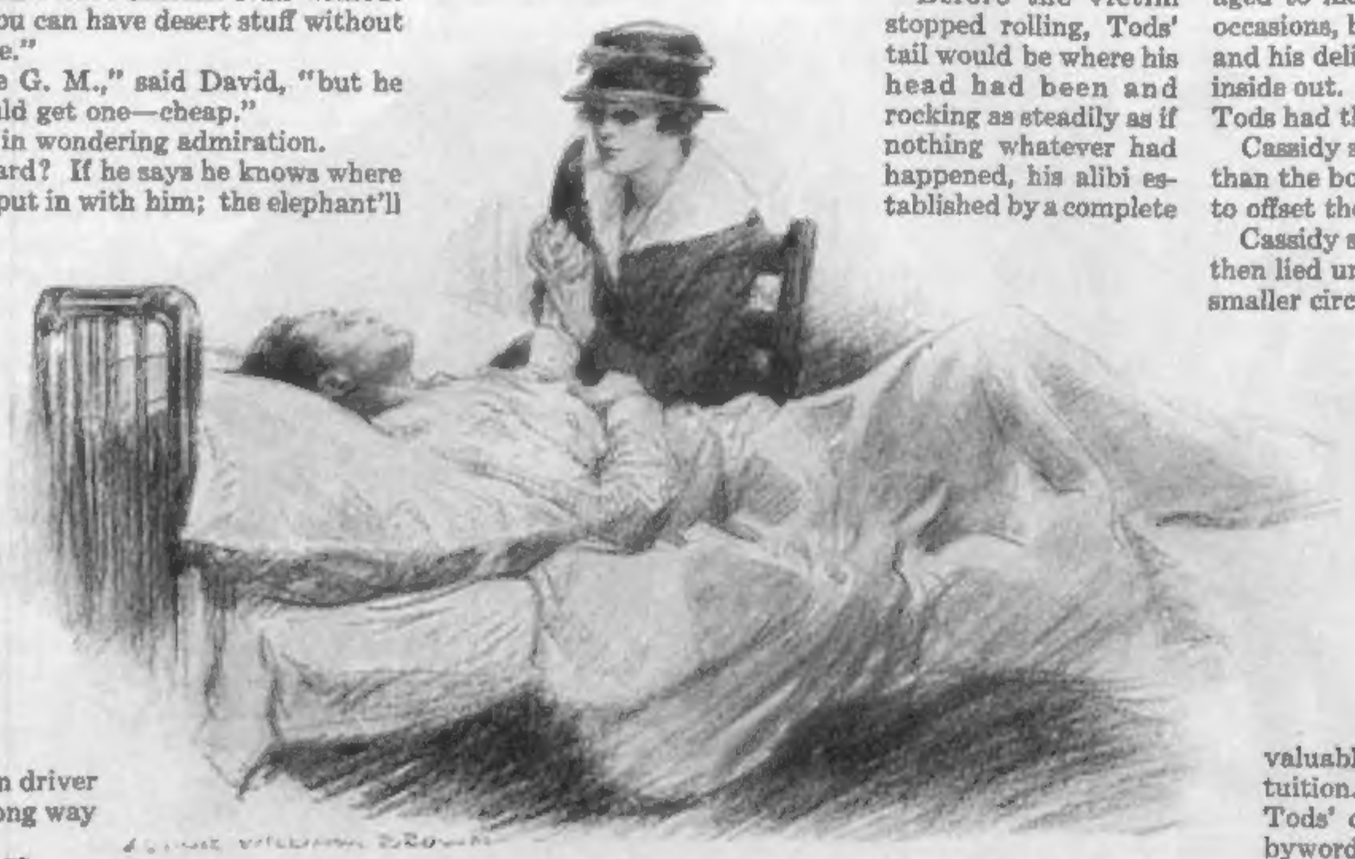
"That's what I told the G. M.," said David, "but he said he knew where he could get one—cheap."

Gabby wagged his head in wondering admiration.

"Ain't that fellow a wizard? If he says he knows where he can get an elephant I'll put in with him; the elephant'll be there. But he's dead wrong on one count—there ain't any such thing as a cheap one."

"Why not?" demanded David as he settled himself behind the steering wheel and reached for the switch.

"Because," replied Gabby, "an elephant is like a wife. It ain't the original cost that breaks a man—it's the upkeep that puts him on the rocks. Same way with an automobile. Speaking of automobiles, let's see what kind of a mountain driver you are, old dear. It's a long way to town!"



"Well, Good Night, Dear, and Don't You Feel Bad on My Account. I'll Come Out All Right"

II

TODS was born somewhere in Africa about the time of the Civil War, and was already an immense, hulking brute when he formed an unwilling addition to the elephant herd at Hagenbeck's Zoölogical Gardens in Hamburg. He was not called Tods in those days. The name was given him by the chief bull man of the great circus with which Tods made his initial American appearance—and at once began to make sawdust history.

Now every bull man knows, and will tell you truly, that an elephant has as much individuality as a human being—some say more. There are dangerous elephants that may be identified by the wickedness in their, tiny twinkling eyes, while others are hypocritical enough to assume the outward semblance of virtues which they do not possess. Tods was a bad elephant, but his eyes never betrayed him.

Judging by appearances, he was as sweet as a June morning and butter would not melt in his mouth. He looked to be the personification of all goodness and gentleness, wrapped up in an immense, wrinkled, India-rubber parcel; but it was when he seemed most innocent and virtuous that he was really most dangerous, for Tods was an outlaw at heart, wise as the father of all serpents and harmless as a runaway ammunition train on a three per cent grade—the very Machiavelli of elephants.

So cleverly did he hide his little villainies that he actually succeeded in fooling all the experienced bull men during the greater part of his first season on the road. In the beginning of his American career Tods showed a profound respect for authority in the shape of the steel hook carried by the keepers and trainers. He never molested a circus *attaché*, but woe to the casual and rustic outsider who strolled along the elephant lines seeking to make strange friends! Tods could see such a one coming every time—and made it his business to see him going as well. His method of dealing with the guileless visitor, as finally discovered by the bull men, was simple but tremendously effective.

It was Tods' custom to wait until the menagerie tent was clear of spectators, at which time he knew that the vigilance of the keepers would be somewhat relaxed. He would then watch for the sort of man who is more interested in animals than in acrobats; there is one in every town, and Fate usually sent him one a week. As he watched, he would rock back and forth on his chain, rumbling internally, after the manner of his kind. Most elephants sway from side to side; Tods rocked from trunk to tail, nearing the rope barrier and then drawing away from it, exactly as a boxer works in and out, sparring for an opening. And, like the boxer, Tods was always ready to lead when the opening presented itself.

If the victim showed no signs of halting, Tods would pluck at him with his trunk, at the same time backing away almost imperceptibly. The idea of this maneuver was to coax the victim within range. If it succeeded Tods would retreat still more. He did not believe in missing a punch and leaving a witness able to bear testimony against him. After a time the trusting stranger would be close against the rope. The extended trunk would begin to curl downward—and at this point Tods would steal a glance at the bull men. If they happened to be looking in his direction he would pretend to put something in his mouth, and out would go the trunk again. The last thing usually remembered by a victim was the curling up of the trunk. When everything was ready, and the bull men looking the other way, Tods would surge forward on his chain, jerking his great head upward as he did so. With the head would come the trunk, unrolling at lightning speed, much as a fighter swings an uppercut. Tods never missed, and there is no such thing as blocking that terrific thrusting blow.

Before the victim stopped rolling, Tods' tail would be where his head had been and rocking as steadily as if nothing whatever had happened, his alibi established by a complete right-about face, executed noiselessly and with astounding agility. The stranger, hauled out from under an animal cage, stunned and bruised and shaken, was never sure which elephant had hit him. How could he be? Certainly he could not identify the miscreant by his tail, which was all Tods ever offered for inspection. A neighbor in the bull line would be manhandled for the crime, and Tods would look on with the calm and lofty air of superior virtue, rocking back and forth and mumbling as a deacon mumbles his "amens" when the sermon suits him.

But they caught Tods at last—caught him with the goods—and then they made up for lost time. The chief bull man summoned his assistants, and they played xylophone solos on Tods' tender toenails with the butt end of a goad, after which they attacked him with pitchforks and drove him to his knees, where they forced him to remain for ten minutes—the cruelest punishment which can be inflicted on an elephant. Imagine a very fat man compelled for ten minutes to support his weight upon weak ankle joints! The comparison is feeble, but it will serve.

Tods slobbered and whistled and wept and promised to be good, but goodness was not in him. The very next day an inquisitive yokel tempted him beyond his strength, and Tods knocked him clear through a popcorn stand. He was punished again, this time until his knees were so lame that he could not stand. But it seems to be with elephants as it is with men—there are those who pursue a wayward course in spite of correction. The only effect that punishment produced was to make Tods sullen and, if anything, more crafty.

It must be said that the chief bull man did not give up without a struggle. Tods was well worth saving. He was a famous performer in the sawdust arena, and the bright particular star of the elephant act, the leader of the herd. The chief even tried to win his affection, in order that he might rule through love rather than fear, but Tods proved the poet a liar. He remembered the pitchforks, the lame knees and the xylophone solos, and one day he walloped the chief bull man hard enough to break three of his ribs and jar all the patience out of his nature. Thus ended Tods' career on the Big Time.

He was worth at least ten thousand dollars of anybody's money, for he was a noble specimen of the African tusker as well as a distinguished ring actor, but he was also a walking liability, so the management put him on the bargain counter and sold him to Cassidy's Three Ring Circus and Hippodrome. Every bull man on the lot gave thanks when he saw Tods' great gray rump go rocking down the road for the last time.

"Good riddance to rubbage!" growled the grizzled chief as he rubbed his sore side. "There goes the wickedest and the wisest bull in captivity, an' I've seen 'em all, one time an' another! He'll murder somebody yet, but Cassidy thinks his men can handle him. Handle hell!"

Tods did not commit murder under the Cassidy régime, but this was largely due to luck in selecting his victims. He did cost his new owner a fortune in damages to individuals and property, for he developed a mischievous streak which manifested itself in nocturnal ramblings, and no picket pins or barred doors could detain him once his feet began to itch for the open road. When the urge was on him he went, and that was the end of the matter—that and footing the bills afterward—for on his nights out Tods smashed everything which came his way, and if things did not come his way fast enough he arranged to meet them. He managed to meet a great deal of valuable property on these occasions, but owl lunch wagons were his specialty, his joy and his delight. He would go miles to find one and turn it inside out. Livery stables also drew him like a magnet, for Tods had the appetite of a hay-press.

Cassidy sawed off his tusks, but the trouble went deeper than the bone, and the price of ivory was not high enough to offset the outlay.

Cassidy stood the drain on his purse as long as he could, then lied unblushingly and passed the big brute along to a smaller circus, which became still smaller when Tods went on the rampage and wrecked half the animal cages, turning their occupants loose upon the countryside.

Again he changed owners, guaranteed to be the paragon of all virtues. They give a dog a bad name and hang him; but they give a bad elephant a good name and sell him as soon as they can—always for a little less money. In the course of time Tods accumulated more owners than the Kohinoor ever had, and caused more sleepless nights than all the crown jewels of Europe. He also taught several hundred rustics that it is not safe to meddle with strange elephants—a valuable lesson in its way, but dear at the price of tuition. It became increasingly difficult to lie about Tods' character; he was the scandal of tentdom, a byword among bull men everywhere.

"You're as hard-boiled as Tods!" Thus they cursed their charges. In circus parlance hard-boiled does not mean penurious. When an animal is said to be hard-boiled he is unmanageable, evil-tempered. And Tods was surely hard-boiled to the adamantine limit.

A large book might be written about his wanderings up and down the face of the land; a library might be filled with the history of his escapades. Circuses, zoos, amusement parks, carnival companies, tent shows, street fairs—Tods played them all, sinking lower and lower in public esteem and in monetary value. He was always a brilliant performer under capable handling—no elephant was ever more intelligent—but he was unreliable, especially at night, when the *Wanderlust* came over him and drove him forth in search of lunch wagons and other small game.

Scarred by well-merited punishment, but no whit chastened by years and experience, still hard-boiled to the very heart, Tods came at last to Southern California and the end of the sawdust trail. The tent show which brought him to the Coast lasted just one month. Tods assisted it into bankruptcy by taking a night off and visiting the residence portion of a Los Angeles suburb, where he pulled out by the roots one hundred and thirty-seven lawn hydrants. The flood which resulted swept the management into the hands of the sheriff.

And Tods?

Behold him now, entering the front gate at the Mammoth plant, sold for a song, words and music by the purchasing agent of a motion-picture company, sold under the hammer for a beggarly four hundred dollars!

Take note of his weary, shuffling gait; the dispirited droop of his large, tattered ears, their fringes embroidered by the hooks of countless bull men East and West. Observe particularly the meek, almost piteous flopping of his red under lip, for this is Tods—Tods the outlaw, the wicked one, the aged and hard-boiled, limping into a new world and a new game, and, asalways, warranted to be intelligent, sound and—save the mark—gentle.

His tiny pink eyes twinkled as they took in the strange surroundings—the actors in costumes, and the flimsy shells of houses erected but for a day and, therefore, hardly worth an elephant's night. It was a show-ground of some sort—Tods knew that well enough and felt quite at home—but the man who had him in charge would not permit him to linger long enough to satisfy his curiosity. The price of four hundred dollars included safe delivery at the Mammoth zoo, so Craney, the keeper, hooked Tods savagely in the lacework of the left ear and urged him onward:

"Come along, you big stiff! What you loafing for?"

Tods groaned, for he was very tired, and paved roads are severe on the feet, even the feet of a hard-boiled elephant.

In the office at the zoo the Baron was playing royal cassino with his first assistant, a diminutive, sun-dried young man, all springs and steel wire, who answered briskly to the name of Tabasco. Tabasco was older than he looked, and a seasoned and capable handler of wild animals.

Cassino was the Baron's only dissipation, but he played the game badly, depending upon a certain deftness of the

hand, and discounting close observation and a trained memory for cards as they fall. He was the very heart and soul of honor, but when he played for the fun of the thing, without a stake of any sort, he would bear watching. When detected he always apologized meekly, and blamed it on his eyes.

The Baron glanced out of the window and smiled.

"Aha!" said he. "Here come that elephant now. By golly, he look to me like he is all in!"

As he spoke the Baron innocently scooped up a seven and a deuce, but the card with which he took them was the ten of diamonds.

"Hey!" cried Tabasco. "Drop them cards, and don't tell me no more that your eyesight is failing! Seven and two is nine—even in Sweden. That's it, drop 'em—and now I'll give this bull the once over myself."

Tabasco rose and went to the door. For an instant he stared; then a yell of amazed recognition burst from him.

"Well, the jumping Jeroozalum! Old Tods! I'd know the sucker anywheres!"

"Eh?" questioned the Baron. "You seen this elephant before, then?"

"Seen him!" Tabasco was greatly excited. "Holy Moses! Didn't I have charge of him for five months with the Bell Brothers' outfit? Didn't he knock me off the bridge into the Missouri River? Seen him? Well, I guess yes! Seen a-plenty of him—all I want. Enough to last me a lifetime. This is the smartest, meanest elephant that ever busted up a show. Ole hard-boiled Toddles—hell on wheels! And I thought he was dead. He ought to be. Only reason they didn't shoot him years ago was because he saved railroad fares. You could put forty men in a box-car with him and ship 'em clear across the country—no conductors would ever get in to check up their transportation. Old Tods would knock 'em cold the minute they opened the side door. Oh, he's a bird in full bloom! An Injun-rubber tornado with gum boots on!"

The Baron took another look out of the window. Then he spoke, drawling his words slowly and with a faint Scandinavian accent:

"He look like a yentle ole feller to me."

"'Yentle'!" mocked Tabasco. "'Yentle' as a wolf! Wait till I get a pitchfork! I'll make him welcome to our city! I'll show him he ain't any stranger in our midst! Nothing like taking the jump on a bad bull ——"

"Wait!" interrupted the Baron, rising and waddling out of doors. "You leave this elephant to me, my son. No pitchforks! You only make him mad. I get along good with elephants ever since I am a boy in India. The mahouts they tell me an elephant he like my smell."

"But this old bull was born with a cold in his head!" protested Tabasco earnestly. "He never got a whiff of nobody or nothing that smelt good to him! You let me get a pitchfork and work him over. I know this feller like a book; you don't."

"All the same," continued the Baron, "I am going to know him pretty quick, and he is going to know me. You watch how we get along together."

"You're crazy! He'll wop you with that trunk and knock you through the side of the house. Don't go near him, Baron!"

By this time Tods had halted some ten feet away, and Craney supplemented the warning:

"Better keep away from him, sir. He ain't no cinch to handle. You got to have the hook in his ear all the time."

"Stand back, please." When the Baron issued an order it was usually obeyed without question. "Tabasco, you stand back too. A little more yet. That will do. Now watch what happen."

Slowly and deliberately the old man advanced into the danger zone, halting directly in front of the swaying trunk. Tods shuffled his feet in the dust and pretended to be occupied with other things, but his ears lifted slightly when the Baron addressed him, and his keen little eyes ceased twinkling and became fixed.

"Now, my son," said the Baron, "you and me, we are going to be friends. Because I will never harm you, you will never harm me. You understand that, Tods? Yes, a smart elephant like you, he understand everything. It is a bargain between two yentlemen. It is also a promise, my son, and yentlemen do not break promises. Come closer."

Tods lifted his trunk and touched the Baron lightly on the arm with it. For perhaps ten seconds he did not move a muscle; he seemed to be thinking, turning something over and over in his mind. Then the tip of the trunk traveled upward to the Baron's cheek, where it paused once more.

"Closer, my son," said the Baron. "You see, he is smelling me. Everybody quiet, please."

Tods took one short forward step, and his trunk went round the Baron's shoulders. He drew the old man to him with a gentle pressure, whispering and rumbling, elephant fashion, as he did so. "Well, I'm damned!" gasped Tabasco. "He's loving you!"

"Of course he is," replied the Baron. "All elephants they take to me like this. In India the natives say it is because they like my smell." He scratched the rough skin of the trunk with his fingers, and Tods let out a gusty, whistling sigh. His head dropped lower and lower over the Baron's white pompadour, and his little eyes closed.

"From now on," said the Baron, "there is no trouble with him. He will be a good boy." The old man freed himself from the clinging embrace and stepped back two paces. "Give me that hook, please," said he, and Craney, thinking that he understood, passed over the emblem of authority. When Tods saw it in the Baron's right hand he began to rock and mumble and shake his head, but at last he lifted one great forefoot and held it out in front of him, whimpering and groaning.

"He knows you're his new boss," said Craney. "That proves it."

"But why does he hold up his foot?" asked the Baron.

"You got the hook by the small end, so he thinks you want to beat him up—hammer his toenails. Oh, he's a wise old coot!"

The Baron exploded in an alien tongue, a profane burst of pity. "No, no, my son!" said he. "Put down your foot. You are not to be beaten any more. I do not treat any animal cruelly, let alone a fine yentleman like you. Put down your foot." Tods obeyed, but he stood with both ears cocked forward, ready for anything. The Baron weighed the hook in his hand.

"My son," said he, "I want you to know that we have no more use for this thing, so I throw it away—like this!" He hurled the weapon from him, and immediately Tods pivoted in his tracks and started to retrieve it, one of the first tricks he had learned.

"Come back, sir!" called the Baron, and at the command Tods halted in the middle of a stride. "Come back here, my son. I threw the hook away because I did not want it any more. Come back!" Tods swung slowly about and retraced his steps, but his eyes were asking questions, and he kept turning his head to look at the hook, lying in the grass beside the road.

"My son," said the Baron, "you must learn that when I tell you anything it is the truth. You heard me say that I did not beat elephants, but you did not believe me. You have been in bad company—bad company. Yentlemen do not tell lies. Now we will leave that hook in the road and hunt up something that is good for sore feet. And maybe I can find some red apples for you. You like red apples, eh? Then come along with me like a good boy. Come, my son."

And Tods the incorrigible, the unmanageable, the terror of the tent shows, shuffled after the Baron, trunk outstretched and plucking at his clothing, meek as a lamb. The two bull men looked at each other and shook their heads. "Has he got him hypnotized, do you think?" asked Craney.

"I don't know what to think," replied Tabasco; "but the Baron has sure got a gift when it comes to handling animals. And he ain't what you'd call a p'fessional either. Never was with any show. I wonder if there's anything in this smell business. Big McConaughey, that used to be with Slayden and Pollok, he said there was, but I never believed it."

"I dunno. Sometimes the more you think you know about bulls, the less you know 'em. But I'll tell you this—smell or no smell, I wouldn't trust Tods as far's I could throw him by the tail. Wait till he gets loose some night—you'll see what a fine 'yentleman' he is! What season was you with Slayden and Pollok?"

That very night Tods pulled up a triple picket pin, and with the loose end of the chain wrapped carefully round his trunk he started on a tour of investigation. He carried the chain because he knew that to drag it behind him would advertise his whereabouts, and so cautious was he that he managed his escape without the jingling of a link. Whenever he heard a noise of any kind he would brace himself and stand perfectly still, a big gray shadow among the other shadows, and he remained motionless as a shadow until he felt that it was safe to proceed.

He visited the Streets of Cairo, the French village, the Wyoming cattle town and several other permanent "sets," and from time to time muffled crashes testified to his activities. He did not understand why a step through a front door should carry him into the back yard, and he was a bit

(Continued on Page 33)

"Up, Tods!" She Screamed. "Up, I Say!"

Spain and the German Game

By WILL IRWIN

I HAD visited Spain twice since the war and felt myself caught in a maze of contradictory facts, statements and opinions, before an informed Spaniard dropped one of those little remarks that sometimes clear up a whole situation. We were speaking of the German press propaganda—the topic of the hour.

"The German Embassy isn't paying for that," he said; "nor is it paying for the other assaults on public opinion. The money comes from German business interests; and the largest single contributor is the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce!"

This revelation matched at once, in my mind, another curious thing I had been observing ever since the war began. Whenever, in France or England, I got news of the German military or civilian prisoners, I found they were all studying Spanish. In short, the German propaganda in Spain, as I convinced myself on further investigation, has commerce, not politics, as its main motive; it is part of a general plan, which has grown more and more definite with the progress of the war, to exploit not only Spain but the Spanish-speaking peoples of the world—especially in South America.

PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

King Alfonso of Spain, Arriving at Paris, is Met at the Railroad Station by President Poincaré

Having conventionally told the story in the first paragraphs, let me now set forth the present state of Spain, the reason why Germany finds that country a promising field, the tangled course of Spanish politics since the war, and finally our own vital stake in this curious game.

Spain is a limited monarchy. Her constitution, when, through the process of revolution and disturbance, she passed from the stage of absolutism, was modeled on the British. The keystone of that system is the responsible Ministry. The Prime Minister, the executive head, performing most of the functions of our President, holds office only so long as his legislative assembly backs him up. When the assembly fails him, when there is a "vote of lack of confidence," the King, after consultation with the party leaders, appoints a new Prime Minister from the party that appears to be dominant; and the Prime Minister forms a new Cabinet.

This works extremely well with the British, who are conservative and averse to change. Ministers and parties stay in power long enough to do constructive work. Asquith, with his Liberal government, held office for six years before the war. He had time in that period to establish a program of social legislation more radical than anything Britain had known for a century. Asquith, after one shake-up in his Cabinet, held the reins for two years after the war began; and his party is dominant yet.

How Militant Minorities Make Trouble

CONSERVATIVE as they are in some of their personal ways, beliefs and modes of thought, the Spanish are unstable in politics. The average Spaniard does not, like the average Anglo-Saxon, bow to the will of the majority. If the majority rules against him he tends to make himself a militant minority of one, and to start trouble. Nor have party lines ever been very strictly drawn. To a great extent, political grouping is a matter of personal following.

A leader will change his party, taking his following along, with an ease and grace that would appall us, but which seems perfectly natural to a Spaniard. Still further, though there are roughly two dominant parties, Conservative and Liberal, there is a bewilderment of minor parties—as Carlist, Conservative Republican, Radical Republican, Socialist, Clerical—which combine and recombine with the dominant parties. My picture of Spanish political life is a kaleidoscope.

In consequence, no government lasts long. Asquith held power for eight years; Asquith's party has held power for eleven. In that period the average term of a Spanish premier has been a year and a half. The tenure of office is far too brief for any constructive work.

Moreover, the uncertainty of its tenure sits always on the pillow of a Spanish Cabinet. If it really lashes out and does anything, it gives offense, of course, to this element or that. Then comes a new combination, the formation of a majority opposition, patched up from minorities—and out goes the premier.

The king, then, remains the only fixture in Spanish political life. Though he has little more actual power than the British monarch, he holds office a long time. He alone can form a program with much hope of seeing it executed. He lacks, it is true, the apparatus of power. He does have the prestige of his office and the not inconsiderable influence of the kingly personality. Even monarchs more limited than he by constitutions and circumstances have influenced legislation and national policy through prestige and personality. Queen Victoria prevented England from making effective protest when Germany took Schleswig-Holstein away from Denmark; and her son, King Edward VII, was the real deviser and promoter of the Triple Entente. A king, in even the most limited monarchy, has much play for whatever abilities he may possess.

Fortunately for the dynasty, and fortunately—at least temporarily—for Spain, Alfonso XIII, as he grew from a boy king to a man king, developed both progressive opinions and real abilities. A good sport, in all that slangy word implies, endowed with a charming personality, a zest for life and a sense of humor, he enjoys a tremendous popularity even among those Spaniards who wish to see the end of kings on the Iberian Peninsula. The revolutionary and republican sentiment is strong in Spain; and all sides agree that only his popularity, the reflection of his personality, keeps the dynasty together.

Apparently he does his own thinking. Scion of a house notable for its love of absolutism and its adherence to the divine right of kings, surrounded by a rigidly reactionary court and an etiquette like the laws of the Medes and Persians, his mental enthusiasms are all on the side of liberalism. Discussing with an Anglo-Saxon visitor the attempts that have been made on his life, he said cheerfully: "They'll get me yet, I suppose. But there are two things they won't do: One is to make me quit; and the other, to drive me into reaction."

His admirations lean not toward Germany and Austria, the paradise of kings, but toward England, France and America. To look upon our country with unprejudiced eyes must have been, at first, a little strain for Alfonso. In his childhood, when a regency reigned for him, he was King of the Spains. When he came to his coronation he was merely King of Spain; and we did it. Yet, one item of his policy is a closer relation with the United States.

So far as we can see now, that deed of ours—not wholly defensible to the liberal American—closed one era in the life of Spain. Alfonso assumed the throne at the dawn of a new epoch. In the sixteenth century the Emperors Charles V and Philip II ruled the widest empire of history. Heritors of the predatory tradition founded by the Roman Empire, their colonial policy was merely to milk their possessions dry of resources in precious metals, precious woods, and all valuable virgin products.

The empire gradually fell away before the growing sea power of England; but until well into the nineteenth century Spain held the greater part of the Americas and lived lazily on her cargoes from Peru. South America gone, she still went along on the exploitation of the West Indies and the Philippines. When, in the war of 1898, we took these away, it was like the final bankruptcy of a decaying business.

Now the point of this condensed history is that nineteenth-century Spain was to the other nations of Europe as the heir to a comfortable fortune is to his fellows who have been obliged to go to work and learn trades. When the fortune vanishes he has neither a technical occupation nor the habit of work. In the three centuries during which she lived on the fortune founded by Columbus, Pizarro and Cortés, the neighboring European countries had been developing their own resources and learning how to make the most of them.

In the nineteenth century England, France and Germany entered what Socialists call the era of industrialism. Spain did not. With 1898 a new age dawned. Spain began to search within for her income. Catalonia especially, awoke to behold the industrial era. Barcelona, the largest city of the kingdom, already something of a manufacturing center, began to expand and improve, until now some of the Barcelonan textiles can put English and French weaves out of the market.

But the progress was a little slow; for the national character was not attuned to industrialism. It is a great mistake, I think, to speak of Spanish spirit as run down or degenerate. The most casual eye notices the strong characterized faces of the people. No European peasantry is more sturdy and self-respecting than the Spanish. But the people, as a whole, had not acquired the habit of work or the ambition for higher standards of living which breeds that habit. The men of means still preferred to put their money into perfectly safe small-interest investments rather than to try for new fortunes by developing new things. The workman was contented with the same old easy job at a wage of fifty cents a day.

Spain's Untapped Resources

SO SPAIN, home of the oldest European civilization west of Italy, remained paradoxically the one Western European nation with virgin resources. Those resources are not at once apparent to the casual observer. France, for example, charms the eye with her fertility; every inch of land sprouts verdure and riches. Mile after mile of Spain, as seen from a car window, shows a golden-red desert, tufted with scrubby desert vegetation, with cactus, with century plant. Yet an explorer of a hundred years ago, comparing the prairie lands of Indiana with the tufted desert of Southern California, would have laughed at the idea that these two districts would some day become equally productive and valuable.

The thing which made Southern California is the thing which will some day add millions of acres to Spanish production—irrigation. Spain has the water, tumbling out of her hills and mountains in full-flowing, turbulent rivers like the Ebro, the Tagus and the Guadalquivir. It needs only the capital and enterprise to dig reservoirs and canals, and to prepare the land.

Her mineral resources are another and a more important matter. Unlike France, Spain has coal and iron side by side, and it was such a conjunction of coal and iron that made Pittsburgh. The coal deposits, which lie in two bodies—one at the north, the other in the southern province of Andalusia—have been worked at a rate below even the domestic demand. This Spanish bituminous coal is of lower quality than the standard English bituminous; it averages, I believe, about 1250 thermal units to 1350 for the Cornish product. However, it serves amply for smelting purposes. The anthracite coal deposits are scarcely tapped, because the Spanish have not learned how to use anthracite.

The iron has been mined mostly for exportation. The older deposits of the Bilbao region have gone down in quality with steady mining; they assay at present about 38 per cent. But the northern mountains are seamed with rich iron veins, held at present as concessions and by way of speculation. Spain, with her silver mines, is the only country of Western Europe that still produces the precious metal in paying quantities. Also, she is the great European copper producer.

When she entered her new industrial era she was working largely with outside capital—conspicuously French. In Europe capital follows the flag, and political spheres of

influence have a bearing on all financial questions. Refer to a map of Europe and North Africa, and you will see how France curves about Spain on the north; how the French African colonies curve about the Spanish colonies on the south. Except for Portugal, all Spain is bounded by France or the sea.

In her state of shabby-genteel poverty she never had enough capital of her own. Besides, following the cautious national custom of seeking safe funds at low-interest returns, Spanish investors tended to place their money outside of the country. French money, mostly Rothschild money, built the Spanish railroads. Of late, and since they became a safe investment, the Spanish have been buying back the stocks of the principal roads, until now Spaniards have a majority. But the individual Spanish holdings are small and scattered, while the French interests are held and voted *en bloc;* and the French still control these roads. Next to the French, the British were the principal investors in Spanish enterprises. They controlled, for example, the copper-mining industry.

Roughly this was the situation at the beginning of the twentieth century, when Spain lost her colonies and began to work, somewhat sluggishly but steadily, toward a new era. And this period coincided with Germany's greatest, most ambitious period of industrial and trading expansion.

Spain, it must have seemed to the Germans, offered a great future field for trade. New production demands all kinds of new things, such as machinery and tools. With increased production, and a change in the basis of life, come new personal wants. It were wise to establish at once the habit of German goods.

How Spain Regards France

ALL this appears to be very sound business. Those Mediterranean peoples are somewhat conservative in their personal tastes, sticking to old and tried commodities. England's commercial rivals often charge that the basis of English trade in those regions is mere habit.

They went at it, in their own thorough way, with that German trading method which was sweeping the world before Germany got overambitious and launched the great war. There were two rather small German banks in Spain. Their capital was at once extended; they were made credit banks. That always happens when the Germans begin a trade invasion of a new field. It enables them, in the Mediterranean countries, to extend credit without taking undue risk; and rather long credit is demanded by the Italian, Spanish or Southern French purchaser. Again, the German banks are so organized, as part of the whole German business structure, that the bank and the merchant virtually become partners.

The Germans are not ground breakers. That is the special function of the English-speaking peoples. Our greatest delight in reaching toward a new country is to open up its raw resources; to replace highways by railroads, hand winches by machine hoists; the uncertainty of rainfall by the certainty of irrigation. The type of the British and American industrial vanguard is the engineer; of the German, the commercial traveler.

The German outlook is illustrated by an incident that happened in Spain a few years before the war. Someone discovered, convenient to rail transportation, a body of iron ore which assayed rather low but was in such geological location and chemical combination that it could be easily and profitably mined and smelted. The men who held the concession tried it on a set of Berlin capitalists. They looked into the field and reported that they liked the proposition. They would invest with the Spanish, on condition that a million tons a year should be shipped to Germany. When the Spaniards refused this condition the deal fell through.

This iron lay close to deposits of coal. The Anglo-Saxon impulse would have been to get a coal field also; to set up blast furnaces, rolling mills, and finally factories; to go on from ore to pig iron, to steel products. It was not the German impulse. Their idea of expansion is home expansion; their idea of foreign commercial relations is the purchase of raw products for German factories and, most importantly, the sale of German finished products.

The system worked in Spain as elsewhere. From an infinitesimal trade in the nineteenth century Germany was, by 1913, selling Spain three hundred million pesetas' worth of goods a year; the peseta is about a fifth of a dollar on normal rates of exchange. Those were the paper figures. But much of the German export to Spain came through branch houses located in France and Switzerland, and so got into the statistics as French and Swiss imports. In the opinion of commercial experts the real German sales to Spain were about five hundred million pesetas—or one hundred million dollars—a year. The balance of trade was about three to one in Germany's favor.

Then—the war! And now, in order to understand the situation, we must turn into the briery field of politics, both domestic and international.

The war brought a wide division of opinion in Spain. In a general way the line-up was the one I have observed in every neutral country of Europe. The reactionaries were for Germany, "who has shown how autocracy can be successful"; the progressives and radicals were for the Entente Allies.

The King Enjoys a Tremendous Popularity

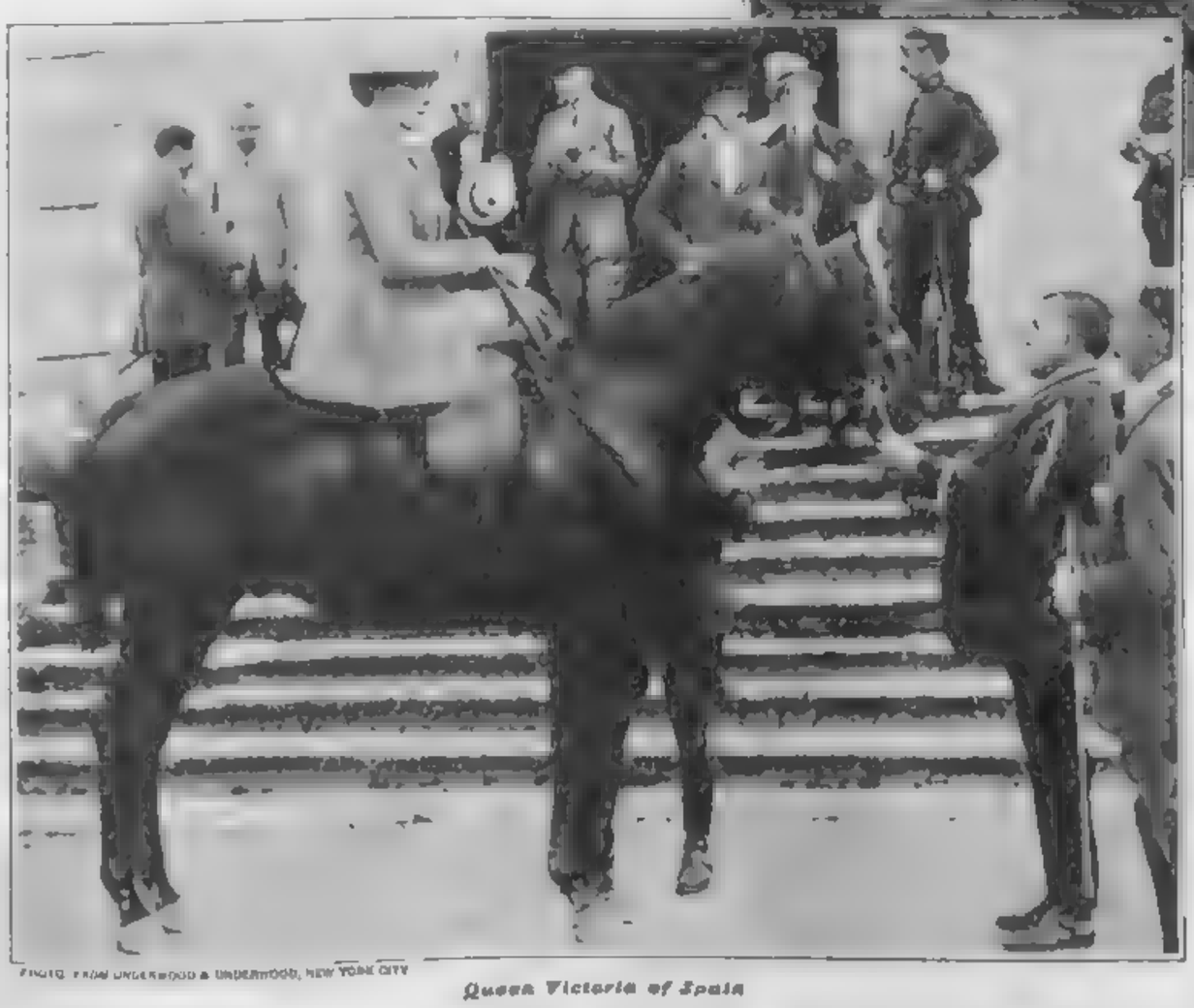


PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Queen Victoria of Spain

But other and special factors bore on the question. The Catholic Church in Spain held an especially bitter grudge against France, prevailingly Catholic though the great republic be. In 1905, as the world knows, France revoked the concordat and disestablished the religious orders. The unhoused monks and nuns fled mostly to Spain, where they roused in the devout Spaniards a hatred of France.

You hear women in Madrid society saying that the Kaiser is an instrument raised up by God to punish "the apostate nation." The heads of the church and those Spaniards who view everything solely in relation to their religion were for Germany—and for Austria, the one great Power besides Spain where the church is by law established. The heads of the army, and in general the army officers, were pro-German from the first. Partly this was doubtless professional admiration for the German successes early in the war. Partly it was approval of German method; their own idea of discipline was always based on Teutonic rather than Gallic or British idea. Still, admiration was probably the keynote, for the navy tends to be pro-British.

Add to this a number of business men who resented the French financial hold on the country and you have the pro-German element in Spain, together with the reason for the faith that is in them. What between the clergy, the army and the high nobility, pro-Germanism became fashionable in Madrid society. The court was almost solid for the reactionary side of this war. The king's mother is an Austrian, his wife an Englishwoman; and he himself, with his liberal opinions, favored the liberal nations. "Only I and the *canaille* are for the Allies!" he said laughingly.

Only the king and the rabble—for such of the Spanish populace as thought much about the subject tended toward the Allies. Stick to Madrid and you would think the country overwhelmingly pro-German. Travel about among the farms and small factories—so they who know Spain tell me—and you would esteem it pro-Ally.

There is, to begin with, the sensible, matter-of-fact Spaniard, who says "Germany is far away. France and England are our neighbors. Our interests are theirs. If they lose this war we also lose to a certain extent." Then the whole radical, republican and revolutionary element went white-hot at once with zeal for those two European countries from which they draw most of their inspiration. When last I had knowledge of the French Foreign Legion the Spanish led all other races in number of enlistments. Then—especially after Italy went in—there was the call of the blood. The other Latins were all with the Allies.

The Bourbon Pretender

THIS, as much as any other reason, drove the intellectual class toward the Liberal side of this war. You can count on your fingers the intellectuals of Spain who are for Germany. With two or three exceptions, every scholar of note is pro-Ally. Not a single author of any eminence whatever sides with Germany. This tendency is so marked that when the German propagandists wanted a literary man to write books for their cause, they were driven to employ an ex-member of President Huerta's Cabinet, an exile from Mexico, who had a trick of writing.

Probably a plebiscite of Spain, taken at any time since the war began, would have gone in favor of the Allies. "Sixty-five per cent pro-Ally, thirty-five per cent pro-German," was the estimate of an American diplomat who traveled widely through Spain in 1915. "Thirty per cent pro-Ally, twenty-five per cent pro-German, forty-five per cent indifferent," said a Briton, this year, who has great knowledge of the country.

So the Allies had the quantity; but, judged in terms of power, the Germans had the quality. Because universal suffrage is a matter not of quality but of quantity, and also because of the situation, which they were in a position to understand, the Spanish political leaders generally leaned toward the Allies. This was true not only of Count Romanones, leader of the Liberal Party, and the cleverest politician of Spain, but also of Count Dato, chief of the Conservatives, and Maura, the other great Conservative leader.

The chief of the Radical Republicans, Señor Alejandro Lerroux, stood for Spain's open intervention in the war. The only party that professed German sympathy was the small group known as the Carlists. The Jacobites of Spain, they adhere to the principle that Don Jaime, the Bourbon pretender, is the rightful king. This introduces a situation that has elements of comedy. Don Jaime is colonel of

(Continued on Page 45)

THE TOTAL BEWITCHER

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

TELFAIN, are you in your 'brain cell'?"

The Town Mouse paused in the hall. The study door opened, and Telfain, flushed and decidedly guilty looking, invited her in.

Mouse hesitated.

"Ought I?" she murmured.

"You know I always rumple the aura—leave ribbons or hairpins in the middle of a learned treatise on the Morals of Muskellunge."

"Oh, do come in, Mrs. Tobin!" Telfain laughed down at her. "The servants will see us gossiping in the hall."

Mouse frisked inside.

"What did I interrupt?" she demanded. "I've waited just one hour past the time you told me ——"

Telfain consulted his watch.

"Isn't that another new creation?" he demanded, trying to change the subject.

He viewed admiringly her walking costume of pale pink tulle, with white fur every now and then, and a swan's-down toque set atilt on the Mouse's blond head. She waved her black stick, set with brilliants, in assent.

"Mouse, you are permanently connected with pink tulle, aren't you? Every time you're left alone with a box of the stuff another one of those adorable bibbed frocks comes into the world."

"That deserves forgiveness, Telfain; but if you want to know how to make a wild flower wild just sit in your brain cell spooning with prehistoric vertebræ while the wild flower is waiting for you to go walking.

"Jumbo phoned an hour ago to ask whether you were being kind to me. I was tempted to say no, and see what would happen!"

Mouse sat on the arm of his desk chair, balancing herself with the black walking stick. Telfain's hands found room on it also, and they swayed back and forth in a delightful fashion.

"Jumbo!" he chuckled.

"Everything considered, I think Jumbo acted very well. He sent us a lovely gold nut set for a wedding present," the Mouse smiled in spite of herself. "Everyone has acted very well—except the women. They *strafe* me!"

"Appearances are against you," Telfain said honestly.

"I've tried to get on with them for your sake," she said demurely.

"How? By wearing one ravishing gown after another until the owner of the hotel has almost asked me to move to prevent the downfall of that sacred institution—the American family!" Telfain's big self shook with laughter.

"Every time you go into the dining room the women escape with their husbands to the mezzanine floor."

"Why, Telfain—how ridiculous! Just because I'm an actress, things are always happening to me. I can't be admitted to a single reading club. I don't seem to get their step. I've tried. I locked myself in here for hours getting a paper ready for the Women's Investigating Club. But no one liked it. I didn't, myself."

Mouse punctuated this speech by poking the end of the black walking stick into Telfain's various vest buttons.

"What was it about, Mouse?"

"Working girls. I'm sure I told the truth. I said that to expect a girl to curl her hair and mend her gloves, boil her eggs and say her prayers and dream of fairies in one tiny room was a greater effort than to make ducky little overdrapes for all the windows of the Vatican within a fortnight!"

"True!" commented Telfain, enjoying it hugely.

"Then I said that working girls were much brighter and prettier and usually amounted to more than society women; that society women generally got to be squashes, but the working girl kept in fine fettle; that she knew how to judge human nature. She divided humanity into five great classes and dealt with each accordingly: Whisky and horse people; coffee and dog people; tea and cat females; cocoa and canary bird flappers; and lemonade and goldfish spinsters. And then she made a strong play for the first two named. There wasn't a ripple of applause when I finished."

"You knew that last was naughty, Mouse."

"No, I didn't ——"

Telfain took hold of her shoulders.

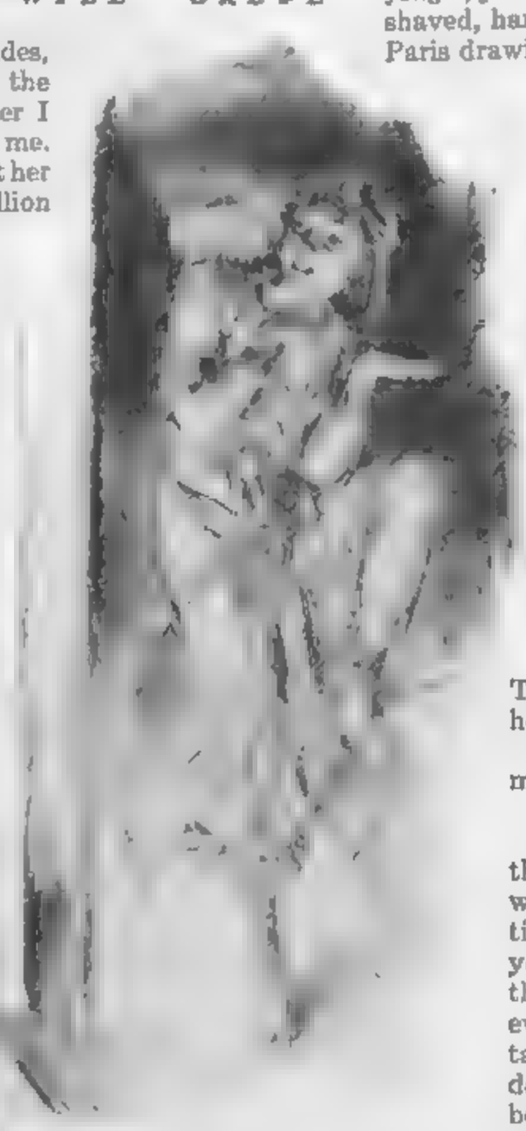
"You've worked hard for the name of Total Bewitcher, haven't you? When you get yourself sold as a slave for the Belgian Benefit—young Skiddy Van Stave paying a thousand dollars to lead you round the supper room and call you 'Mouse'—do you blame his mother, president of the Investigating Club, for not admitting you to membership?"

"But that was for charity. Besides, Telfain—I'm the kite and you're the string. I can soar as high as ever I please, yet know you've got hold of me. I can't tangle in the trees." She put her cheek against his. "It seems a million years since Floatbridge—and Blessing—and all of it."

"Are you happy?" asked Telfain seriously, his eye straying to a cablegram on the edge of his desk.

"Too happy!" She slipped to the floor and began inspecting cases of arrowheads and flints. "I don't deserve it—we're both growing round-shouldered from toting spare time about."

"Do you mind if Coventry drops in for dinner? He's cabled me his arrival for to-day. I was busy thinking up some arguments about a theory of his and I completely forgot our walk——"



"Warburton Says I'm Right, Beyond a Doubt"

"You mean Coventry Cabana?" Mouse slowly laid down her stick.

"Yes—I suppose the morning papers will be full of him. They always stand at the pier and grab him for an interview. He won't stay with us, Mouse—knows we've only an apartment. Besides, he doesn't like domesticity; he's put up at the club."

"Coventry Cabana," Mouse repeated. "I knew he'd come ——"

"There is no one I'd rather see. Where haven't we two explored ever since we ran across each other at a scientists' meeting in London! Coventry said, as simply as if he were asking for salt and pepper: 'I'm Coventry Cabana. I've watched you during the meeting—let's be friends. Maybe you'll consider going to Peru on Saturday. Plummy job there—city that's been buried two thousand years.' That was on a Wednesday. On Saturday I went to Peru."

"You stayed three years in Peru ——"

"But we found our city. Then we did the Nile thing—Coventry found an Egyptian princess in a gorgeous tomb and fell in love with her—actually! Then the government sent us into Denmark and he dragged me off again—two years ——"

"He's coming here—and he hates domesticity?"

Telfain, like a child displaying a precious toy, did not notice her tone.

"Is it because he didn't send us a wedding present, Mouse? He isn't that sort—you'll see! He's half Italian, half English; a strange mixture—now harsh, now gentle—always cynical and apparently making fun of everything. He does queer things that show different sides of him. In Peru, when we killed a female puma Coventry tramped miles and risked his life in order to find her cave to shoot off the young; said it wasn't pleasant to think of them slowly starving. That's the sort he really is."

"Why does he hate domesticity?"

"Because he's like you," Telfain surprised her—"not on an ordinary schedule. He's used to having every woman fall madly in love with him, foolishly so. Thrives on flirtations, but never more than that. Grubs for two or three years unearthing things no one ever fancied could be unearthed, bullying natives, taming the jungle, you might say; and then emerges from an unshaved, harsh brute into almost a fop; lisps back to Paris drawing-rooms to be petted."

"Do you think that honorable, Telfain—to flirt?"

"I loved you for it. Why blame Coventry? He is rich and fairly young, and brilliant in the world of science. We work together well—I'm slow, quiet and inclined to believe in things; Coventry is quick, forceful, filled with doubt."

"Does he know you married an actress, a Town Mouse given to high kicks instead of high art?"

"Oh, yes. It didn't impress him any more than if I had married a Grand Duchess. All marriage is damning in Coventry's eyes. It's the same as if I were sent up for life; and he wants to drop in and say a kind word."

"So he is coming here—for dinner?"

"If you don't mind."

"But if I do?"

Telfain hesitated. The Mouse repeated herself.

"Ah, well—then, if you'll pardon me I'll meet him outside."

"Telfain!"

"Mouse! Listen to me. Women, more than men, are inclined to narrowness. It is what keeps them our ideals; but, at the same time, it's rather hard on themselves, don't you think? When a man and woman marry, the woman is willing to give up anyone and everyone she knows if the man so decrees—takes it as a matter of course. A man doesn't. Sometimes there is a friendship between men that is stronger even than romantic love. When two men have been together in the wilderness unearthing history—oh, I can't explain—any more than I could tell Coventry why I love you."

Mouse nodded gravely.

"What is his favorite dessert?" she asked.

"Deep apple pie. Was there anything on for this evening?"

"Did you forget even—even that, Telfain?"

"Oh—then, there was something!" Telfain rumpled his black hair in dismay.

"I dance for the Entente Relief Bazaar—I've been rehearsing a month."

"Of course! Well, we'll go, and take Coventry."

"I'll bore him."

"Oh, no—not at all!" Telfain bit his underlip. "I believe I'll go and fetch him up—he's probably waiting for me to send word or come."

"Do go—and fetch him up."

Mouse passed into her own rooms. When Telfain eloped with the Town Mouse and they had gone to Florence to make dreams come true, Mouse had discovered just such a room as she was standing in now. As a surprise, Telfain had it copied in every detail; so when Mouse came into the apartment of her New York hotel she saw again the bedroom of the ancient Italian villa—with walls of pale biscuit colored wood, a mellow background for the furniture, and a great gilded bed standing on a dais of silver-gray carpet and hung with creamy brocade patterned with starlike blossoms. There were fine Italian carved commodes, large and small; and above the door were lunettes in grisailles, and the arched windows were hung with cobwebby lace drapes. A lyre-shaped clock, with a gentle chime, and old gilt candlesticks guarded the mantel.

The room suited Mouse, for she seemed one of those rare little Tanagra figurines quickening on the shelf of an old cabinet and stepping into Telfain's strong arms. She took off her unused walking costume and stood in her filmy underdress before a paneled mirror.

"Coventry Cabana!" she remarked, twisting her wedding ring. "I begin to feel *de trop* now. So low as to eat ice cream with a fork or be middle-class enough to get up an appendicitis to win Telfain's sympathy my way."

She rang for Bebe.

"We've just one hour for intensive cultivation," she said as the Frenchwoman tiptoed in. "Bebe, a word to the wise—I want to make history to-night."

Bebe, relentlessly switching on all lights, set to work.

An hour later Mouse emerged into the drawing-room, replete with its Spanish mahogany and elusive mulberry-and-green tapestries. Mouse's sedan chair was heaped

with damask cushions—Telfain had bought it for her in Rome. It was presumably a gift from a prince of Sicily to a princess of Savoy. The lovely old door was fastened open and Mouse nestled within to adjust a beauty patch beside a bevy of dimplets. The blond hair, combed into a close coiffure, and her frock, of silver brocade frothed with strange pink lace, substantiated beyond a doubt the Tanagra figurine theory.

"A trifle lower, Mrs. Tobin," a drawling voice interrupted.

Dropping her mirror Mouse saw, rising from a leather chair, someone who she knew was Coventry Cabana. He was not tall, but of slender build, with thick grizzled hair and dark laughing eyes, while his brows were as delicately arched as a child's. Except for the bluish-black chin, heavily modeled, his face would have been spiritual. On his well-cared-for hands flashed a strange sapphire ring, and his dress was that of a London dandy. By contrast Telfain seemed a crude giant. For the first time in her life Mouse knew she had met a conqueror.

"I did not know you were here."

She did not hold out her hand.

"So I perceived. We came in early and I sent Telfain off to dress." He spoke as if Telfain were his legal ward. "You have taken too good care of him. Physically he is logy and mentally he is dull."

Mouse plunged into battle.

"So! You've come for my husband. Well, you can't have him. Here is a big vital thought for you to tuck in your vest pocket and carry round with you: Telfain is going to play with me!"

"You're British," said Coventry shrewdly; "when you are most flippant you are most in earnest. Your real self shows in characteristic humor."

"Play with someone else." Mouse ignored the comment.

"But I need Telfain—science needs him. He's had romance long enough. Ten months, isn't it?"

"Is that your idea of marriage?"

"I have no ideas of anything not useful to me. Since you ask—perhaps it is."

"You are fascinating—I like the notion of tilting lances."

"You think you can win?"

"I fight to the last lap. There are only two things I would give battle for—my complexion and Telfain."

"Let me advise you not to fight. I always win."

"So do I. I'm afraid we won't harmonize."

Cabana laughed.

"You've pretty hair," he said generously.

"I've some that's much prettier—wear it with summer fig."

The laugh developed into a chuckle.

"I fancied you'd be rather Bohemian—given to burlap smocks and spaghetti."

"I knew what you'd be—trying to pull down the very stars!"

Cabana bowed.

"Don't hate me—such an effort! Makes the nose red."

"I'm an irritable genius. I have to hate someone. Before you came it was angleworms; they will get into my window boxes."

"Delighted to be of service."

Slowly the Mouse approached him.

"Are you going to take Telfain?"

"That depends on Telfain." Cabana pulled out a monocle and looked at her studiously. In another man it would have seemed forced; in Cabana it was astonishingly natural. "You think that three years on an important scientific mission is 'taking' him?"

"He will not come back the same," Mouse answered like a frightened child when told her doll must be packed away in the attic trunk. "Why don't you let us alone?"

"You want to see him a slug?"

"No; there are many things to be done at home. Because you scoff at marriage and are footloose to go here and there—why spoil love for someone else?"

"Because Telfain is the one man I must work with—we are complements."

"Telfain is the one man I must play with. I am his wife."

"I'm his comrade —"

"The law ——"

"Coward!" He held up a finger. Mouse blushed. "You'll cry next. The law and tears—women's weapons. I can imagine nothing more uncomfortable than to sit at breakfast year in and year out with a weeping, fragile female who gurgles: 'The law is on my side—you don't dare to desert me!'"

Unexpectedly the Mouse giggled. Cabana straightened in surprise.

"Were you ever in love?" she asked.

"Twice. Once when I was seventeen—she was forty-four and a Russian. She taught me to smoke. I thought I should go mad when the holiday was over; but her husband was very kind. They sent me Christmas cards until I was of age. The other your husband has probably told you of."

"Oh—I believe ——"

"An Egyptian princess—Serna. We found her, Telfain and I, wrapped in her cloth of gold, broken and dusty, but beautiful; her tiny hands, with their heavy rings, so quietly at rest, clasped gracefully. Odd to have fallen madly in love with a mummy, isn't it? But I did. She was a dancer as well—must have been a jolly mix-up—morganatic marriage, we figured out. All sorts of pictures of her, dancing, round the tomb; great coral necklaces and jade anklets; chests of costumes; sheets of gold leaf; lovely lapis-lazuli vases of perfumes, and blackened specks that once were roses—all put there by her husband. She died giving birth to his son."

"Where is Serna?"

"In the museum at Alexandria—we're scientifically divorced. I could not be a beast about her. I bought her and then presented her, with the right to take her away if I ever chose. That is my love story. I remember Telfain thought my liver was permanently affected—I used to write poetry about her dances! Poor Telfain! No wonder he's a model husband—he was well trained for the part."

"Thanks—awfully!" Mouse held out her hand. Cabana took it.

"Is the war on now? We could flirt so well if we were not enemies."

"Exactly my idea. Together we could prove that Santa Claus does come down the chimney and the cow did jump over the moon."

"They called you the Town Mouse, didn't they?" He looked at her again through his monocle.

"They still do so."

"Fib Number One. They call you the Total Bewitcher. Telfain told me when we were driving up. He's prouder than a little boy with new red boots. But he's lonesome—for me." Cabana folded his arms majestically.

"I was hoping you wouldn't be so nice," parried Mouse. "If you were only the kind who took your riding clothes seriously I shouldn't need to worry."

"Telfain said you ordered deep apple pie! Will it be a sudden or a lingering death?"

Mouse gave way to laughter. "People in glass houses should pull down the shades," she retorted.

"Seriously, while Telfain's man bullies him into the tightest collar made, what are we going to do? Are we going to row—you and I; have a big ugly time, with everyone hating everyone? Or are you going to let Telfain come with me and be happy? You may have him back again."

"I never get up to concert pitch until the audience calls my name."

"I am Not Mad—it is Merely a Dream Come True"

"I want him to start for Argentina on Thursday."

"To-day is Tuesday." Mouse shook her head. "No; you can't win."

"What if he wanted to go; if he was discontented, but felt tied; if he felt his marriage a romantic escapade? If a man marries he should do so by the time he is twenty-two. Like a puppy chewing soap—no harm done, everyone expects it and leaves nice scented stuff about. Later, however, if a staid dog rises from his fireside cushion and starts chewing it, everyone cries: 'Mad canine—the rabies is upon us!'"

"How fortunate Serna is a mummy!"

"You fight gracefully."

"You think Telfain would go if I did not want him to?"

"No—that's it. Watch and see—he'll want to go."

"You hypnotize him."

"So do you—only you call it another name. I have a service to the world and Telfain—you have not."

"The rosiest days come in Indian summer. You shan't cheat him."

"But if he was tired ——" Cabana's strange dark face was close to hers.

"Tired of me? Oh—no ——"

"You don't need a valet to your vanity!"

"You're cruel, but untried," Mouse cried suddenly. "I'll warrant you have never sacrificed anything."

"Right you are!"

"Then I've a great advantage over you. One time some letters and—I can't explain; only I gave Telfain up. And because I did he really came back to me. You didn't give Serna up; you placed her conspicuously, with your name on her case and the right to drag her off whenever you chose. Let us understand each other: We are both playing for Telfain—you to take him on your expedition, me to keep him in his home. It's sticks and stones against names and faces! Well, if either finds that Telfain wants to go or wants to stay, the other must step aside. But until we find that out—and we've a short time—we'll fight like the very devil for him!"

Mouse dropped carelessly into her sedan chair just as Telfain, immaculately groomed but a trifle distrait in manner, came into the room.

"Mr. Cabana has been telling me such bright things about garden toads," said Mouse audaciously, "that I've grown almost fond of them. If I had enough oiled paper I think I might pick one up."

Telfain looked relieved.

"We can leave fairly early, can't we?" he asked. "Is your number at the start of the program?"

"I'll have it changed." Mouse smiled her prettiest. "It's just a small affair. Oh, Telfain, hand me my scarf, please; and send Bebe here. And please don't forget my cigarettes—thank you, dear!"

She looked triumphantly at Cabana as he stood aside watching Telfain take his orders.

II

CABANA'S authority, shown later, won far-reaching results. Mouse, standing in the wing of the amateur stage, saw Telfain stop his animated chatting with Cabana and rise, slowly and deliberately leaving the room. Cabana settled back in his chair with a contented smile.

Someone told Mouse the opening bars of the Spanish Dance were being played. She knew she threw off her coat of gold cloth and rushed on, furious, hurt, timid—all in one. To have forgotten the affair was excusable under the stress of Cabana's sudden appearance; but deliberately to leave the room when she was to dance, apparently oblivious of the fact—that was beyond pardon! Her frock, of fluffy apricot net, was strung with multi-colored jewels, which flashed as she danced, and numberless petticoats of cerise, coral and gold peeped forth in tempting, crispy ruffles, the tiny slippers covering the stage in remarkably clever order.

But applause fell on deaf ears. She sent to ask whether Mr. Tobin was ill, standing quietly while Bebe whipped her out of apricot net into the Egyptian costume of white satin, with bands and girdle of apple green. As she adjusted the headdress of sparkling stones, a smile crossed her face. The call boy had told her Mr. Tobin was telephoning a museum in Boston—to settle an argument; there was no need for alarm.

Mouse beckoned Skiddy Van Stave as he passed on his way to announce her next number.

"Say the 'Dance of Serna, Forgotten Princess of the Nile,'" commanded Mouse, the dove-colored eyes most appealing.

Skiddy, enraptured at any sacred charge, rushed ahead. Then, slowly in contrast to the Spanish number, Mouse came into view. She began to dance, looking at the empty orchestra chair left by her husband in order to telephone the curator regarding "sticks and stones." "Names and faces" registered a defeat!

Telfain, returning a trifle later, saw Mouse refusing for the fourth time to dance an encore. He slipped back onto his chair, saying, with a generous laugh:

"Warburton says I'm right, beyond a doubt—that the stone next the Rosetta had every indication of ——"

Cabana merely nodded and asked to be excused—the place was stifling. Together they found their way to Mouse's dressing room. She was wrapped again in her coat of gold cloth. Glancing up carelessly, she ordered:

"Take me home!"

"I'm sure you were splendid, Mouse," Telfain began, suddenly conscious of his great sin. "This man actually works me up to white-heat anger—disputes my pet theory; and I went out to phone and ——"

"Find our car!" Mouse marched ahead.

Cabana was silent. The trio piled into the machine, Mouse studying the stars with an imperious, dangerous expression.

"Shall we eat?" Telfain asked timidly when they were at home. "Coventry, I've letters from the Japan students; they are seriously thinking of doing ——"

"I'm not hungry."

Cabana stood before the mantel, raising his monocle at the Mouse.

"Then let's say good night!" she suggested sharply.

"Wait. I must show you something else; something that positively clinches what Warburton said," Telfain rambled on in happy innocence. "Man alive, where were your thoughts when you tried telling me ——"

"Do get it," begged Coventry.

Telfain left the room. Mouse rose.

"I award you the first victory." She bowed low. "Serna!"

Cabana came toward her, taking her hands. His cynical eyes were fiercely tender. The man of science, the sardonic bachelor, the jealous comrade had vanished. He was a young and ardent lover finding his dream princess. Mouse laughed.

"Do I remind you of her?"

"You are Serna!" he said after a pause. His eyes grew dangerous. "And Serna is mine! I was blind—I should have seen it the moment you first spoke. Only Serna has always worn her own frock and I was fooled by the other costume. You—are—Serna! And she is mine. When the dance announcement was made I thought it a cheap idea—a retort for my sending Telfain away at the moment of your appearance. Then you came on the stage, and I forgot everything. You are Serna come to life. And I love you! I care no more for science or your husband—once my friend—or law or right or honor than I did for you when I met you. I thought you a flippant, painted doll-woman—a whining wife who kept her husband from worth-while things; and I resolved to beat you at your own game.

"Now you are Serna! I am not mad—it is merely a dream come true. A dream that I've lived and loved all these years—with Serna lying so coldly in the museum case, with drab tourists gaping stupidly. Even the coat of gold cloth that she was wrapped in—the white, with bands of apple green—the necklace—the jade anklets—the headdress—your hands, your face, your hair—Serna! Serna!"

He dropped on his knees and caught hold of her gown. She drew away.

"Trying to trap me in a flirtation!"

Cabana sprang up.

"Serna! You and I to waste words—to question even! When we've known for twelve years or more, why waste a precious second?"

"Telfain?"

Cabana snapped his fingers.

"Love stops at nothing!"

"Yet you said in this very room that you needed Telfain—you would take him away?"

"I was blind then." All his foreign love of impassioned romance surged to the top, fired by the personification of his dream. "I did not know you were Serna."

"I'm Telfain's Mouse."

"Telfain! Don't you understand what it means to have an ideal become the truth, to have love and romance lying forever crumbled in a mummy case and then suddenly steal before you—a flesh-and-blood woman?"

"'A kiss that goes where nobody knows—
That or a big red rose!
And which do you think he chose—he chose?
Well, which do you suppose?'"

sang Telfain, coming down the hall.

"We must talk alone—say when!" Cabana whispered.

"Shall I send my husband to telephone—to-morrow at ten?"

Cabana picked up his coat and hat.

"Telfain, I'm stupid for rest—keep your documents until to-morrow. Meet me at the club—say, ten in the morning."

Telfain paused, in alarm.

"But here're letters from Brown—Brown of the Bubbling Spring Road," he began, nonplused.

Cabana waved them aside.

"Until to-morrow—at ten."

He glanced ever so slightly at Mouse, who was absorbed in picking bonbons from a goody basket near by.

"Then—until ten."

Reluctantly Telfain showed him out. Returning, he found Mouse had vanished. He tapped gently at her door.

"Are you there?"

"Only just! I'm working up a fit of temper—it will be ready for your brekker," she answered gayly—too gayly.

"Going to forgive me for running off?"

"I have." Also a trifle too gayly.

"Good night, Mouse. You're the loveliest thing in two continents!"

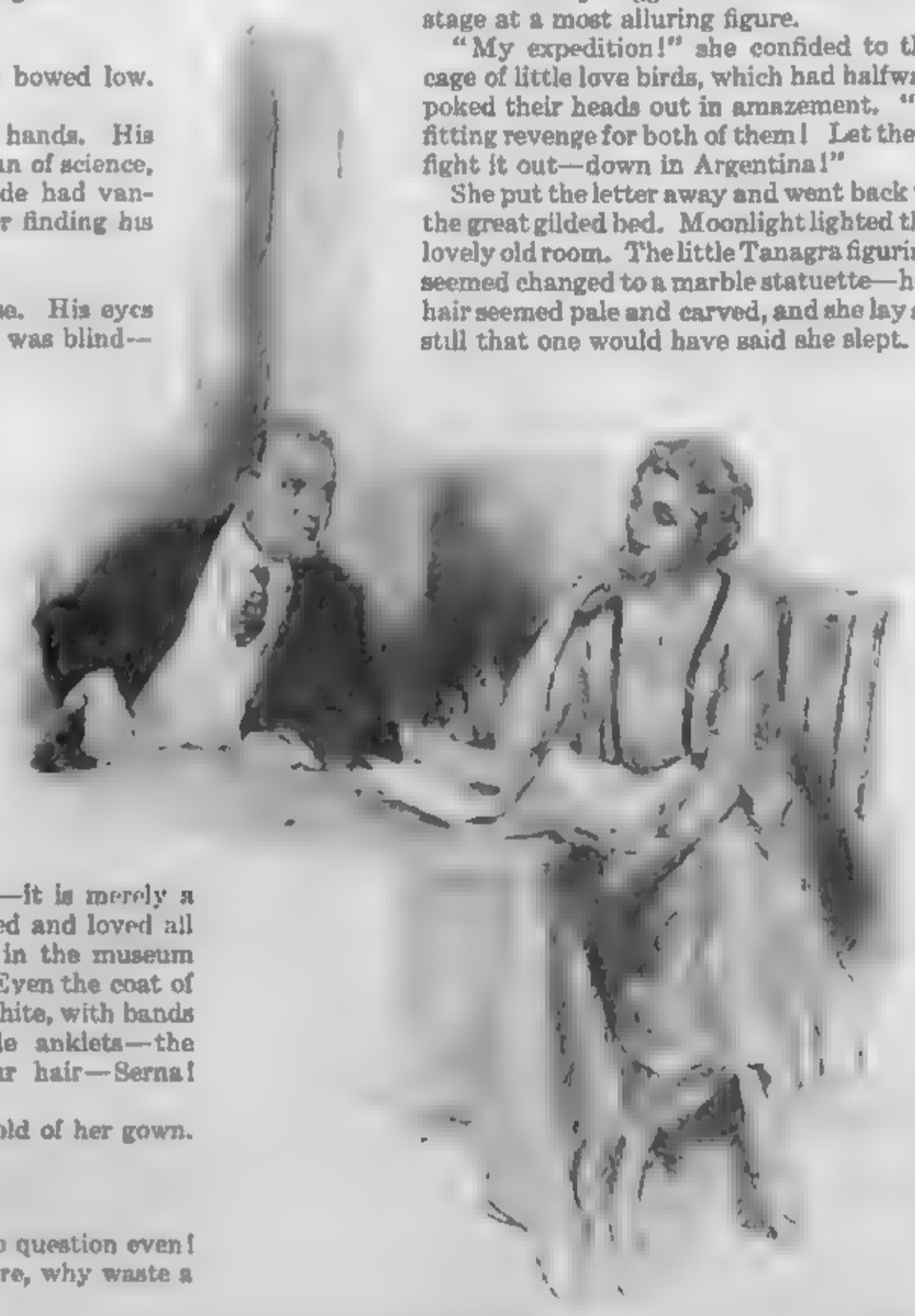
"Good night, Telfain. Don't let go the kite string. I feel like soaring."

Later Mouse sat up in bed, hugging her knees with her hands. "I'm Serna; I'm Mouse," she whispered; "both of them treated me shabbily. Women give up everyone when they marry because men won't marry them unless they do." She nodded gravely. "Wednesday—Thursday!" She counted off the days on her fingers. Then she laughed. "Why do things always happen quickly to an actress?"

She slipped out of bed and ran to her desk, rummaging until she found a letter signed "Max Essenwein & Sons," in which they begged her to return to the stage at a most alluring figure.

"My expedition!" she confided to the cage of little love birds, which had halfway poked their heads out in amazement. "A fitting revenge for both of them! Let them fight it out—down in Argentina!"

She put the letter away and went back to the great gilded bed. Moonlight lighted the lovely old room. The little Tanagra figurine seemed changed to a marble statuette—her hair seemed pale and carved, and she lay so still that one would have said she slept.



"You Go With Mr. Cabana, and I'll Go Back on the Stage"

A whim, a threat, a tear, a laugh, an ideal accidentally jostled on its pedestal—and a too-narrow dancing shoe—can combine to make any woman relentless. All these had been the Mouse's lot that day. While Telfain planned to buy as a peace offering the small terrier Mouse had admired, Cabana sat smoking cigar after cigar, dreaming of Serna.

III

IN HER rose morning gown Mouse was pouring Telfain's coffee. "I have frivoled long enough," she announced lightly. "I think I shall return to the speakies."

"What?" Telfain paused from his task of opening Mouse's mail.

"Max Essenwein is my manager—I wrote him before breakfast. It's to be a three-act affair—Hoop-La! Sounds like a syncopated cough, doesn't it? Of course I'd rather not wear fleshings in the first act; but then—what ——"

Telfain laid down his paper knife.

"What do you mean?"

"That it is ridiculous for you and I to think we can go on year in and year out—like this! As I told the club: 'It is so easy to get to be a squash!' Better the gleam of ebony handles and a bank of waxy blossoms, while the organ plays, than to let romance die—it's such a tender plant, Telfain! You go with Mr. Cabana, and I'll go back on the stage. After a year or so you return, and we'll be simply mad over each other. There is no denying—it is wearing to play up all along. Ten months, Telfain—think of it! When I was intended to be the sort of person who would be nice to a husband only on Sundays or national holidays!"

"Be sure you are not joking, Mouse."

"Quite sure. You must go. It is not a divorce or even a row—prosaic persons might misunderstand. We don't. It is saving romance. Why, Telfain, don't you think I've seen your *Wanderlust* at times? Listen: I can't spell words of more than two syllables; you can't dance. Yet we love each other. Now isn't it only fair that you have eight-syllable words and I am allowed to dance? We care the harder by contrast. I want to go back to the stage; I'll appreciate you so much more. You need that expedition in order to adore me a trifle more ardently. We'll be on each other's nerves if we stay along here. Coventry Cabana has proved it. You've gotten so you don't go to scientific meetings—think I'd resent it. I don't drag you to silly dances—you snore! That isn't right. Meantime women don't accept me." Mouse rose suddenly and began picking imaginary dead leaves off her window plants. "I mean the real sort—your set. Not this frothy lot of parlor snakes!" She stamped her foot in anger.

"Mouse, don't spoil our breakfast. I want to meet Coventry early."

"There—you admit it. He is water to the thirsty. Didn't you leave the theater when I was to dance? I'm not really blaming you. For didn't I accidentally use your Essay on Prehistoric Razors, or something like that, to try out my curling iron? Telfain, don't let us be simps that dash in the flight!"

"What have you decided to have me do?"

"Go to Argentina. I'll begin rehearsals for Hoop-La! You'll come back and we'll have another wonderful ten months; and we won't end in a divorce court, as everyone is so kindly keeping their fingers crossed for! Why, Telfain, most women would adore their husbands if they would go away! Do you know what they would do? Get off their tiptoes and be flatfooters. I mean, wear a wudgy, comfy dress, hair uncurled, face beameared with cold cream, take lunches from the ice box—onion sandwiches, maybe—and read slushy, wishy-washy novels and all their old love letters, tell fortunes and make fudge—do the things taboo when husband is at home.

"It is frightfully hard work to keep charming; to appear always powdered and curled and perfumed and in filmy things at eight A. M. To sit across from him at the breakfast table and say: 'Isn't it lovely this morning? Oh, how a tramp in the woods would set me right!' And then—have to go! Dressed in corduroy breeches and an olive-green coat, like a lodge keeper, with an uncomfortable derby hat blinding one eye, falling over logs, afraid of snakes, dew trickling down your neck, hands scratched with briers, perishing for a cup of chocolate; but all the time bravely saying 'Yes, pal!' and 'No, pal!' and 'Oh, pal, do tell me why the cliff dwellers made a practice of having puppies en casserole for their Halloween luncheons!' Telfain, that isn't romance—that's roughing it!"

"What is romance?" asked Telfain meekly.

"Romance is when you can have your breakfast in bed in a nice, cozy negligee, your hair getting a sunbath, and a box of chocolates at call when the boiled eggs have retreated; when your maid brings you lovely lonesome letters from aforesaid 'pal.' Then is when you can write dreamy, beautiful answers. Oh, Telfain, I have wonderful ideas—little prose poems; but they're all squeezed out of me when I'm dressed!

"Besides, what great man wants to be dragged to a dancing party by a curly-headed flapper to see all the town lightweights assembled; to watch his wife, dressed in a spool of oyster-white thread, hopping about with a pet goldfish—to have to sip guzzling pineapple ice and promise you'll design earrings for someone else's hairless poodle! No, that is not marriage; that is martyrdom! Now, Telfain, because we really do love each other, and because all of you loves me—but another part wants to go to Argentina—you shall go. And because all of me loves all of you—but another part wants to sign with Max Essenwein—I shall sign."

"No, Mouse."

"Yes, Telfain. It is what saves Mouse from turning into a mousse! If you gave up this thing I'd gloat, gloat, gloat! Eventually you would strangle me. I wouldn't

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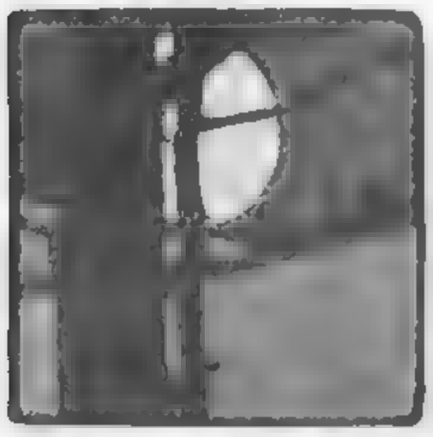
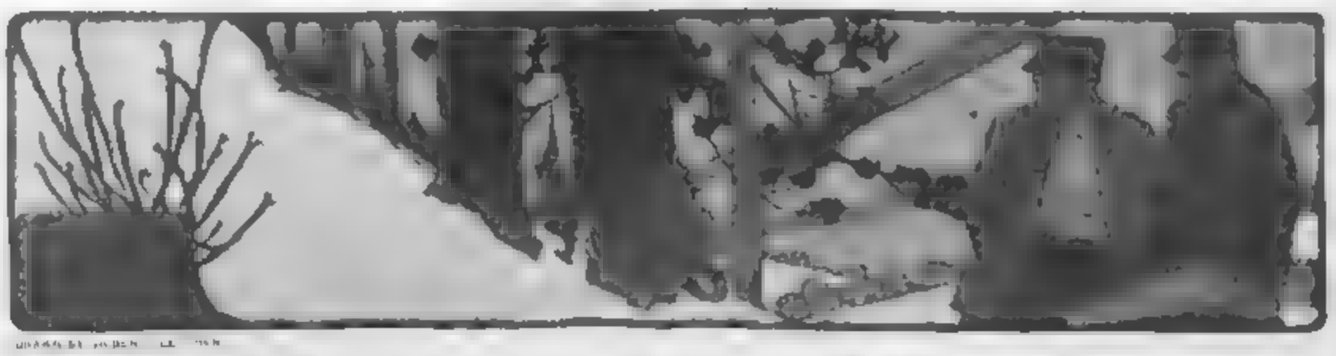
CANADA'S PACE





By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THERE is soldiering, and then again there is "soldiering." The general idea in Canada seems to be to discourage all forms of "soldiering," and to make soldiering in some form exceedingly popular and—obligatory if necessary.

Admonition, entreaty and drastic law are some of the elements in a sustained governmental pressure upon the public mind and will, by means of which every man and woman in the Dominion is slowly but surely being brought to a realization of the gravity of the situation into which war has plunged the world.

This seems a curious thing to be writing about Canada at such a time—almost at the end of the third year of war; but it is a notable fact that, though being participants to the full extent of their strength, the Canadians in the majority have managed to maintain a strangely detached attitude.

There are fewer outward and visible signs of war than in almost any part of the United States, and the only difference one sees between Canada now and Canada before the war is that now there is a certain swiftness, deep and strong, in the current of human affairs, where before there was placidity, almost to the point of stagnation. No flags flying other than the usual ones; no bands playing; almost no khaki—Canada's khaki being nearly all at the Front; no evidence of shortage in anything but the breath of the people, who have been swept to such heights of national importance in two and a half years as would have taken them decades of ordinary living to attain. One man said to me:

"Heaven only knows what would have happened to Canada if it hadn't been for the war!"

He was a thoughtful, upright and honorable citizen, and he would not have accepted the war or anything resembling it as a remedy for the evils that beset his country in the years immediately preceding its outbreak; but this was his grimly humorous method of summing up conclusions.

The war has completely reversed economic conditions in Canada, and has turned into a creditor nation of unlimited potentialities a struggling colony, which has always depended upon outside capital for development, and which looked upon no less than three hundred million dollars a year in some form from the Mother Country as a primary necessity to continued existence. During 1913 and 1914 Canada was not just anticipating hard times, as the rest of the world was; Canada was living hard times. There was more unemployment in her cities than had ever been known, owing to an unfortunate overreach in railroad construction, an unusual tide of immigration—much of it of an undesirable class imported for railroad work—and other causes. And labor disputes were disturbing the peace of the country to an extent four times in excess of normal. These conditions had been accumulating since the beginning of 1910.

The Tie That Binds

THEN, to add to the general depression, in 1914 the tillers of eight hundred and twenty-two thousand acres of wheat land decided either to give up farming altogether or to take a long vacation; and this vast acreage was left uncultivated, while—with other causes contributing to the catastrophe—the wheat crop for that year fell off 70,437,000 bushels. Then came the day in August—*Der Tag* of the German toast, which no Englishman ever seriously believed in.

Nobody is able to define the tie that binds Canada's heart to England. Canadians themselves are curiously disinclined even to talk about it. But it is as real as the tie that binds the hearts of thousands of Canada's immigrant sons to their mothers in the old country; and in normal times it is as little thought about or commented upon. Only in emergency does it express itself; and its expression has usually been spontaneous and splendidly generous.

Canada's entrance into the war was simultaneous with England's declaration, and it was entirely on Canada's own initiative.

England having made careful and minute preparation throughout her dominions to launch the war—according to German testimony—the Canadian Parliament found itself scattered all over the North American Continent. Canada's strip of populated territory is about four thousand miles long, even though it is not very wide; and people can separate themselves by very long distances indeed. In any case it took from August third to August eighteenth to get that Parliament together.

Meantime the government—that is, the Cabinet—had gone ahead on its own responsibility, without waiting for permission from Parliament, and had committed the country to service in the conflict to the limit of its possibilities, or, as was then thought, to the limit of the necessities.

The Parliament that met on the eighteenth of August, 1914, was the shortest on record, the session lasting just five days. But during those five days the one thing needful was done. By a unanimous vote, and without any argument at all, except as to details, absolute power to act for the country was placed in the hands of the men who form the Ministry; in other words, the government. The government in Canada is equivalent to the Administration in the United States. But our Congress confers extraordinary power directly upon the President, while the Canadian Parliament confers it upon the Governor in Council.

Some Historic Legislation

THE historic piece of legislation passed by the short Parliament is known as the War Measures Act. There is a somewhat similar law in operation in England known as the Defense of the Realm Act; but the Defense of the Realm Act is limited in its scope in comparison with the Canadian War Measures Act, which even goes so far as to suspend—in effect—the Habeas Corpus Act, the keystone of democratic liberties.

Even this is a detail, however, since the sixth section of the act is a blanket declaration covering every possible contingency. This section reads:

> The Governor in Council shall have power to do and authorize such acts and things, and to make from time to time such orders and regulations as he may, by reason of the existence of real or apprehended war, invasion or insurrection, deem necessary or advisable for the security, defense, peace, order and *welfare* of Canada; and for greater certainty, *but not so as to restrict the generality of the foregoing terms*, it is hereby declared that the powers of the Governor in Council shall extend to all matters coming within the class of subjects hereinafter enumerated—that is to say ——

Here follows a list of subjects covering everything, seemingly, in any way connected with war; but my italics in the quotation are intended as an emphasis of the fact that the government can do anything it considers necessary or desirable, and this must be understood in advance of any discussion of what Canada has done, is doing or is trying to do.

In passing I think I should mention that not a single hitch or difficulty has arisen in government operation under the War Measures Act, and that not a single allegation has been made against the government of any oppressive or unreasonable use of the overwhelming powers which have been committed to it. The only criticism I have heard is that the possession of these powers has made it too careful and too conservative.

When Sir George Foster, then Acting Premier of Canada in the absence of Sir Robert Borden in England, returned to Ottawa after his conference with the Administration and the British and French War Missions at Washington, I went to see him and asked for confirmation of and further details regarding the report that Canada and the United States were to combine their agricultural resources and to cooperate in all measures looking to increased food production, elimination of waste, and control of distribution and prices; all this under a joint commission, with headquarters at Washington.

Let me digress an instant. Sir George Foster, who is Minister of Trade and Commerce and who has probably more to do with the conduct of the war than any one man in Canada, made a speech at the close of the short Parliament which impresses me as coming within the subtler meaning of the term historic.

It will be remembered that Lord Kitchener made his unbelieved prophecy of a three-years war on the twenty-fifth of August; but Sir George made this speech on August twenty-second. And, though he was not specific in his statements, it is evident that his thoughts were marching far ahead of world opinion at that time. Moreover, the speech offers an interesting contrast to set alongside a vision of our own Congress under similar circumstances. He said, in part:

"The last four days of this Parliament have vindicated Canadian public life and parliamentary life for all time to come. They have shown that it is possible for us to forget all mean and petty things when our country and its highest liberties are at stake. We leave these rooms to-day and we may meet again in some months; but what will happen in the intervening time? The issues of war are never certain until they are settled. It does not always happen that the right triumphs in the one battle or the one campaign. In this war nearly twenty millions of armed men will probably be face to face, or within range of each other, before the finality of the contest is determined.

"What will happen? Will the right and true prevail this time, or must there be more sacrifice and many years before they ultimately prevail? The one solemn thing for us to remember to-day is that there is more to war than the first march out of the troops, the first blare of the trumpet, and the first flaunting of the flag. . . . The time of trial is upon this country and upon the empire. It will do us good in the end. God and the right will finally triumph."

Sir George is old in years and governmental wisdom. He is the Elihu Root of Canada—with important differences. He could not answer my questions with regard to American-Canadian cooperation.

"I do not know," he said; "but we will surely arrive at a workable solution of our mutual problems. We in Canada have emergency powers which your Congress has not yet delegated to the President. But the subject is under discussion; and Canada, at any rate, will welcome and deeply appreciate American cooperation in any form and to any possible extent."

What Canada Has Done

WHEAT had just reached the three-dollar mark; flour was fourteen and a half dollars a barrel; and Canadians were clamoring for governmental control of prices, a thing obviously out of the question without American cooperation—and impossible under any circumstances, for all I know.

Russia was giving every thoughtful citizen cause for inexpressible apprehension, and the U-boats were sinking ships at such a rate that the man in the street had lost track of the figures. Moreover, it was mid-May, and the planting season was slipping swiftly by while not only legislators but whole populations planned and talked. At least that was the way things looked to me; but I was in Canada, with the quick, close heartbeat of a small population in my ears, instead of in the United States, where there is the broad, level throb of a hundred millions to steady one's thought.

As to what Canada has done: One must just glance at the record in order to appreciate the present situation, wherein the country is called upon to make further and further efforts and much unheroic-seeming sacrifice; and wherein each citizen must at last subordinate personal interests of every kind to the demand that he submit unresistingly to any provision or plan that may be made for the general benefit or to any step that may be considered necessary to the successful prosecution of the war.

The Canadian sees disquieting visions of compulsion; but the less said about that the easier it will be to bear if it has to come. Our acceptance of conscription without a murmur, and on the ground that it is the only plan consistent with real democracy, created mixed emotions in Canada. It put fear and trembling into the hearts of the slackers and made all argument for voluntary enlistment sound distressingly out of date. On the other hand, it gave fresh hope to large numbers of Canadians who believe in universal service, who have been preaching conscription from the beginning, and who would follow our example if they could. Yet the voluntary system has had success in Canada. That is why agitation against it makes so little headway.

Canada has enlisted, equipped, trained and sent overseas more than three hundred and fifty thousand volunteers in about two years; and to equal that, according to our population as compared with hers, we should have to raise, equip, train and transport an army of more than five millions in the same length of time. Canada's contribution in men exceeds by two hundred thousand England's first estimate of the force she would probably be called upon to send into any European conflict; it is twice as large—exclusive of British troops in India and native Indian regiments—as the original British Army authorized by the Army Act; and exceeds by several thousands the total strength of normal British forces, wherever located, including Indian troops and every other kind.

Incidentally Canada is spending for war purposes something like seventy million dollars a year more than the whole British War Office, with the Indian Military Establishment included, was costing before the war; while her own Department of Militia and Defense, which ordinarily requires an appropriation of a modest ten million dollars a year, is now absorbing wealth at the average rate of more than three hundred and fifty million dollars a year, or nearly one million dollars a day.

Quick and Effective Work

THIS is quite expensive enough for a young country with a population of less than seven and a half millions. But it happens that money is now the least of Canada's worries. The war has started Canada on the highroad to wealth. She was able to pay sixty million dollars of the war cost, for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1917, out of currently collected revenue.

She has subscribed domestic war loans of three hundred and fifty million dollars, and has provided a two-hundred-million-dollar credit for England for munitions and supplies. We are all getting used to war figures and, unless they come in sets of ten, they do not make much of an impression on an American mind; but it is necessary to multiply Canada's figures by fourteen and a fraction to arrive at a just comparison of our respective obligations or accomplishments. It is the difference between a few more than seven million and a few more than one hundred million people; and our pledge a head—so far—turns out to be little if any greater than Canada's.

In the autumn of 1914 the Canadian Government advanced fourteen million dollars for seed grain, to be distributed among the farmers of the western provinces who were in difficulties as a result of the crop shortage; and a finer investment of fourteen million dollars was never made. Not that such governmental generosity and forethought deserves the entire credit, but the wheat crop jumped from 158,223,000 bushels in 1914 to 426,746,000 bushels in 1915. And it looked very much as though *Gott* was *mit uns* just then, and no question about it.

The increase exceeded the most extravagant prophecy or expectation, as everything in Canada has been doing these three years now; and the great outflow of supplies to England and her allies began. It did not take a whole year to get this outflow started by any means; but from small beginnings the stream of war commerce swelled to vast volumes, and the end of 1915 found Canada in a state of excitement over unprecedentedly remunerative industry.

Great munition plants were established almost overnight; the arming and equipping of a large force made expansion necessary in every industry that is in any way touched by war's demands—and that means practically everything; the cry of unemployment was soon changed to an appeal from the capital side of the industrial balance for men and more men; wages went up and up—carrying everything else up with them, of course—and an entirely new and undreamed-of order of things came to pass.

We all remember the sailing of Canada's first contingent, thirty-three thousand strong in thirty-one ships—"the greatest armada that ever crossed the seas." This was early in October, 1914, and the accomplishment represented the utmost in rapidity of action.

But I have said that there were a pessimistically or wisely analytical few in Canada who, from the beginning, saw the war as it was to be. They saw world hunger hovering on the horizon of the coming years, and they began to introduce the word "food" into the men-and-munitions slogan before the ugly and now too familiar word "shortage" had begun to lift its head.

This, of course, was government. In Canada everything now is government; but admonition and entreaty are as much a part of governmental policy as drastic law.

The first thing undertaken was the reorganization of the government itself, the readjustment and expansion of the various departments to meet the unfamiliar and constantly accumulating necessities of war. For instance, the Department of Militia and Defense, which ordinarily gets along with a personnel of about four hundred, now requires the services of more than two thousand men. To the Department of Agriculture—Honorable Martin Burrell, Minister—naturally fell most of the problems touching the national food supply, though there is one notable exception, and that is the Division of Fisheries.

I have forgotten where our Bureau of Fisheries is located, but certainly it is not in the Navy Department. Canada's Navy ranks just about next to Switzerland's, I think; though I may be wrong. Anyhow, it operates more ice breakers than dreadnoughts; and before the war it was idle so much of the time that it had the Fisheries handed to it just by way of giving it something to do. But since the war began it has had a chance to work itself up to great prominence and dignity, what with patrolling the coasts, chasing submarines, laying mines, guiding shipping, trying to catch the Deutschland, perhaps, and other enterprises. But it has not been relieved of responsibility for the Division of Fisheries; and the Division of Fisheries is doing as much in the speeding-up line as any other branch of the government. Incidentally it is supplying the soldiers of France with something like two good fish dinners a week.

In January, 1915, the Department of Agriculture issued a handsome piece of printed matter in magazine form called the Agricultural War Book, with a subtitle Patriotism and Production. It contained information about every conceivable thing connected in any way with the production and marketing of foodstuffs of all kinds; and it was placed, free of charge, in the hands of every farmer and cattle grower in the Dominion. Then, later in the year, a large appropriation was made to cover the cost of a newspaper-advertising campaign, and the farmer began to get admonition and entreaty day after day in large ornamental type alongside his war news. Lecturers and demonstrators were sent into every agricultural district in the country to define patriotism for the farmers and to tell them how best to manifest it; and the battle cry of the Dominion began to be Farmers, Wake Up!

Canadian Farmers Protest

BUT it became evident pretty soon that the farmer was not particularly pleased with all this attention. He did not mind the War Book, because that was merely a private communication from the Agricultural Department, full of valuable and dignified information. But he did mind being advertised at and talked at and made a special mark for patriotic appeal; and, first thing you knew, sharp retorts began to shoot back into government headquarters:

"What d'ye mean—Farmers, wake up? Who's asleep? And what makes you think farmers are less patriotic than other people? If most of our sons hadn't already enlisted and gone off to the war we'd have a better chance to take advantage of the present opportunity. But, so long as prices keep movin' up, I guess we'll manage some way to do our share without any boldface-typed, eloquent and expensive urgin'!"

This was one form of protest—and it was literally true about the enlistment of the young farmers; a most unfortunate circumstance—but there were many others, and some of them would hardly bear repetition. It was just that the Canadian farmer, who is, without doubt, in a majority of cases the finest type of Canadian citizen, did not like to have his patriotism appealed to in that way.

In 1916 the word "Patriotism" was dropped from the cover of Agricultural War Book and the title Production and Thrift was substituted. That could hardly hurt anybody's feelings. In this edition, which is full of splendidly arranged instructive material, there are a number of italicized subhead subtleties that have afforded me considerable entertainment. I am reasonably certain that the one which made the biggest hit with the average farmer was the quotation: "Agriculture is an art that renders those who understand it rich."—Xenophon. The history of Xenophon's time, if he wrote that from observation, must be repeating itself before our very eyes.

Whether or not governmental urgence and encouragement had anything to do with it, production in Canada of every imaginable commodity certainly did speed up right from the beginning; so much so, in fact, that the country's exports of home products advanced in value from $355,754,600 in 1913 to $741,610,638 in 1916. And the big leap was made in one year, the 1915 exports amounting to only $409,418,836.

Niggers in the Woodpile

OF COURSE a tremendous advance in prices accounts for a large percentage of this; but there was a great increase in production also. The export of farm products was fifty-three per cent of the total, and the professional analyst will tell you that, for this fifty-three per cent at least, the producer himself received the long end of the advance in price; and that, therefore, it represents solid development for the country.

The progress of a loaf of bread from sown wheat seed on a fresh-plowed field to your own table is not an easy thing for an unmathematical mind to follow; but whatever one may say about the farmer one does like to know that he is getting the best of it. This sympathetic attitude toward the farmer is universally understood; and if you haven't happened to notice it I would call your attention to the fact that speculators and price boosters are constantly though anonymously engaged in soothing the public mind with assurances that "the farmer is getting it."

There are various causes contributing to our food shortage, no doubt; and among them, as likely as not, are speculating and hoarding. But it is enough that thirty million men or more have left the arts of production to engage in arts of destruction. North America is feeding at least half of these men, besides filling up the gaps in the world's food supply left vacant through the cessation of their productive effort, and the productive effort of hundreds of thousands of others who are now engaged in industries designed to keep full the hoppers of the great machine that annihilates such vast quantities of materials in its grim business of annihilating men.

There really is no reason why the United States and Canada should be short of anything, except that our armies and the rest of the world must be fed; and that to feed them, while keeping ahead of the various forces of destruction, we have been exporting faster than we have been producing. Hence the call for increased production. Exports plus home consumption and waste exhaust our current yield and have begun to drain our surplus. If this is not true there are some niggers in the woodpile with forked tails and horns; and none such may be permitted long to prey upon war-beset populations.

Canada has taken that phase of the problem in hand by instituting a High Cost of Living Commission. This is what it is called; and, as a title, it sounds at first most ungovernmentally colloquial. But a moment's thought convinces one that no better title could possibly have

(Continued on Page 41)

THE DOLLAR BILL

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Roscoe, the Nurses May Cost Eight Dollars a Day, But Think What a Funeral Would Cost!"

THE morning was bright and fine. Spring had come; and, as Mr. Bope came up the stairs of the Subway station and turned the corner into Wall Street, the narrow, somewhat dingy thoroughfare he knew so well was transformed for the moment by the flood of suave sunlight pouring down upon it. The awakening year, too, like a draught of new wine, seemed to have crept into the veins of the crowd hurrying by, the stream of early morning workers thronging past with heads erect, eyes bright, their faces expressively fresh and buoyant.

Mr. Bope's step became jaunty, too, his craggy, furrowed features, as he brisked along, softening into an indulgent smile. To see others pleased, however, was always a pleasure to him; for in spite of his age, and his position besides as one of the Street's richest men, Mr. Bope was at heart a simple, rather homely fellow. True, he had the name of being grim and ruthless in business; but then, business does much to hide a man's real nature. Had it been possible, Mr. Bope would have liked always to wear a kindly air.

The old gentleman was a familiar figure in the Street. Every day, as prompt as the clocks to the minute, he arrived there at eight A. M., the habit of punctuality, like all his habits, having varied neither with his age nor with any change in his circumstances. For forty years in fact, year in and year out, Mr. Bope had followed a set course in everything he did; and the older he grew and the more his wealth increased, the more firmly he seemed to have fixed himself in this rut of daily custom. Not even his style of living had changed. To-day it was as unpretentious as it had been when his fortune was only half a million or so.

Winter or summer, he rose at half past six. At seven he breakfasted. The breakfast consisted of coffee and toast, a dish of oatmeal porridge, and half an orange. Mrs. Bope had the other half. She was perfectly at liberty to have a whole orange if she liked; but Mr. Bope did not urge it. Wastefulness he abhorred; and a favorite remark of his was that abroad, especially in France, an entire family could subsist on what one American family threw away. Mr. Bope, of course, never had been in France—nor had Mrs. Bope; but, whatever the truth of the statement, Mrs. Bope was disposed to question it. Not her household, certainly! However, having breakfasted and, at the same time, glanced over the morning paper, Mr. Bope folded the paper and placed it in his pocket. Afterward, with the same methodical regularity, he sauntered into the library, adjoining.

A small safe, the relic of Mr. Bope's early business career, stood in a corner of the library. It was dingy and battered, not at all the sort of safe conditional to a man of Mr. Bope's great wealth; yet Mr. Bope saw no reason why he should buy a new one. He was no profligate. Utility was, in fact, the one thing he considered. Probably that was why, for the last six years, he had worn the same silk hat. It was probably, too, for the same reason that he got such excellent service out of his clothes. The suit he wore daily had done him for five years now. Originally it was his Sunday-best; but, having grown glossy at the seams, he had relegated it to everyday wear, buying a new one to wear on Sundays. This always had been his practice.

Having unlocked the safe, Mr. Bope took from within it a flat, tin cash box, the box containing a packet of bills as well as a handful of silver. All the bills were dollar bills, each crisp and new; and, removing one, Mr. Bope folded it compactly and placed it in his waistcoat pocket. Then, producing from his pocket a small leather change purse, Mr. Bope counted the change in it, after which he added the change to the other silver in the cash box. This accomplished, he replaced the cash box, closed and locked the safe, and, putting on his hat and coat, left the house and trudged down the side street to the Subway.

Rain or shine, it was the same. Other men of his means might take cabs; but not Mr. Bope. He was, indeed, not a profligate. The price of a cab represented the earned increment on so much capital; and capital Mr. Bope respected. About it there was a dignity that only a fool would dispute; so Mr. Bope never indulged in cabs. Besides, as a director, Mr. Bope had a pass on the Subway.

The Subway pass, the dollar bill he took from the safe, and his watch, an old-fashioned silver timepiece, were the only valuables Mr. Bope ever bore about him; but, modest as these may seem, they fully served all his requirements. The watch gave him the time; the pass provided transportation; while the dollar bill, expended carefully, met all his incidental needs. Frequently, in fact, these were so slight that Mr. Bope brought back with him, at night, the greater part of the dollar, this residue being the change he transferred every morning from his pocket to the cash box. When the accumulation amounted to a certain figure Mr. Bope banked it, buying with the savings a share of stock—some good, sound security. Luncheon, after all, was really his only requirement.

Halfway between the Subway and his office was a small fruit stand, set in the doorway of a building; and, halting there every day, Mr. Bope bought himself an apple. This was the luncheon. The price was a nickel; though sometimes, when the market was glutted, two apples might be had for the same amount. Then, but then only, Mr. Bope bought himself two. Afterward when he had counted the change, carefully making sure it was correct, he bade the applewoman a pleasant good morning and trudged on down the street. Every week-day morning, year in and year out for forty years, the hands of the clocks rigorously marked the same minute as Mr. Bope, having climbed the stairs, opened the door of the dim and dingy cubby-hole known to all Wall Street as his private office.

Thus his day began. Thus, year after year, inexorably shackled to a custom, the old gentleman had spent his life. Only one purpose animated him; only one aim directed his efforts. Some day, if he had his wish, he meant to become the richest man in Wall Street.

This much may be said about it: If purpose means anything, it is probable he would.

The smile illuminating Mr. Bope's furrowed face was still as radiant as the day's bland vernal sunshine when he turned the corner of Broadway and trudged down Wall Street toward the apple stand. Not only had spring, with its wine of life, crept into his veins—other things, too, were going well with Mr. Bope. To-day, a business deal, a big coup he had in hand, was coming to a head; besides which, before he had left the house that morning, he had effectively settled, he believed, a matter that often had threatened to make itself annoying. Having put an end to it, however, he was enabled now to enjoy fully the business he had before him.

The deal was one of the sort that frequently engrossed Mr. Bope; and, as at such times he made it a rule to let nothing annoy or distract him, it was only natural he should get rid of the other matter, the affair, besides, being only a woman's whim—Mrs. Bope's, in short. Vaguely, in one way or another, the whim had something to do with Mr. Bope's money, Mrs. Bope having nagged him for years to let her have an allowance. Why she should want it Mr. Bope couldn't see. If she needed anything, all she had to do was to charge it, after which the bill would be sent to him. But to giving her money, cash she would probably fritter away, Mr. Bope was opposed. No woman had sufficient experience to be trusted with such responsibility. All a woman ever did with money was to spend it.

Indeed, Mrs. Bope had suggested just this purpose. "If money is not made to be spent, what is it good for?" she had asked. It had made him snort to hear her. Then the ridiculous side of it struck him. As if the fortune he'd saved was made to be used like that! As if, indeed, it were to be blown in on living—high living, rather—fine clothes, automobiles, travel—all that sort of truck! The absurdity made him laugh. Thus, having at last seen the matter in its true light, Mr. Bope had dismissed it, all his attention being devoted pleasantly to the other matter, the deal he was putting through.

The transaction, though nothing unusual to Mr. Bope, still afforded him no little satisfaction. Probably it would clear him close to half a million. If all went well it might clear him even more. At any rate, reflecting on this, and his mind filled with the pleasing contingency, he stepped on jauntily, his face beaming as he trudged on down the slope of Wall Street.

Beyond, in the doorway, was the apple stand. By the stand stood the large, ample figure of the applewoman. She, too, was beaming.

Her round rosy face, cowled in the shawl draped about her head, irradiated a glow of good nature and contentment; and, as he saw this, Mr. Bope's smile grew still more indulgent. How good it was to be happy! How excellent, indeed, to be contented with one's lot! And, like the applewoman, Mr. Bope was surely that.

"Good morning, Hannah!" he greeted.

"Good morning to yerself, Mr. Bope!" she replied.

The smile on his frosty furrowed face was dulcet and genial as he felt in his pocket for the dollar bill. Apples, singularly, were two for a nickel this morning; and, delighted still further by this extra happy event, Mr. Bope voiced his cheerfulness in a chuckle.

"Two for a nickel, eh? I'll take two, then!" he was chirping gayly—when, in the midst of a chirp, he paused; than gave a gasp.

The applewoman stared blankly.

"Why, what's wrong, sor?" she asked; but Mr. Bope did not reply.

Agape, the color fading from his face, he fumbled hurriedly in his pockets. Then, with a sudden exclamation, Mr. Bope turned on his heel and at full speed scuttled back up Wall Street, his fingers still groping in his pockets and his eyes searching the pavement from side to side. He had lost the dollar bill!

The effect was astonishing. One might be inclined to doubt, in fact, that one so well supplied with wealth should be concerned by the loss of a part of it so petty; but having devoted to his money-making a keen scrupulous respect for the money the respect had grown in time to cloak even its smallest fraction. Many a mickle makes a muckle was Mr. Bope's profound conviction; consequently, the dollar being lost, it was the principle, more than the mere amount involved, that filled him with concern. Though it was only a dollar he had lost, it might just as well have been a thousand.

Flustered and aghast, he retraced his steps. He went, too, almost at a run, his eyes searching the sidewalk, sweeping the gutters alongside as well. Again and again as he aped along he was bumped and jostled by the throng; yet even this did not check his gait. Reaching Broadway he darted down into the Subway, examining closely each separate step of the staircase. The search carried him to the platform gates; and, remembering that as he had left the train he had made sure with a finger that the bill was in his pocket, he applied to the gateman.

"I have lost some money!" he announced, his voice a croak, his pulse thick with mingled hope and fear.

The man had not found it, but he let Mr. Bope inside. Disturbed more than ever now, Mr. Bope searched the platform, the submerged tracks, besides. It was to no avail, however; and leaving the station again he investigated the sidewalks and gutters of Wall Street, the search this time including even the cellar openings. But nothing resulted.

The search bringing him back to the starting point, Mr. Bope searched in turn the space beneath the apple stand.

"Was it much, sor?" asked the applewoman; and numbly, his face blank, Mr. Bope nodded. "Considerable!" he said thickly. "More than I can afford to lose!"

Later that day the report went the rounds of Wall Street that Mr. Bope, the financier, had lost a wallet containing thousands.

The money was not under the fruit stand. The applewoman, infected by Mr. Bope's emotion, dismantled the stand, removing even the apples from the baskets; and, his heart like lead, Mr. Bope for a second time retraced his steps to the Subway. Again doomed to disappointment, however, he grudgingly gave up the search. Gone was his smile! Gone was the lightness of his heart! Over the day's bright gladness a shadow had drawn; and dully, with heavy, lagging feet, Mr. Bope made his way to his office.

The day's business had already begun, the stock ticker in the corner clacking busily as it thumped out the London "opening"; but, though by habit he glanced at the tape, the glance was vague and wandering. The tape in his fingers, he was still gazing at it hazily when his clerk, a chalk-faced elderly person, himself as musty as his surroundings, shuffled into the room.

"Good morning!" he ventured timidly, in the subdued, toneless voice of his sort, the unsuccessful and underpaid.

But Mr. Bope made no reply. Picking up a pencil, he had begun to figure absorbedly. The clerk waited for a moment.

"The London opening's excellent, sir!" he piped. "Everything's down; Ingot Steel, especially!"

Ingot Steel was the security in which Mr. Bope was operating. The stock having reached a point he deemed inflated, he had sold all he had, and was now raiding the market. When the price was low enough he would buy it again, thus making a profit both ways. However, not even the fact that all was going so well seemed able to brighten him.

Briefly looking up, Mr. Bope gazed at his retainer. The glance was bleak and expressionless.

"Get out!" he directed.

The clerk made haste to do so; and once more Mr. Bope resumed his figuring.

Now for the first time the real significance of the loss he'd suffered seemed to have filtered into his mind. The dollar was not just a dollar; instead, it symbolized in itself, as a unit, the entire expansive potentiality of wealth. The penciled figures showed this. Once he had set them on paper, viewing them in their uncompromising black and white, he saw the matter squarely.

At five per cent one dollar was the interest on twenty dollars! It was as if twenty dollars were what he'd lost.

The fact staggered him still further. Never in his life had Mr. Bope lost twenty dollars. For that matter, he never had lost so much as one dollar. Fretted and dismal, he wet his lips; his mouth felt suddenly parched and feverish. Twenty dollars!

Mr. Bope's calculations, however, did not end with this. All that day as he sat there his mind returned to his loss. The ticker, clacking furiously, was virtually disregarded. Ingot Steel went on falling; but Mr. Bope gave little heed that it did. The fact that he had made—was yet making—thousands in the market was submerged if not obliterated by the fact that he had lost the other money.

"Here You are, One of the Richest Men in Wall Street, Yet You Shame Me for a Plate of Soup!"

The dollar was no longer just a dollar. The premise established that his loss was twenty dollars, Mr. Bope feverishly resumed his process of inductive reasoning. Faulty as it was, the effect on him was not any the less destructive.

Twenty dollars! The amount was a year's interest on four hundred dollars! As he saw instantly, however, the sum was not a year's interest; it was the interest for one day. Therefore, three hundred and sixty-five times twenty dollars was the capital he'd crippled, wiped out—seventy-three hundred dollars! Of course the logic of this, too, one might question, the premise being more unsound than ever; but, inflamed now by what the figures pictured, Mr. Bope was in no mood to quibble. Take it, too, he had lost only a dollar; three hundred and sixty-five times that was three hundred and sixty-five dollars; and this, at five per cent, was also the interest on seventy-three hundred dollars. Therefore, either way it was figured, that was his loss. However, this was not the end. Every half hour, his fever rising, Mr. Bope returned to it. The fever, too, was no longer merely figurative. His mouth was dry, his eyes glowed, his head was burning hot.

Seventy-three hundred dollars was, as he saw, the earned increment of a capital itself a fortune. At five per cent it was the interest on no less than one hundred and forty-six thousand dollars. Staggered, he stared at the figures. A chill, like a touch of ice, played up and down his spine. One hundred and forty-six thousand dollars! Snatching another sheet of paper, Mr. Bope went at it again.

His mind was in a turmoil. Not only was he aghast at his loss; the figuring, illusive as it had been, had awakened in him a train of thought, a swift reflection, that shook him now to the core. Money, indeed, Mr. Bope had never lost before. If, however, money could be lost like this, what was to prevent all his wealth, all the vast accretion of his millions, taking wing the selfsame way? It was, in fact, the first time the transitory nature of money ever had dawned on Mr. Bope; and, dazed, he shrank back quivering, terror submerging him in a slow-creeping tide.

What could he do? How was he to prevent it? If he lived he might protect his dollars, of course—at least he could make sure that he lost no more of them; but if he died, what then? . . . He could not take his dollars with him; it was as his wife more than once had reminded him. So, when he died—when he died!—what then? A lifetime Mr. Bope had given to rearing that monument to himself—a lifetime, and much that goes with life!—and now, bit by bit, he saw it in his mind's eye slowly crumble and dissolve. Little wonder he was moved!

Noon struck; then one o'clock; the two apples lay on his desk untasted. Again an hour came; it winged its way, and still another followed. At three the market closed, winding up in a landslide of tumbling prices; but though by the turn of events Mr. Bope had cleared close to a million dollars he was yet oblivious to the fact. Glassy-eyed, he sat crouched in his seat, burning with fever, shaken to the core by what the figures showed.

At half past three he snatched up the pencil again. Again, as before, he went at his figuring. One hundred and forty-six thousand dollars was practically the interest, at five per cent, on two million nine hundred thousand dollars; and this, he told himself, really was his loss. That was, at any rate, as far as his figuring got. Probably, had nothing interrupted, he would have gone on figuring further; but having reached this calculation Mr. Bope rose wildly and clinging to the chair-arm tottered with ghastly weakness.

In one day he had lost two million nine hundred thousand dollars! He himself had lost it too! So, when he was dead—when he was dead, no longer standing guard, his millions in others' hands—how long would it take for all his millions to go?

How long, O Lord! . . . How long!

That night, for the first time in his history, Mr. Bope rode home in a cab paid for by himself. He was delirious, raving with a fever. Next day Wall Street heard he was dying.

This tale might end here. Mr. Bope might have died, and that would have ended the story. With his death, too, his problem would automatically have settled itself. But Mr. Bope did not die. Eventually he came back to life again.

Half-starved by years of self-denial, it was a question of weeks, however, whether the spark could be fanned back to flame in that bag of skin and bones, his body. Evidently the soul—or what passes for such in this case—had little liking for its shell; yet somehow by hook or crook it was cajoled into staying. So presently life, then mind, returned to Mr. Bope.

The period was painful. Nightmare racked Mr. Bope—visions that filled him with dread. At times, in his fever, he saw himself a pauper, walking the streets homeless and in rags. At times, helpless, fettered in chains, he was shackled to the safe in his library; the safe was open; it was filled with money, too; and through the room passed a constant stream of persons, all strangers, who helped themselves to the money. At such times he screamed. Gradually, however, the visions took a settled, less grotesque form. In these Mrs. Bope was the leading shape. Alternately, like the woman's figure in one of those old-fashioned barometers, she would pop in at the sick-room door, then pop out again. Each time she did so Mr. Bope gave a shriek. The shriek was because she wore each time a brand-new dress, the dress rich and costly. With every change, too, Mrs. Bope wore gems, each set of the gems, like the dress, a new one. These and the gowns she made a point, each time, to show him. She grinned triumphantly, too, as she did so.

One day, when he tried to scream the loudest, a figure in a white cap and crisp muslin gown rose up beside the bed and thrust him back among the pillows.

"See—the fever is breaking," said this shape; "look how he has begun to sweat."

Mr. Bope was indeed sweating. On Mrs. Bope's gown was a price mark; and as she swam toward him hazily he was enabled for the first time to read the price. It was two million nine hundred thousand dollars! However, as he stared at it, seeking as he read the tag to shriek again, Mrs. Bope suddenly clasped her hands together. "Praise God!" he heard her murmur; and as she spoke the gown dissolved, transformed suddenly into a habit he had

known familiarly for years—a Canton-flannel wrapper. Comforted, he slept.

The dream, that nightmare which racked him so, was not, however, so light-headed and illusory as one might be led to believe. As life—then reason—struggled back to its rickety tenement, the vision somehow still persisted. Gems and dresses he did not see; but the conviction that they were real he could not eliminate. Then came the gay sparkling day in June when at length his delirium went. The sunlight was filtering through the shades; and as Mr. Bope's eyelids fluttered, then opened weakly, he saw Mrs. Bope smiling at him across the footboard of the bed.

"Good morning, Roscoe!" she cried softly; and, starting, Mr. Bope peered at her narrowly.

His wife, however, still had on the Canton-flannel wrapper; and Mr. Bope sighed with relief.

"Good morning, ma," he whispered.

But all the awakening was not so peaceful. As Mrs. Bope was again about to speak, from behind the bed appeared that other figure, the second shape he'd beheld in his fever. A finger on its lips, the figure signaled silence; and Mr. Bope stared widely. There was no question that he understood. The woman was a trained nurse. She was taking care of him.

Mrs. Bope was still hanging over the bed. She was a slight, frail little woman, with birdlike eyes and a timid, appealing air; but now, her face expressive, she was smiling radiantly with happiness. Mr. Bope would have liked to smile too; but at the moment he could not. He was still staring at the nurse.

All at once Mrs. Bope turned and pattered from the room. Then, the instant she had gone, Mr. Bope beckoned to the nurse.

"What are you doing here?" he whispered, though indeed he realized.

However, when the nurse replied, smiling as she did so, Mr. Bope's lips framed the question that from the first instant he had seen her had sprung into his mind.

"How much are you paid a day?" he quavered.

It was four dollars; and, hearing it, Mr. Bope's eyes closed painfully.

Four dollars! The shock of it hardly had registered its effect when Mr. Bope was treated to another shock.

"See, Roscoe," cried Mrs. Bope, appearing in the doorway—"see what I've brought you!"

In her arms was a huge sheaf of roses, all of the long-stemmed costly kind; and Mr. Bope swiftly caught his breath.

"Who bought them?" he gasped.

Mrs. Bope seemed to comprehend. Glancing guiltily at the nurse, she answered: "They were brought in, Roscoe."

That was different. Of course—though you never could tell, not about a woman anyway—Mrs. Bope hardly would have been fool enough to buy them. They must have cost three or four dollars. However, if his alarm had indeed been unfounded, Mr. Bope hardly had comforted himself with the thought that someone else, some friend, must have been the fool who'd bought them, when he was treated to another shock—this time a real one.

Mrs. Bope was purring over the roses. Flowers she evidently adored, though it was not often she had them; and she was crying "Oh, my darlings! Aren't they loves! Aren't they pretties!" when Mr. Bope, drowsing away, felt a hand smooth his pillow. At the touch his eyes opened widely. Instantly sleep was stricken from him.

The trained nurse was not the same trained nurse! There were two nurses! Eight dollars a day was what it was costing him!

It took nearly an hour to quiet him. Once the nature of his excitement was known, however, he was effectively—not to say effectually—silenced. It was Mrs. Bope who did it. With a subtlety that did great credit to her shrewdness, she had divined the only method.

"Roscoe," whispered Mrs. Bope, "the nurses may cost eight dollars, but think what a funeral would cost!"

At once Mr. Bope grasped the force of this.

Indeed, it is little wonder he made a slow recovery. Now that life and reason had struggled back to him, it seemed destined that every hour must be fraught with something to dispute his return to health. The nurses' pay, the fee the doctor would exact, the cost of the medicines he was using—these were but a few.

"Here!" shrilled Mr. Bope, struggling to rise. "I've got to get up! I've got to get up!"

The nurse thrust him back. "If you don't behave you'll never get up!" she warned; then she entered on the sick-room chart "Mind slightly wandering."

But Mr. Bope's mind was not wandering. Far from it! Never for an instant did it stray from the one thought—his money, his millions.

Of course it may seem illogical that the loss of merely a dollar should result in an effect so calamitous; but then, as it must be remembered, what his mind festered on was not just the dollar—it was the peril to his other dollars the loss of it suggested. The fear, too, long had afflicted Mr. Bope. Wills he had made—many, in fact; but each in turn he had destroyed. Once, too, in his efforts, he had sought to have his millions incorporated by law. A friend of his, a man exactly like himself, had done this; but ere Mr. Bope had carried out the plan he'd seen what was happening to the trust, the foundation, his dead friend had incorporated. The trustees were milking it. If the fund had money to invest and the investment was to be made in stocks, the trustees first bought the stocks for themselves; then they sold them to the trust at a heavy advance. If the investment was in real estate, the same plan was pursued. Naturally Mr. Bope meant that nothing like this should happen—not to his money; not if he could help it! But the solution he had never found.

It was pretty tough. Here he was, one of the richest men in Wall Street; yet he didn't know what to do with his money. He couldn't live forever; when he died he couldn't take the money with him. The worry was heart-rending. It was all the more so, too, when he realized that the more he worried, the more he delayed his recovery. Mr. Bope, however, couldn't help it. Day and night he dwelt on his trouble.

The thought of death, in his weakness, sometimes made him weep. Death itself was not what he dreaded though; it was still the dread that after his death his money would prove as mortal, as corruptible as himself. Fantastic schemes engrossed him. If when he died he couldn't take his money with him, at least he needn't leave it behind. Not for others to scatter, anyway. One plan was to have it buried with him. Another was to have it cremated with himself. The ashes at least could be kept intact. No one would wish to scatter them.

This scheme he discarded however. Desperate as he had grown now, the habit of years proved invincible. He could not face the commercial crime of putting so much money out of circulation. No ashes—not even these—would draw five per cent. As for burying the money, if he did that someone might dig it up. That meant he would be dug up too.

The money Mr. Bope sometimes almost hated. It seemed diabolic how it mocked him. There were moments, in fact, when he almost wished he'd never had it. If he hadn't it, at least he could die happy. He began almost to believe, too, that Mrs. Bope was right—that the money never had done him any good. Anyway, if it ever had ——

But no! This thought was too incendiary. At the mere suggestion Mr. Bope gasped, his gasp shrill.

"Here!" he cried. "Bring me a glass, a mirror!"

The Color Fading From His Face, He Fumbled Hurriedly in His Pockets

In One Day He Had Lost Two Million Nine Hundred Thousand Dollars!

When the nurse brought him the glass, for a long time he stared at the image reflected in it. Haggard and ghastly, he hardly knew himself. However, it was not his looks that concerned him. . . . His money no good to him?

"Roscoe Bope," Mr. Bope asked himself, "are you going mad?—mad?"

Perhaps he was. Perhaps, too, it was the other way. One way or the other, though, Mr. Bope had still to solve his problem: Before I die, what must I do with my money?

However, distracted as he was by the question, this anguish sapping at his soul, he was not the only one the same question afflicted. One other person shared his perplexity. In every way, too, that person felt for the subject an interest quite as lively as his—Mrs. Bope!

June was waning. Summer drew near; and out of bed, on the mend at last, Mr. Bope was well enough to sit in an armchair by the window. There one afternoon, invigorated by the thought that on the morrow one of the four-dollar nurses was leaving, he was having a plate of broth.

"Tastes like chicken," he remarked suspiciously.

Though she knew chicken to be one of the luxuries that border on extravagance, Mrs. Bope made no reply. Instead she merely smiled. The smile was vague and evasive too; and as Mrs. Bope had of late been doing a great deal of just such smiling Mr. Bope shot a glance at her.

"Did you hear what I said?" he inquired.

"Yes, Roscoe," Mrs. Bope replied soothingly; "you said it tasted like chicken."

Mr. Bope hurriedly tasted it again. The taste confirmed his first suspicion.

"How much did this cost?" he demanded.

Mrs. Bope told him. It was a dollar and a quarter; but after making the broth enough had been left to make a fricassee. Probably enough would be left from that to make an extra luncheon too; but the explanation Mr. Bope did not wait to hear. Appetite gone, he pushed the plate away.

"You paid that for a dish of soup!" he accused.

He knew he must not excite himself. If he meant to get well—to get back to his money, his millions that needed him—he must do nothing to risk his health. This, however, was too much; and, his face painful, he stared at Mrs. Bope.

But that lady made no reply. Instead, her air guilty, she rose and glided hurriedly from the room. As she went Mr. Bope's face contracted still more convulsively.

A dollar and a quarter for a plate of soup! A dollar and a quarter, at five per cent, was the in —— But never mind! "Be calm! Be calm!" Mr. Bope urged himself.

But calm he could not be. In spite of the fact that he must do nothing to endanger his recovery, his mind rose rapidly into a turmoil. A woman who would squander a dollar and a quarter like that would not stop at that amount!

The thought led to another. If Mrs. Bope could do this while he was living, what wouldn't she do if he were dead? The mere suggestion made him quake. He was, in fact, still quaking when a gasp, an abrupt, broken cry, escaped Mr. Bope; and he struggled to his feet, tottering as he clung to the chair-arm for support.

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Young Ellsworth's Hat Size

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

YOUNG ROBERT ELLSWORTH was the last person to realize, in their relation to himself, the extraordinary changes that were taking place in his department. On the first of February he was four removes from the head of the department. On the twelfth of that month John Clarkson, Ellsworth's chief, died of pneumonia after an illness of three days' duration. His death was a genuine blow to his staff, for Clarkson was one of the salt of the earth, a just man, open-minded, impartial, passionately interested in his work, and convinced that he had the best job and the finest lot of assistants in the world.

These assistants sent his widow the most stunning funeral piece they could find in the florist shops; and they all attended Clarkson's funeral in decorous black ties, under which they felt a queer and unusual oppression. Also, they laid on his grave the further tribute of a silent evening in their respective homes; for none of his "boys" cared to seek amusement the first night that John Clarkson lay in his grave.

Ellsworth, who never went out in the evening unless he took his bride of six months with him, explained the general feeling to her as they sat together before the open fire in the small living room of their suburban home. The telephone had just rung and he had heard her explain to their nearest neighbor that Bob didn't feel up to bridge to-night; his chief had been buried that day and he was very much depressed.

Then he heard her laugh in an irrepressible but shocked manner. "Oh, no; you wouldn't!" she said reproachfully. As she returned to her place beside her husband she repeated the neighbor's joke.

"Mr. Price said that if his chief had been buried to-day he would have hired the town hall to-night and invited everyone in the village to dance," she quoted.

Her husband did not smile. Gloom sat on his dark, eager young face.

"I suppose some chaps feel that way about their bosses," he said dully. "But not Clarkson's staff. Jove, what a light it throws on things when a man goes out! While we had him we took his big qualities as a matter of course; now we know that he was one in a thousand—one in a million! And the worst of it is that we'll never have a chance to tell him so."

She waited, holding his hand.

Then, as he said no more, she stroked the hand and asked softly:

"There's another lesson in it, too, isn't there?"

He caught her meaning.

"You bet there is! Oh, if ever I come into a job where I have authority over men and women, I will—I will!—be decent to them."

"They'll adore you." Young Mrs. Ellsworth spoke with entire conviction. "You will be just as wonderful as Clarkson was. No—you will be more wonderful!" she cried loyally.

Her husband shook his head.

"Not a chance," he said. "But you'd better believe I'd try!"

"You like the new manager, don't you, Bobbie?"

"Burns? Oh, yes. He's a nice chap." Ellsworth spoke absently, his thoughts still on his dead chief. "Burns admired Clarkson immensely," he went on after a pause; "and he was trained by him. He'll try to carry on everything along the old lines, and the boys will pull with him; so things will go all right. But the trouble is, Burns isn't well. He's been on the verge of a breakdown for six months, and now Clarkson's unexpected death has just about knocked him out. I shouldn't wonder if he had to go away for a while."

"Who is next to him?"

"Watkins—my superior."

"Is he a good man?"

"Watkins? Oh, yes. Watkins is a live wire, all right. He's frightfully nervous and edgy; utterly brutal in his manner to others and extremely sensitive in his own feelings—the usual type of brutal office man, you know. He loved Clarkson, and Clarkson knew just how to handle him; so they got on perfectly. But if Burns broke down and Watkins took his place the rest of us would have a devil of a time. He'd spend his days on the edge of our nerves, getting off just long enough to wonder what the deuce we were fussing about. He's egotistical and blind as a bat—as the brutal type always is. I wonder how we would get on with Watkins!" he ended reflectively.

He had an opportunity to learn within a fortnight, for Burns was sent to a sanitarium, with the full understanding of everyone save himself that he would never leave it until he entered a permanent and quieter resort. Watkins, following the civil-service rules that were applied in the great house of Best & Twombly, was almost automatically moved into the vacant place, with Ellsworth as his first assistant.

When the appointments were made the two young men had an interview, to which Ellsworth took a rather shaking heart. Watkins, who had summoned him into Clarkson's old private office, and whose small thin figure was now filling about half of Clarkson's great chair, nodded to him intimately.

"Sit down," he invited. "I want to have a long powwow."

Ellsworth sat down, facing the other man. He was not exactly frightened, but he was distinctly nervous. It was most important that a young man who had been married only six months, and whose short business life of eight years had been spent with Best & Twombly, should "get on" with his new chief. Ellsworth meant to get on, at any price short of forfeiting his self-respect.

"Ellsworth"—the voice of Watkins had its familiar irritable edge—"I'm going to be mighty frank with you."

"Good!" remarked Ellsworth noncommittally, and waited.

"I'm in a hole!"

That was so unexpected that Ellsworth stared.

"A hole?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes; and a darned big one!" Watkins reflectively gnawed his lower lip, as if uncertain how to go on, and brushed back his upstanding sandy pompadour with the familiar gesture of his excited moments. "A darned big one!" he reiterated.

Ellsworth's heart was acting queerly. He did not like this opening, and to cover his confusion he adopted the manner of his college days—an airy facetiousness.

"Did you forget that I was here and give someone else my job?" he suggested.

Watkins grunted.

"It's not quite so bad as that," he deigned to explain—"not for you, I mean. You're all right. I'm the chap that's up against it. The truth is—I've got another job!"

Ellsworth stared incredulously. Watkins nodded.

"Signed the contract three months ago," he went on. "Got to begin three months from now. Course, as things have turned out, I'd rather stay here, in one way, and make good in the old shop. But at the time it seemed a great big chance; and Clarkson agreed with me that I oughtn't to miss it. He talked it over with the firm. They were very decent about it. Guess they wish now they hadn't been; for it puts them in a hole too."

He stared hard at young Ellsworth; and young Ellsworth stared back, round-eyed and a little breathless.

"It's up to you," ended Watkins quietly.

Ellsworth's heart stopped; then pounded wildly. He could not speak. Watkins nodded again, as if in response to his unspoken question.

"Of course you're too young," he said. "And it's a big gamble. But I've just had a long talk with the firm. They think, and I think, that if you and I work like the devil for three months, and I teach you all I know, you'll be worth a tryout, anyway; and that," he added frankly, "was all I was going to have myself."

"By Jove!" Bob Ellsworth's brown eyes were bulging from his head. "I can't take it in," he admitted.

"Course you can't. Couldn't myself at first. Here we've both been plodding like car horses for eight years and all of a sudden this thing falls on us. Clarkson"—his eyes dropped to his desk, and his gnawed lower lip twisted in a queer childish way—"Clarkson ought to have lasted thirty years more," he went on with an effort. "He was only forty."

"I know."

Ellsworth had a strong impulse to put out his hand. The personality of Clarkson seemed to fill the little room where he had worked so faithfully and so long. It drew the two men very close.

"I'll do my best, Watkins," said Ellsworth abruptly. "I'll work my head and hands off. And—and it's mighty good of you to be willing to give me a leg up."

"That's all right. I guess there will be something doing. After all, all we've got to do is to follow the lines Clarkson laid down. He had everything mapped out six months ahead. You and I will just settle down in this little room of his, and we'll—we'll try mighty hard to fill it," Watkins ended simply.

The employees of Best & Twombly, being human, like all dwellers in the business world, were not in the habit of devoting much time to tributes to their associates. Each man, quite frankly, was working for himself; and he worked fairly or unfairly, and treated his associates fairly or unfairly, according to his individual make-up. But, for once, the members of Best & Twombly's staff united in a wondering admiration of the teamwork of two men—Watkins and Ellsworth.

"They're putting in about twelve hours a day," the factory superintendent told his first assistant; "and, by Jove, they're making things hum! Watkins is a wonder; and that kid Ellsworth is making us sit up too."

"And we all thought the business couldn't go on without Clarkson," commented his assistant gloomily. "It proves that no man is really necessary."

"It doesn't prove anything of the kind," retorted the factory superintendent sharply. "It simply proves that some men can learn from their bosses, if they have any brains."

"Yes—and if the bosses have any brains," amended the assistant, with an absent eye on an empty crate.

To Bob Ellsworth these three months of work with Watkins proved the most stimulating and exhilarating experience he had ever had. One of his most interesting discoveries was the presence in himself of all sorts of possibilities and qualities he had not tabulated in his rosiest moments of self-communion. For example, he discovered that, though he had always been a hustler, he had always possessed four times the hustle he had used; he discovered that because he was using it now. He realized, too, that he was using it because almost immediately, and very largely, he himself was to profit by doing so.

"And I thought I was giving Clarkson the very best that was in me," he mused. "By Jove, we discover some things about ourselves in a crisis!"

Young Mrs. Ellsworth, who was showing a slightly restive spirit under her lord's exhaustion and abstraction when at home, was handled by that youth with a wisdom beyond his years and experience.

"Just sit tight and be patient," he advised her. "You know all about this game, and you're right in on it. The stakes are for you. Let me forget everything but business for six months, and you and I will be where it would have taken us ten years to land under ordinary conditions. Or perhaps we might never have landed at all. You'll feel pretty good," he added, "when I come home some night this spring and tell you that I'm sales manager and that my salary is just twice what it is to-day, won't you?"

"Y-e-s," agreed Mrs. Ellsworth unenthusiastically. "But, oh, Bobby, it's all so different between—between us!"

Bobby kissed her; and the process was so unexpectedly grateful and comforting to them both that he warmly repeated it.

"You haven't k-kissed me for three days," sobbed his wife, wiping her eyes.

"I know." Bobby spoke soothingly, his lips still against hers. "Somehow, when I get home I'm all in. What I want to do is to drop onto the davenport and turn my face to the wall and shut my eyes."

"It's exactly what you do, too," corroborated his bride with another gulp. "But if it isn't going to l-last a-always I can b-bear it," she ended loyally.

Ellsworth was setting a record. He worked like an engine all day; and then, lingering in the office until he had just time to catch the last train to his suburban town, he went over the department records of the past two years, learning all that they could teach him. Clarkson had been a wonder. None of Bob's admiration for him perished under this microscopic scrutiny of the dead man's work. But Clarkson, being human, had made his mistakes. The majority of these no man could have foreseen, given the same conditions; but the relentless figures revealed them, in their working out, and set danger posts along the path of the future, of which Ellsworth made careful note. Other mistakes—a very few—were due to Clarkson's swift decisions.

"I'll decide, and I'll decide quick!" had been his motto. "I'd rather blunder than side-step. The most contemptible object in an office is a hesitation waltzer."

Clarkson had been right, as Clarkson usually was; but no mind hits the bull's-eye every time the trigger is pulled. Ellsworth estimated the average of Clarkson's misses and found it very small. If he himself could decide half as quickly and be wise, well, almost as often, he would be all right. At the reflection he drew a deep breath.

On the last day of their association Watkins, deep in Clarkson's big chair, his hands in his pockets, his teeth chewing his lower lip, exhaustion enveloping him like a garment, but shining-eyed, crowed exultantly at Ellsworth.

"Well, we've put you over!" he said.

Ellsworth, who had just returned from a pregnant interview with the firm, settled down in his own chair and returned his senior's grin.

"Yes; it's all right," he said. "I start in to-morrow. And I want to say right now, Watkins, that I'll never forget ——"

"Shut up!" Watkins ordered. "I couldn't leave the old firm in a hole, could I?" he went on irritably. Then his manner softened. "Besides, I've always liked you," he added. "You're a good kid." He broke off. "Jove! I'm all on edge. I wish we both had a month before us to brace up in before tackling the new jobs," he added with a yawn.

"So do I."

But Ellsworth didn't, really. He was in the nervous condition of a man trained for the big hour. He wanted to leap into the ring and begin the fight. What he and Watkins had done had been Watkins, after all—for the responsibility had rested with Watkins. What happened after to-day would be Ellsworth—a mighty different thing for Ellsworth.

He went home to Mrs. Ellsworth that night newly appointed sales manager for Best & Twombly. It was a big job. Clarkson's salary had been ten thousand dollars a year. Ellsworth was to start on six thousand dollars, with the promise of rapid advance in salary when he made good. He was just twenty-nine. When the heads of other departments crowded into the little office to say good-by to Watkins, who had not been popular, and to wish good luck to Ellsworth, who was popular, the young man perceived the difference in their manner. They liked and admired him. He was one of them now. His chest swelled. Far down within him a seed of vanity sprouted, sent up tiny shoots.

As he rode home in the club car, to which he had gained admission in the last two months, it occurred to him that he was a rather unusual chap. Twenty-nine, and sales manager at six thousand a year, with the certainty of seven thousand the second year, and eight thousand the year he was thirty-one —— Not bad, that, for a fellow who had worked his way through college and hadn't a rich relative or a "pull" in the world!

"Kiss the new sales manager of Best & Twombly!" he royally commanded his wife.

"Oh, Bobby!" Mrs. Ellsworth was ecstatically performing the congenial task. "Did they really appoint you?"

"Well, I guess! Who else would they appoint?"

Bobby put away his hat and hung up his light spring overcoat, and faced her triumphantly. There was more than triumph in his look. There was something new that puzzled her. She put her hand through his arm and together they walked into the living room and sat down on the davenport before the open fire that still held the hearthstone; for, though it was early in May, the day was chilly.

"Now tell me all about it," urged the wife of the new manager. "Were Mr. Best and Mr. Twombly nice when they talked to you?"

The question made Bobby reflect. It occurred to him that they had not been so nice as they might have been.

"Why—I suppose they were," he told his wife slowly, thinking it out as he spoke. "They were rather patronizing—talked about my youth and the big chance they were giving me. They seemed to forget that they're getting me for six thousand dollars a year and that they'd have to pay ten thousand to any man they brought in. I'm really helping them out of a hole," he went on. "I'm doing—or, rather, I'm going to do, ten thousand dollars' worth of work for six thousand dollars."

"Why, that isn't fair!" His wife was quick to catch the point and quick to share his sense of injury.

"Oh, I don't mind," conceded Bob generously. "Of course it is a chance! But the point is, they wouldn't give it to me in a thousand years if they weren't sure I'd make good. So they mustn't pat me on the head and call me 'Little boy' too often; I don't like it."

His thoughts raced on. His brain was tremendously active.

"So far as my youth is concerned," he went on somberly, "they've taken that, all right. They've made me feel fifty years old these last three months."

"I know. Poor Bobby!"

She was gazing at him with adoring yet slightly puzzled eyes.

"And my youth is going to make it darned hard for me in the department," he continued. This, too, had just occurred to him. "Most of my men are older than I am. A lot of 'em have been calling me 'The kid.' Well, they've got to stop that, anyway. They can't pat my head!" His young jaw set.

Mrs. Ellsworth grew alarmed. She was not without insight; and it occurred to her that something really unpleasant, something expressing doubt of Bobby, must have been said during that interview with the firm. If so, she determined to pluck the memory of it from Bobby's mind before it had time to fester there.

"What did Mr. Best and Mr. Twombly really say?" she insisted. "Tell me every single word."

"Lord, I can't remember every single word!" Bobby dismissed the request with a gesture. "Best & Twombly don't often say anything that's worth remembering, anyway," he added loftily.

"But there was something you didn't like," insisted the lady. "What was it?"

Her husband reflected. He was not quite sure.

"Why," he said at last, "it wasn't anything they said! It was—well, I suppose it was what they didn't say."

This was too cryptic for the groping mind beside him; and he realized it.

"It seemed to me," he said darkly, "that they didn't show quite enough appreciation. Of course," he added, "they've made me a director of the corporation. But they couldn't help themselves. Every head of a department is on the board of directors. And all the directors do is to sit round a table once a month and watch Best & Twombly draw on their hot-air tanks."

"They Seemed to Forget That They're Getting Me for Six Thousand Dollars a Year and That They'd Have to Pay Ten Thousand to Any Man They Brought In"

He rose from the davenport and she followed his example. To his wife the new sales manager of Best & Twombly was beginning to seem like a stranger, and this impression was not banished by his next remark.

"Well, let's get ready for dinner," he said. "And if you've got any amusing trifles left in the conversational bag, now's the time to trot them out. If you can get my mind off business for an hour I'll be glad of it!"

Ellsworth started on the new job the next day. He was pleased to observe that Miss Mamie Mulligan, his stenographer, had put a fresh blotter on his desk, as well as a bunch of tulips she had brought in from the country. These attentions seemed no more than his due. He thanked her kindly but gravely, and

(Continued on Page 85.)

The Kaiser and the Blackbird

By CARL W. ACKERMAN

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

"DID you ever notice," asked Ambassador Gerard one day, "that every public statue in Berlin depicts something killing something else or commemorates war?"

It was such an astonishing remark that every day thereafter I looked at all statues I passed as I walked or rode through the city. In the Tiergarten, down Sieges Allee, up Unter den Linden and round the Reichstag were marble and bronze statues of warriors, wild game, gladiators and Prussian kings, fighting or dying. During all my ramblings I found but two statues that did not fit the description exactly. One was that of the Empress, in the Rosegarten, and the other of Dr. Robert Koch, the great German scientist; but these, I presume, could be placed in the same class, because the Empress is the mother of soldiers, and Doctor Koch, though he discovered germs, also destroyed them!

It was a curious feeling to saunter about in a city where fighting or war seemed to be the only throbbing theme for sculpture; for one would expect to find diversion in art, if in nothing else. The next time I saw the Ambassador I told him I had been hunting for a peaceful statue, but could not find one.

"I know," replied the Ambassador resignedly. "There must be something inherently wrong with these people; but I have not discovered what it is. I told Von Jagow the other day that what Germany needed was an official jollier—someone to put some happiness and peace in the race."

This incident was but one of many that were to be for me a series of strange adventures in a strange country. Everything was so different from experiences I had had in the United States and England, I began to wonder why it was that Germany was so warlike. But the longer I lived in Germany the more I realized that it was a natural as well as a national characteristic. I met one day a German who had been in the Imperial Consular Service all his life. He said that out in Australia, where his last post had been, he was impressed by the constant bragging of German merchants that some day Germany would show the whole world she was the leading Continental nation. He added that he often called the attention of the Foreign Office to the damage this apparently innocent boastfulness was doing to the future international commerce of the Fatherland.

Anti-American Intrigues in Berlin

THE man who was speaking had been away from Germany long enough to realize that one of the mistakes the new German nation was making was, it was getting into a forty-two-centimeter rage every time it was criticized. To challenge anything German was sacrilege. And this has been emphasized at no other time in German history so well as during the war. When the Allies accused the Germans of being uncivilized, Germany replied "We will show them!" or "They shall feel our iron fist!"—as the Berliner Morgen Post remarked when the Entente turned down the peace offer. "They will see, when we win the war, that we are not barbarians!" was another familiar remark.

Germany expected to disprove these charges by making war against all the accusers, on the theory, perhaps, that Might makes civilization. After my two years' experience within the Central Powers, I should not be surprised if a microscopic examination of Imperial German blood showed the red corpuscles, in uniform, at war with the white ones!

Since the beginning of the war it has been one of my tasks to meet ambassadors and ministers. I knew most of the diplomatic corps at Washington when the war began, and I met in London, The Hague, Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, Berne, Paris and Madrid other foreign envoys; but never did I encounter a man like James W. Gerard. He is least like an ambassador is supposed to be of any I ever met. He differs from other men as Mr. Roosevelt differs from all of our other Presidents. But Mr. Gerard is so much like The Colonel that he might easily be the T. R. of the Democratic party.

Really to know Ambassador Gerard one must know both sides of him; for what his enemies tell is almost exactly the opposite of the testimony of his friends. Sometimes he was the attorney for Great Britain. Sometimes he was too anti-German and sometimes too un-American to suit his enemies. But to his admirers he was a red-blooded ambassador, who went after things in somewhat the same rough-and-ready, tactless fashion that made the Big Stick effective during the Roosevelt Administration. I used to see Mr. Gerard several times daily; and I encountered him in all moods—when he was confiding or reticent, or when he was suspicious and cautious.

During most of the four years Mr. Gerard was in Berlin as Ambassador our diplomatic relations were one note after another. To comprehend the difficulty Germany sometimes had to understand our official communications, one must recall that Germany's means of communicating with this country, both officially and privately, were very limited, and that the newspapers printed almost nothing about events in this country. For this reason the Ambassador made it a special point to keep himself posted on American affairs and to advise, consult, argue and help explain to the Foreign Office what was meant.

The Ambassador used to call frequently at Wilhelmstrasse; but one day, during a submarine crisis, he was instructed by the State Department not to discuss the issue with officials. The next time he went to the Foreign Office he told Dr. Alfred Zimmermann that he could no longer discuss the submarine issue; and a few minutes later the Undersecretary of State said to one of his callers:

"What's the matter with Gerard? He's excited, like a young girl in love. He told me Washington had ordered him not to talk to us about submarines; and I told him to tell Lansing he was a diplomat, and not a messenger boy."

The German-American problem has been one of the big pre-war issues in the United States; but those who supposed that this problem was centered here are entirely mistaken, for the capital of German-America was Berlin, and the storm center was as much the Embassy as the White House. It was sometimes stated that there was a pro-Embassy group of Americans in Berlin and also a pro-German group. The Ambassador always insisted that there was only one American group, and that the other was so German as to be un-American.

Advising German statesmen about foreign affairs was one of the hobbies most American travelers arriving in Germany took up. And the Foreign Office, strangely enough, always welcomed with open arms an American who could bring advice, especially from Washington. It was sometimes easier for these super-ambassadors and pro-German American envoys to get an audience with the Kaiser, or consult with high officials, than it was for Ambassador Gerard.

I doubt whether in any other world capital a nation would dare to be so anti-Administration as Germany was before diplomatic relations were broken. What would Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador in Washington, and His Majesty's Government think if President Wilson or Secretary Lansing, instead of receiving Sir Cecil, received representatives of the Pearson Oil Syndicate or the London Daily Mail? The thing is inconceivable in London, Paris or Washington; and yet that is what happened frequently in Berlin.

Ambassador Gerard was officially accredited to the Kaiser; but at times, when he sought an audience, he found the road to Pless, the Silesian town where the Kaiser had his headquarters, blocked by intriguers, or by the Navy Department, which was revengefully anti-American.

One time last summer Mr. Gerard sought the ear of William II. As custom required, he laid his wish before the Imperial Chancellor. He waited two weeks, and then he called the Chancellor's attention to his formal request for an audience. He waited another week, and still there was no intimation that any steps had been taken to arrange for the meeting. So one morning the Ambassador wrote the following note to Von Bethmann-Hollweg:

Your Excellency: Three weeks ago I asked for an audience with His Majesty the Kaiser.

Last week I repeated the request.

Please do not trouble yourself further.

Respectfully,

JAMES W. GERARD.

At about eleven o'clock that morning the Embassy messenger took the note to the Chancellor's palace. Before three o'clock the same afternoon the Foreign Office telephoned Mr. Gerard that the Chancellor was on his way to Great Headquarters to arrange the conference.

At one time, when it appeared that the government was on the verge of bringing the United States into the war, Mr. Gerard decided that it would be a good thing to enlighten the government about America. He purchased a moving-picture and stereopticon machine with the object of delivering an illustrated lecture in the Embassy for the Chancellor, the Foreign Office and leading German business men on the United States, its size, wealth, resources and population. This lecture was fully prepared and would have been given this spring had not diplomatic relations been broken.

Mr. Gerard Gets Action

AT ANOTHER time, when the German Government was so badly informed about public sentiment in the United States, the Ambassador collected cartoons, editorials and interviews from American newspapers and magazines about the submarine war, pasted them in a scrapbook, and delivered it to Secretary of State von Jagow personally.

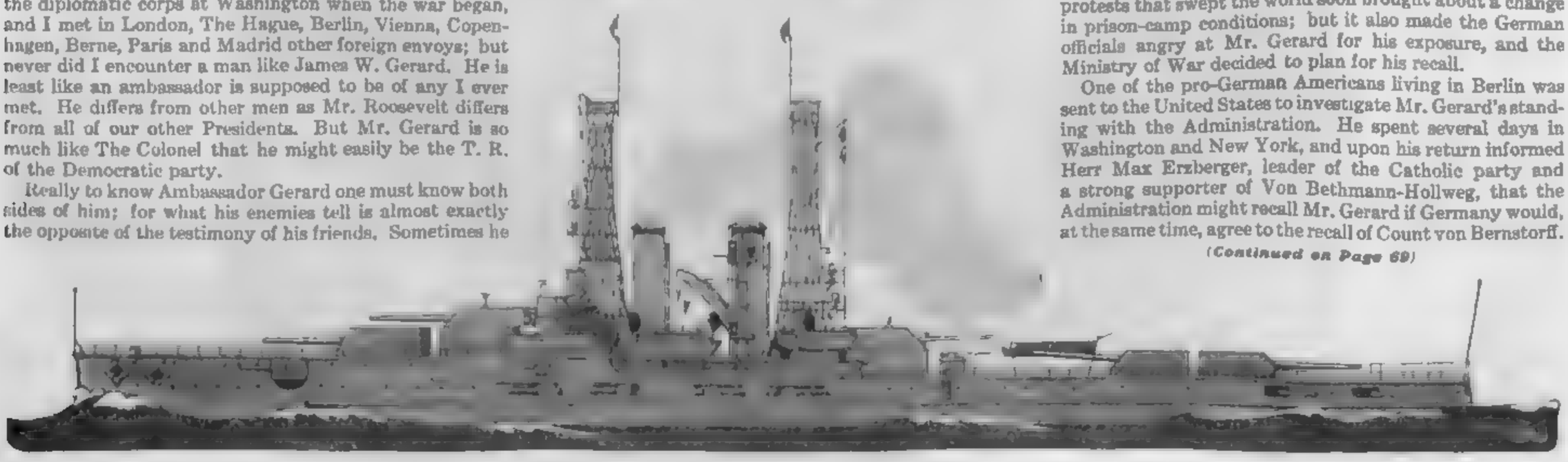
One of the first things the Ambassador did that roused the animosity of government officials was to publish his reports on prison-camp conditions in Germany. The Ambassador had been trying for many months to persuade the Foreign Office and the Ministry of War to correct the sanitary conditions in some of the prison camps; but action was postponed so often that the Ambassador decided that drastic means were necessary.

Ambassador Gerard used to visit personally many of the prison camps, until he was forbidden by the government to talk to the prisoners alone. One day, at Ruhleben, where the English civilian prisoners were interned, the Ambassador found eleven prominent Englishmen living in a box stall, in bunks along the sides. When Mr. Gerard recalled that in peacetime one of his riding horses had used a stall similar to that, it was too disgraceful to be overlooked. He notified the Foreign Office that he would furnish the money to build new barracks, if the government would not; because, he said, "this sort of thing has to be stopped."

But the Foreign Office said the Ministry of War was responsible; the War Minister said the prison-camp commander had full authority; the camp commander retorted that he could do nothing without orders; and the Ambassador walked round in rings in an attempt to find out who was responsible for such conditions. So he decided upon the publication of his reports in the English and American newspapers, asked the State Department for permission, and had Dr. Walter Hines Page, the American Ambassador in London, give the reports to the press. The storm of protests that swept the world soon brought about a change in prison-camp conditions; but it also made the German officials angry at Mr. Gerard for his exposure, and the Ministry of War decided to plan for his recall.

One of the pro-German Americans living in Berlin was sent to the United States to investigate Mr. Gerard's standing with the Administration. He spent several days in Washington and New York, and upon his return informed Herr Max Erzberger, leader of the Catholic party and a strong supporter of Von Bethmann-Hollweg, that the Administration might recall Mr. Gerard if Germany would, at the same time, agree to the recall of Count von Bernstorff.

(Continued on Page 69)



THE HIGH HEART

By Basil King

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

AN HOUR later I had what up to then I must call the greatest surprise of my life.

I was crying by myself on the shore, in that secluded corner among the rocks where Hugh had first told me that he loved me. As a rule I don't cry easily. I did it now chiefly from being overwrought. I was desolate. I missed Hugh. The few days or few weeks that must pass before I could see him again stretched before me like a century. All whom I could call my own were so far away. Even had they been near, they would probably, with the individualism of our race, have left me to shift for myself. Louise and Victoria had always given me to understand that, though they didn't mind lending me an occasional sisterly hand, my life was my own affair. It would have been a relief to talk the whole thing out philosophically with Larry Strangways. As I came from the house I tried for the first time since knowing him to throw myself in his path; but as usual when one needs a friend he was nowhere to be seen.

I could, therefore, only scramble down to my favorite corner among the rocks. Not that it was really a scramble. As a matter of fact, the path was easy if you knew where to find it; but it was hidden from the ordinary passer on the Cliff Walk first by a bowlder, round which you had to slip, and then by a tangle of wild rosebines, wild raspberries, and Queen Anne's lace. It was something like a secret door, known only to the Rossiter household, their servants and their friends. Once you had passed it you had a measure of the public privacy you get in a box at the theater or the opera. You had space and ease and a wide outlook, with no fear of intrusion.

I cannot say that I was unhappy. I was rather in that state of mind which the American people, with its gift for the happy, unexpected word, have long spoken of as "mad." I was certainly mad. I was mad with J. Howard Brokenshire first of all; I was mad with his family for having got up and left me without so much as a nod; I was mad with Hugh for having made me fall in love with him; I was mad with Larry Strangways for not having been on the spot; and I was most of all mad with myself. I had been boastful and bumptious; I had been disrespectful and absurd. It was foolish to make worse enemies than I had already. Mrs. Rossiter wouldn't keep me now. There would be no escape from Mrs. Applegate and the Home for Working Girls.

The still summer beauty of the afternoon added to my wretchedness. All round and before me there was luxury and joyousness and sport. The very sea was in a playful mood, lapping at my feet like a tamed, affectionate leviathan, and curling round the ledges in the offing with delicate lacelike spouts of spume. Sea gulls swooped and hovered with hoarse cries and a lovely effect of silvery wings. Here and there was a sail on the blue, or the smoke of a steamer or a warship. Eastons Point, some two or three miles away, was a long, burnished line of ripening wheat. To right and to left of me were broken crags, red-yellow, red-brown, red-green, where lovers and happy groups could perch or nestle carelessly, thrusting trouble for the moment to a distance. I had to bring my trouble with me. If it had not been for trouble I shouldn't have been there. There wasn't a soul in the world who would fight to take my part but Hugh, and I was, in all my primary instincts, a clinging, parasitic thing that hated to stand alone.

There was nothing for it then but crying, and I did that to the best of my ability; not loudly, of course, or vulgarly, but gently and sentimentally, with an immense pity for myself. I cried for what had happened that day and for what had happened yesterday. I cried for things long past, which I had omitted to cry for at the time. When I had finished with these I went further back to dig up other ignominies, and I cried for them. I cried for my father and mother and my orphaned condition; I cried for the way in which my father—who was a good kind man, *du reste*—had lived on his principal, and left me without a penny to my name; I cried for my various disappointments in love, and for the girl friends who had predeceased me. I massed all these motives together and cried for them in bulk. I cried for Hugh and the brilliant future we should have on the money he would make. I cried for Larry Strangways and the loneliness his absence would entail on me. I cried for the future as well as for the past, and if I could have thought of a future beyond the future I should have cried for that. It was delicious and sad and consoling all at once; and when I had no more tears I felt almost as if Hugh's strong arm had been about me and I was comforted.

I was just wiping my eyes and wondering whether at the moment of going homeward my nose would be too red, when I heard a quiet step. I thought I must be mistaken. It was so unlikely that anyone would be there at this hour of the day—the servants generally came down at night—that for a minute I didn't turn. It was the uncomfortable sense that someone was behind me that made me look back at last, when I caught the flutter of lace and the shimmer of pale rose taffeta. Mrs. Brokenshire had worn lace and pale rose taffeta at the lunch.

Fear and amazement wrestled in my soul together. Struggling to my feet, I turned round as slowly as I could.

"Don't get up," she said in a sweet quiet voice. "I'll come and sit down beside you, if I may." She had already seated herself on a low flat rock as she said "I saw you were crying, so I waited."

"If You're So Keen on Getting Married, for Goodness' Sake Why Don't You Take That Young Strangways?"

I am not usually at a loss for words, but I was then. I stuttered and stammered and babbled, without being able to say anything articulate. Indeed I had nothing articulate to say. The mind had suspended its action.

My impressions were all subconscious, but registered exactly. She was the most exquisite production I had ever seen in human guise. Her perfection was that of some lovely little bird, in which no color fails to shade harmoniously into some other color, in which no single feather is out of place. The word I used of her was *soignée*—that which is smoothed and curled and polished and caressed till there is not an eyelash which hadn't received its measure of attention. I don't mean that she was artificial, or that her effects were too thought out.

She was no more artificial than a highly cultivated flower is artificial, or a many-faceted diamond, or a King Charles spaniel, or anything else that is carefully bred or cut or shaped. She was the work of some specialist in beauty, who had no aim in view but to give to the world the loveliest thing possible.

When I had mastered my confusion sufficiently I sat down with the words, rather lamely spoken:

"I didn't know anyone was here. I hope I haven't kept you standing long."

"No; but I was watching you. I came down only a few minutes after you did. You see I was afraid—when we came away from Mrs. Rossiter's—that you might be unhappy."

"I'm not as unhappy as I was," I faltered without knowing what I said, and was rewarded to see her smile.

It was an innocent smile, without glee, a little sad in fact, but full of unutterable things like a very young child's. I had never seen such teeth, so white, so small, so regular.

"I'm glad of that," she said simply. "I thought if some—some other woman was near you, you mightn't feel so—so much alone. That's why I watched round and followed you."

I could have fallen at her feet, but I restricted myself to saying:

"Thank you very much. It does make a difference." I got courage to add, however, with a smile of my own: "I see you know."

"Yes, I know. I've thought about you a good deal since that day about a fortnight ago—you remember?"

"Oh, yes; I remember. I'm not likely to forget, am I? Only, you see, I had no idea —— If I had, I mightn't have felt so—so awfully forlorn."

Her eyes rested upon me. I can say nothing about them except that they were sweet and lovely, which is saying nothing at all. Sweet and lovely are the only words that come to me when I think of her, and they are so lamentably overworked. She seemed to study me with a childlike unconsciousness.

"Yes," she said at last, "I suppose you do feel forlorn. I didn't think of that or—or I might have managed to come to you before."

"That you should have come now," I said warmly, "is the kindest thing one human being ever did for another."

Again there was the smile, a little to one side of the mouth, wistful, wan.

"Oh, no, it isn't. I've really come on my own account." I waited for some explanation of this, but she only went on: "Tell me about yourself. How did you come here? Ethel Rossiter has never really said anything about you. I should like to know."

Her manner had the gentle command that queens and princesses and very rich women unconsciously acquire. I tried to obey her, but found little to say. Uttered to her

"I Hope You Told Him You Would Marry Me—and Let Him Have It Straight"

my facts were so meager. I told her of my father and mother, of my father's mania for old books, of Louise and Victoria and their husbands, of my visits abroad; but I felt her attention wandering. That is, I felt she was interested not in my data but in me. Halifax and Canada and British army and navy life and rare first editions were outside the range of her ken. Paris she knew; and London she knew; but not from any point of view from which I could speak of them. I could see she was the well-placed American who knows some of the great English houses and all of the great English hotels, but nothing of that Britannic backbone of which I might have been called a rib. She broke in presently, not apropos of anything I was saying, with the words:

"How old are you?"

I told her I was twenty-four.

"I'm twenty-nine."

I said I had understood as much from Mrs. Rossiter, but that I could easily have supposed her no older than myself. This was true. Had there not been that something mournful in her face which simulates maturity I could have thought of her as nothing but a girl. If I stood in awe of her it was only of what I guessed at as a sorrow.

She went on to give me two or three details of her life, with nearly all of which I was familiar through hints from Hugh and Ethel Rossiter.

"We're really Philadelphians, my mother and I. We've lived a good deal in New York, of course, and abroad. I was at school in Paris, too, at the Convent des Abeilles." She wandered on, somewhat inconsequentially, with facts of this sort, when she added suddenly: "I was to have married someone else."

I knew then that I had the clew to her thought. The marriage she had missed was on her mind. It created an obsession or a broken heart, I wasn't quite sure which. It was what she wanted to talk about, though her glance fell before the spark of intelligence in mine.

Since there was nothing I could say in actual words I merely murmured sympathetically. At the same time there came to me, like the slow breaking of a dawn, an illuminating glimpse of the great J. Howard's life. I seemed to be admitted into its secret, into a perception of its weak spot, more fully than his wife had any notion of. She would never, I was sure, see what she was betraying to me from my point of view. She would never see how she was giving him away. She wouldn't even see how she was giving away herself—she was so sweet, and gentle, and childlike, and unsuspecting.

I don't know for how many seconds her quiet, inconsequential speech trickled on without my being able to follow it. I came to myself again, as it were, on hearing her say:

"And if you do love him, oh, don't give him up!"

I grasped the fact then that I had lost something about Hugh, and did my best to catch up with it.

"I don't mean to, if either of my conditions is fulfilled. You heard what they were."

"Oh, but if I were you I wouldn't make them. That's where I think you're wrong. If you love him ——"

"I couldn't steal him from his family, even if I loved him."

"Oh, but it wouldn't be stealing. When two people love each other there's nothing else to think about."

"And yet that might sometimes be dangerous doctrine."

"If there was never any danger there'd never be any courage. And courage is one of the finest things in life."

"Yes, of course; but even courage can carry one very far."

"Nothing can carry us so far as love. I see that now. It's why I'm anxious about poor Hugh. I—I know a man who—who loves a woman whom he—he couldn't marry, and ——" She caught herself up. "I'm fond of Hugh, you see, even though he doesn't like me. I wish he understood, that they all understood—that—that it isn't my fault. If I could have had my way ——" She righted herself here with a slight change of tense. "If I could have my way, Hugh would marry the woman he's in love with and who's in love with him."

I tried to enroll her decisively on my side.

"So that you don't agree with Mr. Brokenshire."

Her immediate response was to color with a soft, suffused rose-pink like that of the inside of shells. Her eyes grew misty with a kind of helplessness. She looked at me imploringly and looked away. One might have supposed that she was pleading with me to be let off answering. Nevertheless, when she spoke at last, her words brought me to a new phase of her self-revelation.

"Why aren't you afraid of him?"

"Oh, but I am."

"Yes, but not like ——" Again she saved herself. "Yes, but not like—so many people. You may be afraid of him inside, but you fight."

"Anyone fights for right."

There was a repetition of the wistful smile, a little to the left corner of the mouth.

"Oh, do they? I wish I did. Or rather I wish I had."

"It's never too late," I declared with what was meant to be encouragement.

There was a queer little gleam in her eye, like that which comes into the pupil of a startled bird.

"So I've heard someone else say. I suppose it's true—but it frightens me."

I was quite strangely uneasy. Hints of her story came back to me, but I had never heard it completely enough to be able to piece the fragments together. It was new for me to imagine myself called on to protect anyone—I needed protection so much for myself!—but I was moved with a protective instinct toward her. It was rather ridiculous, and yet it was so.

"Only one must be sure one is right before one fights, mustn't one?" was all I could think of saying.

She responded dreamily, looking seaward.

"Don't you think there may be worse things than wrong?"

This being so contrary to my pet principles, I answered emphatically that I didn't think so at all. I brought out my maxim that if you did right nothing but right could come of it; but she surprised me by saying simply: "I don't believe that."

I was a little indignant.

"But it's not a matter of believing; it's one of proving, of demonstration."

"I've done right, and wrong came of it."

"Oh, but it couldn't—not in the long run."

"Well, then I did wrong. That's what I've been afraid of, and what—what someone else tells me." If a pet bird could look at you with a challenging expression it was the thing she did. "Now what do you say?"

I really didn't know what to say. I spoke from instinct, and some common sense.

"If one's done wrong, or made a mistake, I suppose the only way one can rectify it is to begin again to do right. Right must have a rectifying power."

"But if you've made a mistake the mistake is there, unless you go back and unmake it. If you don't, isn't it what they call building on a bad foundation?"

"I dare say it is; and yet you can't push a material comparison too far when you're thinking of spiritual things. This is spiritual, isn't it? I suppose one can't really do evil and expect good to come of it; but one can overcome evil with good."

She looked at me with a sweet mistiness.

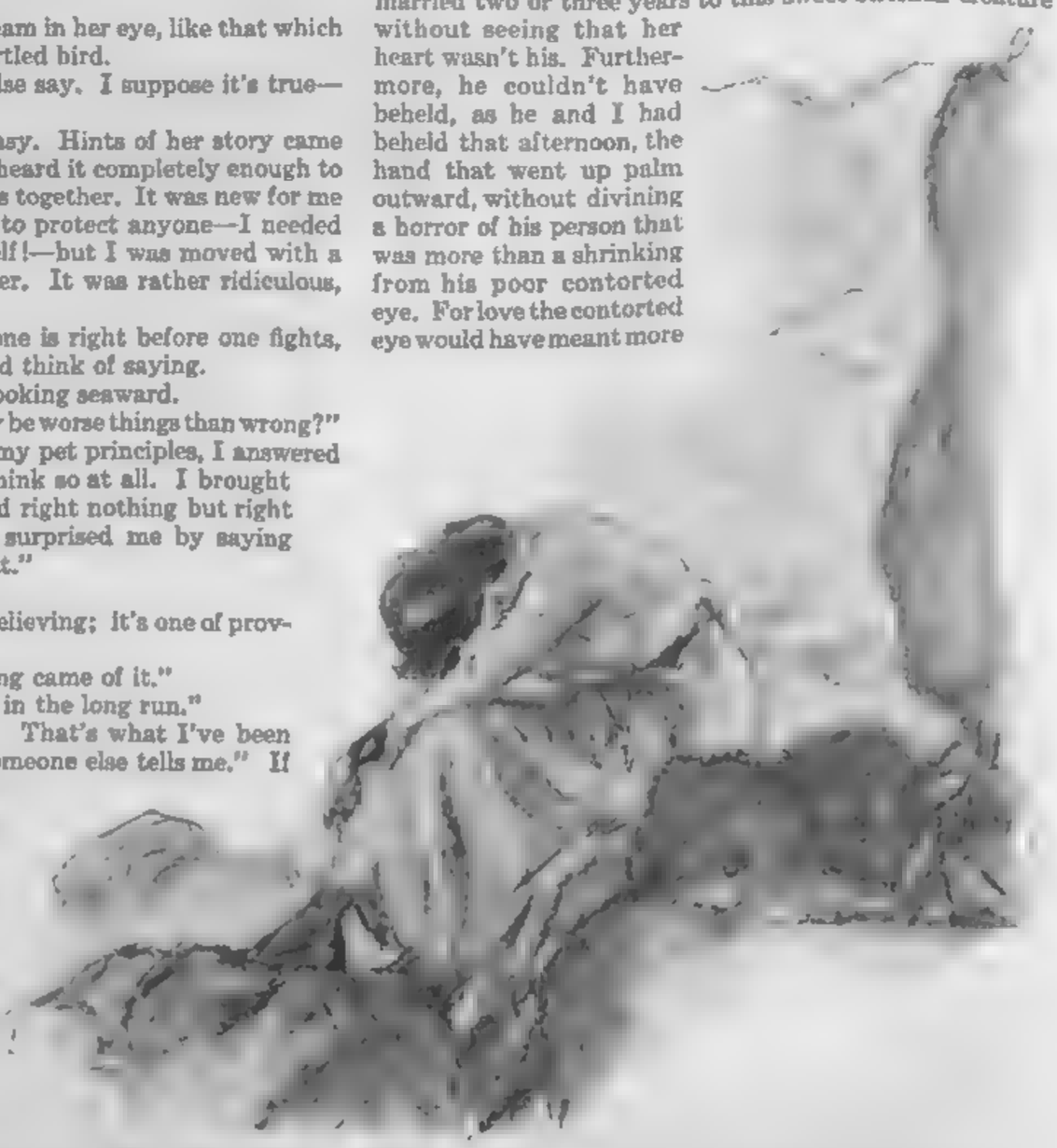
"I've no doubt that's true, but it's very deep. It's too deep for me." She rose with an air of dismissing the subject, though she continued to speak of it allusively. "You know so much about it. I could see you did from the first. If I was to tell you the whole story—but of course I can't do that. No, don't get up. I have to run away, because we're expecting people to tea; but I should have liked staying to talk with you. You're awfully clever, aren't you? I suppose it must be living round in those queer places—Gibraltar, didn't you say? I've seen Gibraltar, but only from the steamer, on the way to Naples. I felt that I was with you from that very first time I saw you. I'd seen you before, of course, with little Gladys, but not to notice you. I never noticed you till I heard that Hugh was in love with you. That was just before Mr. Brokenshire took me over—you remember!—that day. He wanted me to see how easily he could deal with people who opposed him; but I didn't think he succeeded very well. He made you go and sit at a distance. That was to show you he had the power. Did you notice what I did? Oh, I'm glad. I wanted you to understand that if it was a question of love I was—I was with you. You saw that, didn't you? Oh, I'm glad. I must run away now. We've people to tea; but sometime, if I can manage it, I'll come again."

She had begun slipping up the path, like a great rose-colored moth in the greenery, when she turned to say:

"I can never do anything for you, I'm too afraid of him—but I'm on your side."

After she had gone I began putting two and two together. What her visit did for me especially was to distract my mind. I got a better perspective on my own small drama in seeing it as incidental to a larger one. That there was a large one here I had no doubt, though I could neither seize nor outline its proportions. As far as I could judge of my visitor I found her dazed by the magnitude of the thing that had happened to her, whatever that was. She was good and kind; she hadn't a thought that wasn't tender; normally she would have been the devoted, clinging type of wife I longed to be myself; and yet someone's passion, or someone's ambition, or both in collusion, had caught her like a bird in a net.

It was perhaps because she was a woman and I was a woman and J. Howard was a man that my reactions concerned themselves chiefly with him. I thought of him throughout the afternoon. I began to get new views of him. I wondered if he knew of himself what I knew. I supposed he did. I supposed he must. He couldn't have been married two or three years to this sweet stricken creature without seeing that her heart wasn't his. Furthermore, he couldn't have beheld, as he and I had beheld that afternoon, the hand that went up palm outward, without divining a horror of his person that was more than a shrinking from his poor contorted eye. For love the contorted eye would have meant more



I Cried for the Future as Well as for the Past, and If I Could Have Thought of a Future Beyond the Future I Should Have Cried for That

love, since it would have been love with its cognate of pity; but not so that uplifted hand and that instinctive waving of him back. There was more than an involuntary repulsion in that, more than an instant of abhorrence. What there was he must have discovered, he must have tasted, from the minute he first took her in his arms.

I was sorry for him. I could throw enough of the masculine into my imagination to know how he must adore a creature of such perfected charm. She was the sort of woman men would adore, especially the men whose ideal lies first of all in the physical. For them it would mean nothing that she lacked mentality, that the pendulum of her nature had only a limited swing; that she was as good as she looked would be enough, seeing that she looked like an angel straight out of heaven. In spite of poor J. Howard's kingly suavity I knew he must have minutes of sheer animal despair, of fierce and bitter suffering.

Mrs. Rossiter spoke to me that evening with a suggestion of reprimand, which was letting me off easily. I was so sure of my dismissal, that when I returned to the house from the shore I expected some sort of *lettre de congé;* but I found nothing. I had had supper with Gladys and put her to bed, when the maid brought me a message to say that Mrs. Rossiter would like me to come down and see her dress, as she was going out to dinner.

I was admiring the dress, which was a new one, when she said rather fretfully:

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that to father. It upsets him so."

I was adjusting a slight fullness at the back, which made it the easier for me to answer.

"I wouldn't if he didn't talk like that to me. What can I do? I have to say something."

She was peering into the cheval glass over her shoulder, giving her attention to two things at once.

"I mean your saying you expected both of those preposterous things to happen. Of course you don't—nor either of them—and it only rubs him up the wrong way."

I was too meek now to argue the point. Besides, I was preoccupied with the widening interests in which I found myself involved. To probe the security of my position once more, I said:

"I wonder you stand it—that you don't send me away."

She was still twisting in front of the cheval glass.

"Don't you think that shoulder strap is loose? It really looks as if the whole thing would slip off me. If he can stand it I can," she added as a matter of secondary concern.

"Oh, then, he can stand it." I felt the shoulder strap. "No, I think it's all right, if you don't wriggle too much."

"I'm sure it's going to come down—and there I shall be. He has to stand it, don't you see, or let you think that you wound him?"

I was frankly curious.

"Do I wound him?"

"He'd never let you know it if you did. The fact that he ignores you and lets you stay on with me is the only thing by which I can judge. If you didn't hurt him at all he'd tell me to send you about your business." She turned from the glass. "Well, if you say that strap is all right I suppose it must be, but I don't feel any too sure." She was picking up her gloves and her fan which the maid had laid out, when she said suddenly: "If you're so keen on getting married, for goodness' sake why don't you take that young Strangways?"

My sensation can only be compared to that of a person who has got a terrific blow on the head from a trip-hammer. I seemed to wonder why I hadn't been crushed or struck dead. As it was, I felt that I could never move again from the spot on which I stood. I was vaguely conscious of something outraged within me, and yet was too stunned to resent it. I could only gasp feebly, after what seemed an interminable time: "In the first place, I'm not so awfully keen on getting married ——"

She was examining her gloves.

"There, that stupid Séraphine has put me out two lefts. No, she hasn't; it's all right. Stuff, my dear! Every girl is keen on getting married."

"And then," I stammered on, "Mr. Strangways has never given me the chance."

The Marriage She Had Missed Was on Her Mind. It Created an Obsession or a Broken Heart, I Wasn't Quite Sure Which

"Oh, well, he will. Do hand me my wrap, like a love." I was putting the wrap over her shoulders as she repeated: "Oh, well, he will. I can tell by the way he looks at you. It would be ever so much more suitable. Jim says he'll be a first-class man in time—if you don't rush in like an idiot and marry Hugh."

"I may marry Hugh," I tried to say loftily, "but I hope I shan't do it like an idiot."

She swept toward the stairway, but she had left me with subjects for thought not only for that evening, but for the next day and the next. Now that the first shock was over I managed to work up the proper sense of indignity. I told myself I was hurt and offended. She shouldn't have mentioned such a thing. I wouldn't have stood it from one of my own sisters. I had never thought of Larry Strangways in any such way, and to do so disturbed our relations. To begin with, I wasn't in love with him; and to end with, he was too poor. Not that I was looking for a rich husband; but neither was I a lunatic. It would be years before he could think of marrying, if there were no other consideration; and in the meantime there was Hugh.

There was Hugh with his letters from Boston, full of high ambitious hopes. Cousin Andrew Brew had written from Bar Harbor that he was coming to town in a day or two and would give him the interview he demanded. Already Hugh had his eye on a little house on Beacon Hill—so like a corner of Mayfair, he wrote, if Mayfair stood on an eminence—in which we could be as snug as two love birds. I was composing in my mind the letter I should write to my aunt in Halifax, asking to be allowed to come back for the wedding.

I filled in the hours wondering how Larry Strangways looked at me when there was only Mrs. Rossiter as spectator. I knew how he looked at me when I was looking back—it was with that gleaming smile which defied you to see behind it, as the sun defies you to see behind its rays. But I wanted to know how he looked at me when my head was turned another way; to know how the sun appears when you view it through a telescope that nullifies its defensive. For that I had only my imagination, since he had obtained two or three days' leave to go to New York to see his new employer. He had warned me to betray no hint as to the new employer's name, since there was a feud between the Brokenshire clan and Stacy Grainger which I connected vaguely with the story I had heard of Mrs. Brokenshire.

Then on the fourth day Hugh came back. He appeared as he had on saying good-by, while I was breakfasting with Gladys in the open air and Broke was with his mother. Hugh was more pallid than when he went away; he was positively woe-begone. Everything that was love in me leaped into flame at sight of his honest sorry face.

I think I can tell his story best by giving it in my own words, in the way of direct narration. He didn't tell it to me all at once, but bit by bit, as new details occurred to him. The picture was slow in printing itself on my mind, but when I got it, it was with satisfactory exactitude.

He had been three days at the hotel in Boston before learning that Cousin Andrew Brew was actually in town and would see him at the bank at eleven on a certain morning. Hugh was on the moment. The promptitude with which his relative sprang up in his seat, somewhat as if impelled by a piece of mechanism, was truly cordial. Not less was the handshake and the formula of greeting. The sons of J. Howard Brokenshire were always welcome guests among their Boston kin, on whom they shed a pleasant luster of metropolitan glory. While the Brews and Borrodailes prided themselves on what they called their Boston provinciality and didn't believe to be provinciality at all, they enjoyed the New York connection.

"Hello, Hugh! Glad to see you. Come in. Sit down. Looking older than when I saw you last. Growing a mustache. Not married yet? Sit down and tell us all about it. What can I do for you? Sit down."

Hugh took the comfortable little upright armchair that stood at the corner of his cousin's desk, while the latter resumed the seat of honor. Knowing that the banker's time was valuable, and feeling that he would reveal his aptitude for business by going to the point at once, the younger man began his tale. He had just reached the fact that he had fallen in love with a little girl on whose merits he wouldn't enlarge since all lovers had the same sort of things to say, though he was surer of his data than others of his kind, when there was a tinkle at the desk telephone.

"Excuse me."

During the conversation in which Cousin Andrew then engaged Hugh was able to observe the long-established unassuming comfort of this friendly office, which suggested the cozy air that hangs about the smoking rooms of good old English inns. There was a warm worn carpet on the floor;

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16, 1917

The World's Last Reserve

WHEN the United States came in, war tapped with a thirty-inch pipe line the last big reserve of capital in the world.

We read that the destruction of houses, bridges, ships, machinery, and so on, in Europe foots up some billions of dollars; that Germany's great railroad plant, once decidedly the finest and most efficient on the Continent, has suffered shocking deterioration, and is only patched together from day to day to meet absolute needs of the war; that the same thing has happened to railroad plant in other parts of Europe, and even in Great Britain; that manufactories not needed for war purposes are falling into dilapidation. We know that all South America and Asia are hungry for capital with which to develop industrial resources. We hear frequently of Russia's needs in the same line.

Months ago, while Europe was steadily pouring her money into the war and the United States was visibly growing richer every twenty-four hours, there was a great deal of discussion about the rôle we should play as the World's Uncle—not only meeting the capital needs of undeveloped countries that had formerly relied upon London, Paris and Berlin, but probably supplying funds for the industrial rehabilitation of the war area.

All that looks dubious now. Our direct war expenditures will be pitched in a higher key than those of any other belligerent. To equip and maintain an American soldier in Europe will cost much more than the equipment and maintenance of any other soldier. As the struggle progresses, the Allies will probably lean more and more heavily upon our financial strength. If war lasts a year it is unlikely that we shall have a dollar to spare for any other purpose. The world's last reserve is running into the morass.

Food Speculators

SHRIEKING against food speculators is about as helpful in the present situation as cursing the water that pours through a broken dike would be in preventing a flood.

What happened on the Chicago Board of Trade in the fore part of May illustrates the case: Seeing a short supply of wheat, purchasers for the Allies bought contracts for May delivery, right and left. Millers, with a natural desire to keep their plants going, also bought contracts for future delivery. Exporters bought in order to replace cargoes that had been sunk at sea. The amount of wheat deliverable on May contracts being strictly limited, these various purchasers, acting independently, each one trying to grab what he needed without regard to anybody else, ran prices to an absurd height.

On a smaller scale the same thing happened in England at the beginning of the war; and on that retail scale it has happened here—that is, panic-stricken householders ran from grocery to grocery buying nonperishable edibles far in excess of their present needs. Of course this helter-skelter demand sent prices up. We do not believe that any cold-blooded and extensive scheme to rob the consuming public has cut an important figure in the advance of food prices. But panicky selfishness, operating without any restraint, in the absence of any broad, intelligent plan of food control, has undoubtedly cut a figure.

There is food enough in the United States for everybody's real needs, and then quite a lot for export. What the situation needs is centralized authority to regulate distribution and consumption. The simple fact that such authority exists will operate powerfully to allay panic and keep prices within hailing distance of a reasonable level.

The Great Anarchist

HOW would society deal with a Black Hand on an international scale that was organized as efficiently and directed as intelligently as, say, the Standard Oil Company or the Steel Corporation?

Many authors of melodramatic fiction—some of them wearing police uniforms—have imagined such a concern. Given the brains, money and discipline possessed by any big business enterprise, there is no limit to the havoc it could make. Really determined and intelligent men, with the resources of modern science at their command and leisure to perfect plans, could, no doubt, two times out of three, blow up any building they chose, and at least three times out of five escape undetected. Once in a blue moon an attempt in that line is made. Almost always it fails; because, first, it is undertaken by dull bunglers, and, secondly, somebody in the plot gives it away. But, with brains, organization, discipline and money, our Black Hand might keep the world shivering.

The submarine is just such an effective anarchist—a completely lawless agency of destruction backed by intelligence, organization, capital and discipline. In Germany's hands it operates like a Maffia band, which slips into town, blows up a railroad bridge under an express train, and slips away. And at present the only recourse is to declare that we will build railroad bridges as fast as the anarchist can blow them up.

That is an intolerable situation. Building a billion dollars' worth of ships in the expectation that Germany will lose the match because she cannot sink more than seven hundred million dollars' worth of them may meet this emergency, but it is no solution of the problem raised by the submarine. There must be mechanical means of fighting it effectively.

American Schools

THE invention that will neutralize the submarine—the invention that will win the war—is just at the tips of our fingers.

If either the Allies or the Germans could use to-day the equipment of 1937 they would have an advantage as decisive as that of an army using to-day's equipment over one that had to depend upon the apparatus of 1897.

If our public education was what it ought to be—if we had devoted the thought and energy of which we are capable to seeing that every child got the freest possible chance to unfold its abilities—we should be in 1937 now. That we are, on the whole, little farther along than Western Europe is a measure of our failure to realize the best possibility of the experiment in democracy upon which we embarked nearly a century and a half ago.

We took the lead; but in the most fundamental justification of democracy—full and equal opportunity for every child to develop its capacities—we have hardly kept the lead. Not even war should make us forget that.

Vacations Near Home

WE WERE talking recently with a man who had just been taking an exciting vacation. He reads a great deal; but partly because of the requirements of his occupation and partly from habit, his reading for years has been almost wholly scientific.

He got his vacation by reading George Borrow's Lavengro and Romany Rye. His mind was blown full of fresh air; forgotten sensibilities were out prancing and shouting; his blood circulated better; his nerves were toned up. He had enjoyed a new, invigorating experience. That is all the good there is in any vacation. You are almost as apt to get it round the corner as anywhere else, if you will look for it.

One of the most memorable vacations that ever happened in a long and considerably misspent career, of which we have a very intimate knowledge, covered a couple of miles—from the Battery in New York City over to Ellis Island. Three hours of watching the swarm of emigrants just landed from the four corners of the earth created impressions that, for vividness, interest and mental influence, have far outlasted thousands of miles of landscape blinked at from a car window.

As it turned out, a friendship, worth all the stuff described in all the Baedekers, dates from that remarkable excursion. The total cost was ten cents for Subway fare. The excursionist had looked over at Ellis Island a hundred times and seen it mentioned in print a thousand times; in fact, it was so near and familiar that, except for an accident, he would probably never have gone.

You want a stir of brain and blood; a new, refreshing experience. Opportunity for that is all round you. There are charming spots twenty miles away. A novel facet of life may be seen by simply opening your eyes.

The Russian Case

PEASANTS whose grandfathers were serfs, bought and sold with the land they tilled, and who in the main have not been much better off than their grandfathers were, comprise a large majority of the population of Russia and the great bulk of the Russian armies.

Imagine them suddenly informed that they were free; that they need no longer obey the mysterious concern at Petrograd which had claimed to rule them by divine right; that they were masters of themselves and of the country. How would they probably react to that message? By sticking to their dismal trenches, submitting to the regimen of war, getting maimed and killed in support of a political ideal that no doubt seemed rather remote and hazy to most of them?

For an answer we need only turn back a few pages in American history, when the same message of liberty and self-government came to a decidedly more intelligent set of farmers, who, moreover, had inherited the English tradition and practice of self-government. There was Washington's endless difficulty in keeping an army together, in getting the most necessary supplies, in trying to secure effectual coöperation by the states. There were Shays' Rebellion and the Whisky Insurrection.

Political freedom requires a much higher discipline than despotism does, and a readier submission to authority. It would be amazing if Russian peasants learned that all at once, and if the overthrow of the autocracy were not followed by fairly extensive disorganization.

That is terribly inconvenient for democracy under present circumstances; but it is not a failure of democracy.

The New Superstate

SPEAKING of the Government's suit to dissolve the Steel Trust, the late J. P. Morgan wanted to know how anybody could unscramble eggs.

The Supreme Court entered a famous decree to unscramble the Oil Trust; but a recent report by the Federal Trade Commission says that though there is no evidence of a violation of the letter of this decree, the organization of the Oil Trust is essentially what it was before.

Our whole antitrust experience, running back nearly a generation, shows that once independent and competing units have been merged or pooled it is fairly impossible to put them back into their old independent status. Once a common interest has been set up, the units so melt together that you cannot unscramble them.

The United States, England, France, Italy and Russia are undergoing a merger much like that by which independent plants were run together in the Steel Trust. They are pooling resources and handling a great number of vitally important subjects with a view to the common interest. A set of interlocking directors, comprising the highest government officials of the several countries, is overlooking all production and distribution for the purpose of shaping it to a common end.

It is improbable that this vast international merger will vanish at the end of the war. Formally it may possibly disappear, as the formal arrangement by which the oil companies were held together disappeared at the mandate of the Supreme Court. But the scrambling has gone too far to be essentially undone. The superstate is here and the United States is a member of it. We must learn to think in those terms.

Keeping the Peace

THE alliance against Germany could not dream of anything better than this: That every soldier be sent home to-morrow and every implement of war in the world be thrown into the sea.

The alliance could then correct the boundaries of Europe at its pleasure, for Germany would be helpless against the economic pressure that a league of the allied nations could bring to bear. A punitive tariff in the hands of such a league would throttle any trading nation as effectually as a blockade by the allied fleets. A credit boycott would paralyze an international offender as quickly as physical occupation of its ports. Discriminatory port dues would drive its merchant ships from the seas as surely as British cruisers have banished the German flag.

New York City, with nearly six million inhabitants, now and then employs a score of policemen, or a hundred, as an armed force to repress disorder by physical might. What keeps the millions in orderly relationship, day by day, is a lively sense of mutual dependence and of the importance of good will. A firmly knit league of nations could keep the peace of the world with a dozen army divisions and a few gunboats; for without any physical force it could express its ill will in such terms as would daunt any civilized country.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Holworthy Hall—Himself

By Harold E. Porter

AT EIGHT A.M. I rise and breakfast lightly or heavily, according to the kitchen dynasty then in power. I inspect my Scarsdale farm, and gather the egg. I then take the nine-thirty train for New York, studying law en route. At my office I read my mail, comprising three requests for autographs, fifteen advertising circulars, and thirty-one weekly letters from curb brokerage houses. I labor diligently upon industrial and other underwritings; for, having sold my own magazine, The Housewife, last November, I am now trying to earn an honest living as a financier. At twelve I go to lunch and eat noiselessly but with abandon. From two to five I am engaged in the affairs of various

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George Creel

IN THE photograph to the left is shown the man who puts the muffler on the military and naval news of the United States. The country at large noted with satisfaction the appointment of a first-class newspaper man, and a man of Mr. Creel's record, to the very important position of head of the new Censorship Bureau.

We are daily learning from our Allies what to do about preparing ourselves for war, but not the least valuable of the lessons they have taught us is what not to do in regard to censorship.

Eleanor F. Egan—Herself

By Herself

ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN began to write because that was one way to make a living. She was nineteen years old and most expensively healthy. She knew so little about the rules of the "writin' game" that she made three copies of her first article and mailed them all at once to three different publications, covering the field in a thorough way by choosing the Sunday edition of a daily paper, an illustrated weekly and a monthly magazine. There were some pictures to go with this article which would have helped considerably to recommend it to any editor, but these she decided to keep as a nice little surprise for that editor who should have sufficient editorial judgment to accept the story. They all accepted it—the three of them—and all by the same mail. This is probably unique among "tragedies in the early lives of well-known and otherwise writers."

After wallowing for a whole day in an appalling sense of abysmal disgrace the unhappy but honest young person decided to go to each of the outraged gods

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Glenn H. Curtiss

SOME people believe that this war will finally be settled in the air, and everyone knows—or ought to know—that this country is less prepared for air fighting even than for military or naval warfare. In a recent address on the new science of aviation made before the war committee of the House of Commons, Lord Montague expressed the view that the things most needed to-day in the struggle for supremacy in the air are new men and new ideas. The snapshot to the right was taken of Mr. Curtiss, the famous American aviator, during a recent visit to Washington. Let us hope he was there for the purpose of giving the War Department the benefit of some of his ideas.

OLD RED RAMBLER

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MILO BRANT should have been talking to the lady who occupied the place of honor on his right; for, despite the facts that she was tubby and opinionated, and had raised her awful, buzzing voice contentiously from cocktails to Burgundy, after all she was the wife of Governor Davissen, friend of the people and of the distillery interests of which Milo was the spiritual and temporal head throughout the state. But tonight the lord of the great house on the hill, host of this Roman banquet, under crystal lights sparkling from the high, vaulted ceiling, fell a trifle short of the Brant suavity which, even more than the Brant business acumen, had given him place among the all-powerful of the earth.

"'Bout Noon They Call by Telephone and Say Tell You Mistah Eldred Done Escape'"

Milo, in fact, was listening with a corner of his ear only to the stout little lady's voluble opinions. His eye was wandering over the faces gross, animal, keen or weak—that fledged his tablecloth of Spanish lace: Governor Davissen, guest of honor, who nodded his flabby, subservient jowls approvingly to the guarded utterances of Hiram Halbroke, attorney for Old Red Rambler Whisky and contributory enterprises; Martin Euberg, who, long and narrow of forehead, keenly intelligent of eye, seemed to smile satirically upon the lady at his left; the fat, infantile visage of Denny Thomlinson, who had jested for his liquor these forty years; the cruel, handsome, florid face of Anson Frye; the politely Bacchic simper worn by half a dozen parasites who came and were agreeable wherever the drinking was good. These were men of Milo's own choosing. They had learned to feed from his liberal hand, and their gratitude—such as it was—gave him a sense of power.

Then his glance strayed and lingered at the place where his son sat. The young man had never looked up from his plate. Heavy, sullen, his hand unsteadily struggling with the dessert before him; his full lips drawn sulkily down, his eyes badly focused, Eldred Brant looked a bad copy of his aristocratic father. Milo Brant had nursed this bitter thought before, for he was a somewhat vain man, secretly cherishing his heavy Brant eyebrows and straight Brant nose; and the sight of his son, his only son, wearing these adornments so drunkenly in public, was to him a bitterness and a shame. Eldred had been tried in the bottle and found wanting. Evidently he could not learn to drink like a gentleman.

The governor's lady took more Burgundy and squawked a higher key. Milo Brant leaned closer, smiled, and intimated that she was very clever. He wasn't at all sure as to the appropriateness of his compliment. She had been saying something about a Chow dog.

The father's eyes went again to his sleepy, sodden son; then to the beautiful young woman who, her smooth shoulders slanted away from the drunken man beside her, had leaned the brownish gold of her hair a point toward old Thomlinson and was opening her pansy-blue eyes in a forced expression of mirth. Milo would not admit, at that disagreeable instant, that Kitty Rae was too good for his Eldred. Nobody was too good for a Brant to marry; but it seemed a pity she couldn't influence him in some way; couldn't brace him as a woman should. She was one of your sweet women who endure everything. Perhaps Eldred should have picked another kind. . . .

"Reformers come and go—a flash in the pan!" Governor Davissen's bell-like tones were informing the table. He was inspired to much speech these days, his right to reëlection being challenged by a plague of cold-water devotees who had sprung up like evil weeds all over the state. "You can't reform common sense out of the world, and you can't destroy legitimate industry at the whim of a lot of fanatics . . ."

"You're right, governor," put in Milo Brant, shaking off his obsession. "Whisky is a curse all of a sudden, because Arlow Stannard wants to sit in the governor's chair. What does it matter if he blots out one of the state's finest industries? He has nothing to lose."

"And everything to gain!" The sterling orator's broad fist came down on the table. "We've got to face the question: Shall a lot of old maids and anarchists come in with the torch and burn our fairest fields . . ."

Milo's sister, Mrs. Harris, gave the signal, and a shuffling and pushing back of chairs announced that the ladies would have coffee in the drawing-room. The gentlemen rose. Eldred Brant kept his seat; which is a dignified thing to do when one is unable to do otherwise. The pretty girl by his side rose self-consciously, holding her eyes the other way.

As soon as the silk and chiffon had floated across the wide white-and-rose hall Denny Thomlinson drew two black-coated figures confidentially toward him and began, with a naughty simper, his usual formula: "That reminds me." Brant's skillful mulatto butler replenished the Florentine glasses that sat gracefully gaping for his famous 1827 port. But Governor Davissen would not be thwarted of his interrupted period.

"No doubt," the great Davissen bell went booming again, "there is excess in drinking—just as there is excess in eating. But we don't try to stamp out the cattle-raising industry just because there are a few gluttons in the world."

"Well said, governor!" Halbroke, the corporation counsel, raised his bland voice. "The saloon, properly controlled, is a social center. Would you take the workingman's hour of recreation away from him at the whim of a few self-seeking politicians?"

"We are striving to protect the legitimate interests of this state, because the people demand their rights!" thundered the governor. "I am willing to challenge Arlow Stannard, or any of his attendant spinsters, to answer me this: What are you going to substitute for the drinking place? I challenge any member of the Stannard crowd."

"Good ol' gov'nor! A'ways chall'ngin' something!" suddenly upspoke the hitherto helpless Eldred Brant.

Someone said "Sh!" Whereat Eldred giggled aimlessly and thumped Denny Thomlinson across his wide shirt front. Milo Brant retained a fixed smile, fearfully afraid that his son must be led away so early in the evening.

"Speech—Milo—speech!" Morris Greer, a merry little insect who buzzed forever round the bouquet of other people's wine, created this welcome diversion.

"For he's a jolly good fellow!" the song service uprose in dubious harmony.

Milo Brant sat twirling the 1827 old tawny port in its thin-stemmed glass. He was still smiling, inwardly struggling to shake off that clammy, clinging vapor. He bowed good-naturedly to the garden of faces turned worshipfully to him as the sunflowers to the sun. The figure of a fine gentleman, lord of this splendid house, he rose and lifted his Florentine glass.

"This isn't exactly the time for speeches," he began, with his quiet smile. "But, since election day is less than two weeks off, I should like to say a word for my friend Omar. I hold in this glass something more than so much liquid. I hold an Idea that has made poets sing and soldiers fight since the dawn of history."

"It's damned good port!" broke in a silver-tongued sycophant. "You've got the finest wine cellar in town."

"I thank you, Bob," smiled the host agreeably. "And I want to ask you if the industry which has given more fame to Portugal than her poets, more glory to Spain than her ancient conquest, more gallantry to France than her armies, shall be discontinued because a few adventurers like Arlow Stannard want a job? Alcohol isn't rat poison. It was given to man by God as a sort of reward. It is the food of genius, of chivalry, of ambition. It's a necessity of modern civilization."

It was then that the family skeleton rose at the feast and brayed out at Milo Brant: "You ol' hypocrite!"

It was spoken with the greatest distinctness from the chair where Brant's tipsy heir sat nodding, leering at his father.

"What's that?" questioned Milo sharply, the perennial freshness of his cheeks turning to a crabbed purple and his wine spotting red upon the tablecloth.

"I said," repeated Eldred Brant, trying to focus his gaze upon his parent: "You ol' hypocrite!"

The horrified guests sat perfectly still. It had gone too far now for pretense. Eldred was disgustingly drunk and had precipitated a scene. His father stood regarding him dumbly for a moment; but the young man had shuffled to his feet, and an instant later, to everybody's relief, had begun taking his zigzag course, supported between two colored servants, toward the obscurity of the upstairs apartments.

"Perhaps we'd better be joining the ladies," suggested Milo Brant, setting down his glass.

They played bridge later in the evening; and Milo Brant lost generously, as becomes a host in a lavish house. He had implored Kitty to stay, when she appeared with her wrap and her chaperon, shortly after dinner, to say that she had so much to do to-morrow and she'd had such a good time. It was while she was lingering an instant behind her chaperon that Milo had gotten a chance to

Continued on Page 28

Almost unbelievable!

But we wish you could see us make it.

We wish that every one of you dainty and extra-particular housewives could come to the home of *Campbell's Soups* at Camden, N. J., and bring your skeptical husbands along with you. Then you would see with your own eyes the choice and nourishing materials we use, and the extreme care and nicety with which we prepare them for

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

You would find the sight and the fragrance of these tempting ingredients a feast in itself—

Fine healthy Government-inspected beef from which we make the invigorating stock; the shanks—split open to yield their nutritious marrow; large premium-grade white potatoes from Maine, the best Jersey sweet potatoes, Canadian rutabagas, plump Chantenay carrots, juicy green okra, crisp celery, snappy little white leek and appetizing mounds of snowy rice, selected pearl barley and the popular macaroni "alphabets".

"It makes me hungry just to see it all! I never would have believed it!" is the exclamation we hear almost every day from visitors to the light, airy, spotless Campbell kitchens where all these good things are prepared and blended.

When you realize the high quality of these wholesome *Campbell's Soups* and the remarkable food value they contain, you will surely want to order them by the dozen or the case and keep a supply on hand.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

pluck her by the sleeve. He wanted to say something—something to express the thing he knew and she knew.

"Good night, Kitty," he smiled. "I know what a mess it's been—I'm so sorry—and ashamed."

"I'm afraid ——" That was all he heard as she turned to the door; but he had caught the flash of her clear, patient eyes, filled with tears.

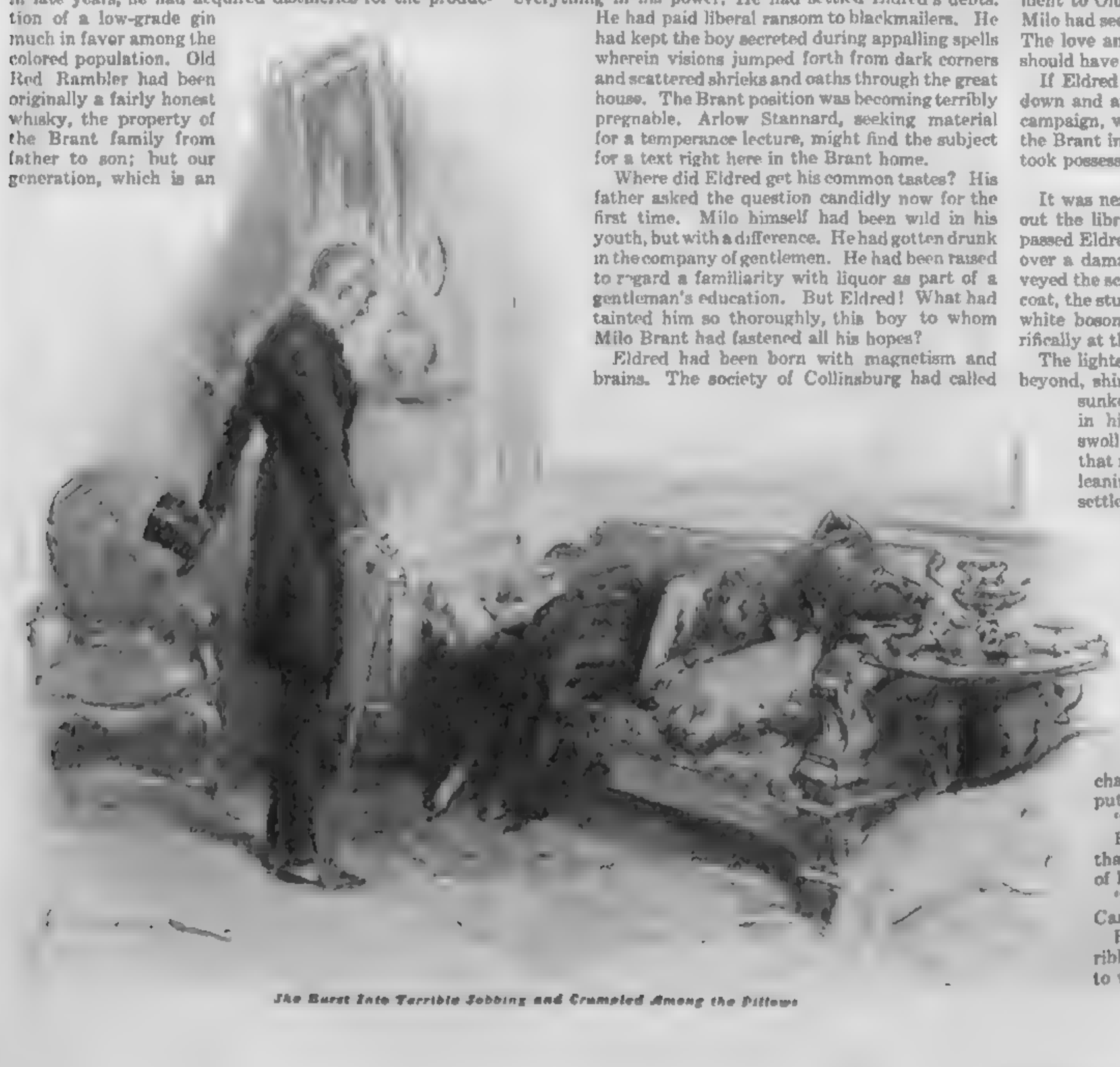
It was after one when the party broke up. Milo Brant stood bravely at the door to shake the hand of each departing guest, to smile back at the platitudes of the well-stimulated governor and the parrot notes of the governor's little wife; to accept tribute from his ring of satellites; to lean a moment to the lips of Martin Euberg and hear the assurance that the Big Deal was ripening to the point where they could meet on the morrow and talk over details.

But as soon as he was closed in behind the great paneled doors Milo Brant had a feeling that he was lonesome and afraid. He was afraid to go to bed and think about it. It was with a sense of awful solitude that he watched his sister's angular figure departing upstairs. Wistfully he beheld the punctilious Andrew, his mulatto butler, as he strode about turning out lights. He wished that somebody of an honest mind and an intelligent point of view would candidly advise him about Eldred. He had an impulse to put the question confidentially to the faithful Andrew; but he knew that Andrew was too much the gentleman to speak frankly on so delicate a matter.

Milo Brant passed disconsolately through the deserted halls, pausing for a look of melancholy contemplation into the litter of cards, empty siphons, cigarette ends, among the green tables where the game had progressed so tediously. His guests had displayed tact in passing over Eldred's disgusting behavior, and the evening had taken on something of old-time jollity. But Milo Brant knew what they had been thinking behind their amiable masks.

He sighed and shuffled into the dim splendors of his black-oak library. Here he switched on a light and poured from a decanter a measure of rich old cognac. This was of a brand too fine for ordinary palates; therefore he had reserved it as a companion to his solitude.

It had been a hard, exciting month for Milo Brant, and his son's behavior had come as an added drop in the bucket. For the political crisis now impending meant for Milo Brant a decisive engagement—the Battle of the Vats—since his Old Red Rambler represented, roughly speaking, about half of the whisky produced in his state. Also, in late years, he had acquired distilleries for the production of a low-grade gin much in favor among the colored population. Old Red Rambler had been originally a fairly honest whisky, the property of the Brant family from father to son; but our generation, which is an ambitious one, had goaded Milo into producing quantity at the expense of quality; so that Old Red Rambler was now rambling into every county, every township—coloring state politics everywhere with its pleasant flush.



She Burst Into Terrible Sobbing and Crumpled Among the Pillows

And then this dour, puritanical individual, Arlow Stannard, had arisen in the land, with the nasal, reformatory cry of a John the Baptist. Stannard, the district attorney, had smelled—or had thought he had smelled—the taint of Old Red Rambler on the breath of every criminal marching before him in the rogues' review. Half the states in the Union had gone dry while Stannard exhorted; therefore he had taken heart and put himself at the head of a crusade—object, the governorship.

This, at first, had disturbed the long-headed Milo Brant; but he had spent his life figuring chances. And about the time he had come to the comfortable conclusion that the state would never go dry, Martin Euberg, the Red Rambler's handy man in and out of politics, had approached him with such an idea as makes empires out of mortgaged principalities.

"Milo," the intelligent Martin had summed it up, "you know and I know that the state isn't going dry. There's too much at stake among the farmers and laboring people. You and I know this. But the small distillers, here in Collinsburg and out in the back country, don't know it. They haven't any courage, or they wouldn't be small distillers. They're scared to death, I tell you. They see other states drying up and they read Stannard's speeches in the papers, and they're dead sure that the drought will strike us next. Well, can't you see? Their stocks are all on the toboggan. They're willing to sell out for a barrel of sour apples or a lame mule. And if you believe, as I do, that Old Red Rambler can win any election in this state—well, why don't you take advantage of the bargain?"

Milo Brant had gone to work to take advantage of the bargain. It had led him into complexities—had even involved a Machiavellian propaganda to the effect that Stannard was forging ahead at a terrific rate. And the stock of the small distillers was going down and down, always nearer the buying point.

Now if it wasn't for Eldred—thought Milo to-night, sitting in magnificent solitude, sipping his excellent brandy—everything might be smooth sailing. It was getting past the stage where it had been a private matter between him and his son, when he had been able to hide the young man's debauches under the roof of this pretentious house. Eldred was becoming the gossip of Collinsburg. Milo had done everything in his power. He had settled Eldred's debts. He had paid liberal ransom to blackmailers. He had kept the boy secreted during appalling spells wherein visions jumped forth from dark corners and scattered shrieks and oaths through the great house. The Brant position was becoming terribly pregnable. Arlow Stannard, seeking material for a temperance lecture, might find the subject for a text right here in the Brant home.

Where did Eldred get his common tastes? His father asked the question candidly now for the first time. Milo himself had been wild in his youth, but with a difference. He had gotten drunk in the company of gentlemen. He had been raised to regard a familiarity with liquor as part of a gentleman's education. But Eldred! What had tainted him so thoroughly, this boy to whom Milo Brant had fastened all his hopes?

Eldred had been born with magnetism and brains. The society of Collinsburg had called him brilliant and he had gone to Annapolis with credits on his card and friends in his wake. He had shot out of there rapidly, as from a naval gun. Another year he had come back from the university, complaining about the condition of his eyes, which prevented his studying, but did not interfere with his taste for bright lights.

Milo Brant
Had a Feeling That He Was Lonesome and Afraid

Then Milo had wanted to put Eldred into his office. He had lasted a week there, when he disappeared in the pursuit of a thirst that was, after all, paying an unsubtle compliment to Old Red Rambler. In the advent of Kitty Rae Milo had seen his hope revive for the disappointing Eldred. The love and companionship of a fine girl . . . that should have put the boy on his feet again . . . hum!

If Eldred would only be decent! If he would knuckle down and apply his abilities to helping in this vexatious campaign, which would be, after all, a decisive battle for the Brant interests. At the thought a sudden indignation took possession of Milo Brant.

It was nearing four o'clock when Milo Brant switched out the library lights and went toward his bed. As he passed Eldred's room he saw his figure sprawled crosswise over a damask coverlet. The father tiptoed in and surveyed the scene. Eldred was stripped of his coat and waistcoat, the studs of his shirt had popped loose and the rough white bosom was scraping his cheeks, which puffed terrifically at the force of his snores.

The lights were full on in the magnificent Roman bath beyond, shining with its onyx walls, carved spigots and sunken plunge. The swinish young Nero was drunk in his palace, his hair tousled, his face darkly swollen, his mouth wide open; a picture of dishonor that made the father ashamed of his race. At last, leaning sternly down, Milo Brant lifted the body, settled the damp head more comfortably on a pillow, and drew the corner of the spread over the unconscious figure.

Eldred stopped snoring. The head on the pillow suddenly turned and gazed, with heavy, stupid eyes.

"Dad!" said the rough voice of his son as Milo was about to leave the room. Turning, he saw Eldred sitting up. "Sore at me?"

He had found a cigarette somewhere and was making futile efforts to strike a match. Milo stood at gaze, quite unable to answer this obvious question. A decanter leaned beside a short glass, perilously tilted on a chair. Eldred poured forth a sloppy dram and put it unsteadily to his lips.

"Eldred, I'm deeply grieved," began the father.

His words were parental cant, but the lines that had formed between his nose and the corners of his mouth were genuinely sad.

"Why? 'Cause I called you—ol' hypocrite? Can't you take a joke, dad?"

His full lips, red and parched, writhed to a terrible laugh, fetching up with a cough that seemed to wrench him from shoulder to toe.

(Continued on Page 30)

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER

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If Blue Streak Belts had required a score or more years to win the amazing reputation already theirs, their honest quality would seem impressive but their surpassing merit would not be as plain.

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They won success swiftly, in relatively few years.

They won from the beginning because they constitute a clear advance in belting theory and a saving improvement in belting practice.

They quickly displaced belts constructed on the failing theory that extraordinary tension is the only way in which a belt can get an adequate pulley-grip.

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They quickly displaced belts constructed on the theory that belting material must be either perforated or dressed in order to grip the pulleys.

Blue Streak Belts need no dressing.

Blue Streak Belts hug the pulleys without being "stretched on."

Blue Streak Belts have a friction surface which masters the air-film evil.

Blue Streak Belts have a maximum pulley contact because of their superior pliability.

In consequence they hug the pulleys and save power.

Their swift success is undoubtedly determined partially by their relative inexpensiveness, the result of the exceptionally long life of Blue Streak Belts.

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Per dollar of cost they give longer service and better service.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
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GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 28)

"Drunk or sober, Eldred—how could you have said a thing like that at my table?" Milo had not come there to argue, but the words burst from him.

"Your table? I thought anything went at your table, dad." Eldred gave him a smile of loose sweetness. "Honest, dad—somebody had to tell the truth! I was drunkest; so it was naturally up to me."

"You're drunk!" grunted Milo, savagely attempting to push the wild rebel back on his pillow.

"Bet you! Drunk and talking. Best advertisement Ol' Red Rambler ever had. No home complete without one case of alcoholism and another of Ol' Red Rambler. Drunkard by every fireside. 'Rah for home life! That's business, dad. We're rich. I'm drunk."

"I'll put a stop to this!" said Milo.

"Put a stop to Ol' Red Rambler?"

"I wasn't referring to that," snapped the father. "But you've got to sober up before you bring any more disgrace on the family. You're becoming common talk. I'm tired of paying your gambling debts to proprietors of low resorts ——"

"Follow the Ol' Red Rambler, dad. On sale at every——"

"Oh, damn the Old Red Rambler!" thundered its maker impiously. "You're being shunned by decent people. And, what's more, you're hurting business. You've been hauled out of every vile dump in the city."

"Ol' Red Rambler's good enough for me," chanted Eldred, lingering on the refrain.

"Trouble with you, dad, is that you're a snob. Think your son's too good to drink himself to death 'longside your best customers. Ol' Red Ram-bl——"

"Be still!" Milo Brant faced his irritating heir so furiously that the latter tightened up into momentary sobriety. "I'm done with this. I'm going to put you in a place where you'll have to behave. I've got enough trouble without acting as keeper to you. What's this talk about your brawling and breaking glassware at Al Gwynne's?"

"Who told you?" Eldred's face clouded sullenly.

"It's all over town," grunted the elder Brant. "I want to know what business you have quarreling in that sort of place?"

"Al Gwynne's got no right fooling with Bonnie Corrigan ——"

"Bonnie Corrigan!" In conservative horror he spoke the name of that notorious cabaret favorite. "Eldred! Have you forgotten you're engaged to be married?"

The boy hung his head stupidly and attempted no reply.

"In the first place," the lecturer continued, "a gentleman has no right to be seen in a dive like that. In the second place, Al Gwynne is a dangerous man to quarrel with ——"

"In the third place, he represents lot o' votes, in case of ——"

"I'm not discussing politics," snapped the father.

"That's right. Keep morals and politics sep'rate." Milo was about to leave the room, but his son called after him, a weak quaver in his voice.

"Dad, where's Kitty?"

"Where do you think? Do you think she's been waiting round for you to sober up?"

"My God! I've broken her heart. That angel ——"

He covered his face and began to cry like a child. His uncouth blubbering was comic and very terrible. Milo Brant stifled an awful temptation to take this pathetic, irresponsible thing in his arms. What a pity Eldred had no mother to win him back to decency! He brushed his eyelids with the back of his hand, for Eldred was moaning.

"You can't expect a decent woman to put up with this sort of thing indefinitely," persisted his father, turning away from the sight that disgusted, yet strangely moved him.

"No! No! I wouldn't curse her with such a mess. I'm off for hell! I'll go back to Al Gwynne's place. I'll wipe out the ——"

Milo Brant went quietly away. As he shuffled down the hall toward his bedroom he could hear the thick voice repeating:

"Kitty'll be all right. I'll see her in the morning. Square myself—brace up—see her in the morning."

But Milo Brant suspected there had been too many mornings for Kitty Rae's too long enduring love and patience.

Next afternoon early Milo Brant supervised the removal of Eldred to a sanitarium a few miles out of town. The young man, sick and shaken, went uncomplainingly to his prison—somewhat relieved, his father imagined, that he should be put a while under a wholesome regimen. Indeed, Eldred seemed to hold no grudge against the father who had decreed this heroic treatment, for he shook hands amiably enough as Milo left him in his suite, a muscular attendant hovering near.

That same day, at the hour of four, Messrs. Halbroke and Euberg waited on him at his office with the news he had looked forward to so eagerly. The small distillers, who had pooled their interests for common protection, had given up the fight and were willing to sell at Brant's figure. Milo sensed the heart-thump of the hunter who has drawn a cool bead between the horns of a charging moose.

"Weiss and Clarke are their representatives?" he asked, after scanning the figures backward and forward, at every possible angle; then, without awaiting a reply: "I want this closed at once. To-day."

An assistant from the treasurer's office came in and laid a buff check on the desk before him. He held it close to his glasses, compared the figures with those Mr. Halbroke had submitted, then added his signature and handed it over to Mr. Euberg.

"That gives Old Red Rambler absolute control of the state," smiled Mr. Halbroke.

"And the responsibility that goes with it," intimated Milo Brant. "The state can't go dry now, you know—not with all that money at stake."

"I wonder about Arlow Stannard," puzzled Mr. Euberg. "Do you think he's so crazy about Prohibition?"

"He's crazy about being governor," replied the wise Milo. "And if he's elected the Prohibition clause goes in with him. Our job is to keep 'em both so far out they can't touch us."

As soon as the conference broke up Milo had a mind to go and see Kitty Rae. Apart from her long and disastrous engagement with his prodigal son, Milo held a feeling of great responsibility for Kitty. Angus Rae, her father, had called Milo to his invalid chair a few days before he died and asked him to invest his moderate fortune to Kitty's best advantage. Milo had put the money into Old Red Rambler Common, with the result that Kitty was a rich girl now in her own right. He had never thought of himself as her benefactor; but it had seemed quite a matter of course that she should love Eldred enough to take him, with all his faults, and make a man of him. But he had seen the new look of bitterness and despair in her face last night, and to-day he was resolved to talk it out with her.

As he was going out to his limousine a knot of men, gesturing earnestly at the corner where the trolley stops in front of the Record Building, caught his attention. Arlow Stannard stood there, the center of interest, whacking his forefinger argumentatively against a bundle of papers. He was a little man, sloppily clad, his face characterized by a walrus mustache, electric gray eyes, and a large Adam's apple, which bobbed as he talked. Superficially he was a man to sniff at and pass by; yet there was something about Arlow Stannard that always made Milo Brant afraid. Right or wrong, he possessed an oratorical gift that could sting like a cat-o'-nine-tails.

The sight of Stannard preaching sedition openly in the market place made Milo furious. Over the street a huge, tawdry banner flapped forth the features of the little man, gigantically enlarged by the sign-painter's art and encircled by the message: "Make your state decent! For Governor, Arlow Stannard!"

Milo Brant turned his head away and tried to think of something else. Persistently there came to him the weak, happy-go-lucky grin of Eldred, as he had left him perched on the edge of his bed.

The limousine stopped at last before the tall, angular brick-and-brownstone house, which, with its carved sills and copings, gave the effect of a spinster in a frivolous gown. Milo always looked upon this ugly old house with affection, associating it with an earlier friendship and with many candid, wholesome chats with the girl whom he hoped some day to call his daughter.

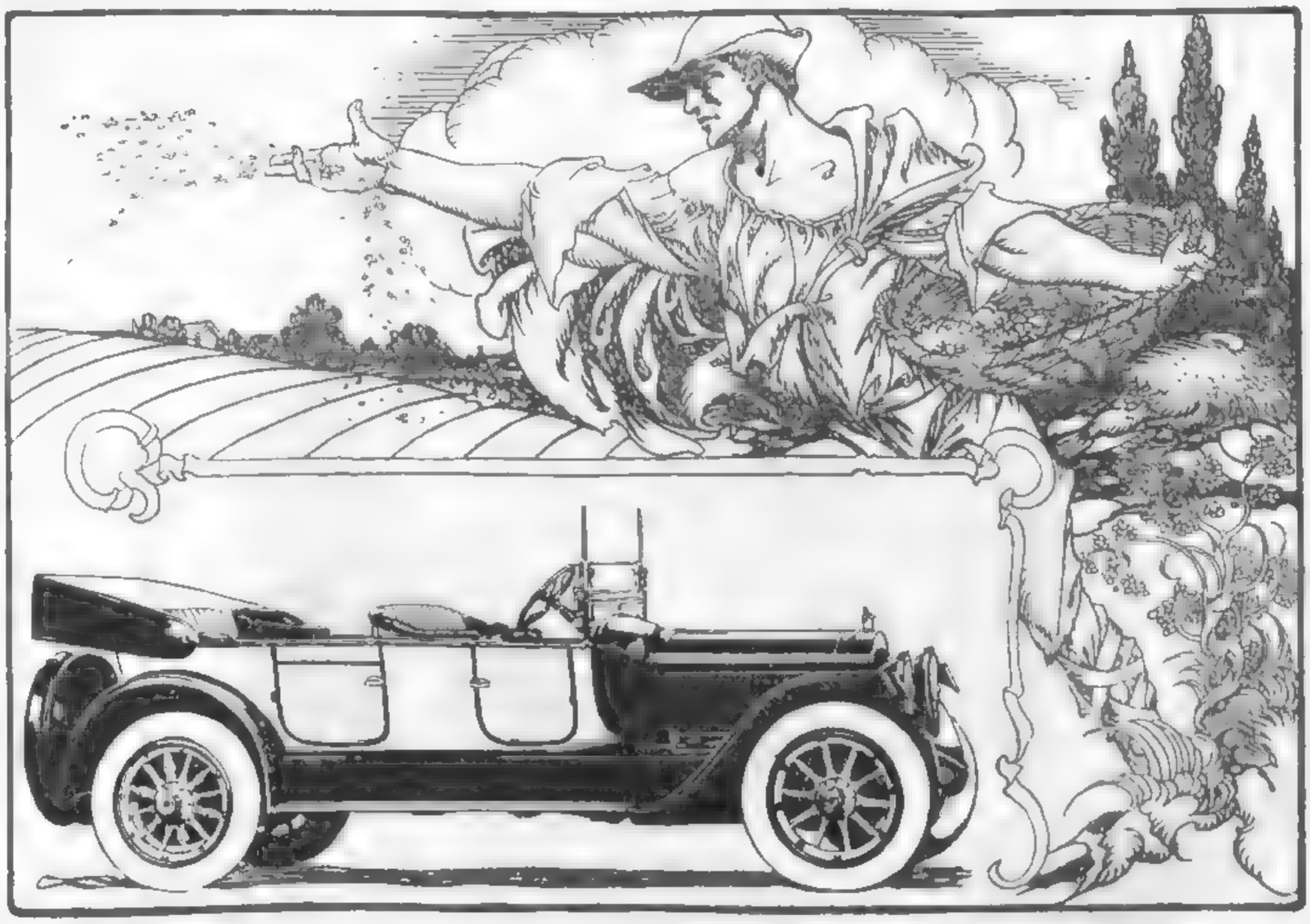
To-day she came down to the big old-fashioned parlor and showed a dimple, as she always did, at seeing him. But as he gave the paternal kiss he was disturbed at the solemnity of her eyes.

"My dear," he began, taking her hand as he sat down beside her on a couch, "I had a feeling last night that you had gotten over caring for my Eldred."

"No," she said quietly, turning her troubled gaze upon him; "I shall never get over it."

(Continued on Page 78)

It Was Then That the Family Skeleton Rose at the Feast and Brayed Out at Milo Brant



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Mrs. James Viles
Mrs. Alexander Morten
Lady Sarah Wilson

TODS

(Continued from Page 7)

disappointed in not finding any owl lunch wagons in those silent thoroughfares, but on the whole it was a very fine party and Tods enjoyed every minute of it.

The Baron discovered him at dawn, behind a Hindu temple, the same being considerably in need of repairs. Tods had just succeeded in yanking a hydrant out of the ground, and water was spurting from the broken main. When he saw the old man coming his first impulse was to flee; but the Baron called to him and Tods hesitated, a prey to conflicting emotions. There was no anger in that hail, no weapon in sight, so Tods craftily slid one immense forefoot over the hole in the ground and cut off the flow of water. Having disposed of the immediate evidence against him, he became deeply absorbed in contemplation of the rising sun—the very picture of innocence. He knew that he deserved a beating, but he received a lecture instead, and as the Baron chided him, Tods swayed back and forth, muttering and rumbling apologetically and stretching out his trunk—but being very careful to keep one forefoot solidly on the ground.

"So you are here, eh? Why didn't you tell me you wanted to go for a walk? I would have gone along with you and explained things. Then you would not have had to pull them all to pieces. I get insomnia myself once in a while, and I walk at night. Then I like company. Let me see what you have under that foot. Lift it, my son! Ah, you have been a bad boy! No, you cannot make love to me now. I am disappointed in you. Look at me, my son. That is better. A very bad boy! Is this any way for a yentleman to act, raising all this hell just for fun? Answer me. Is it? Ah, so you are ashamed? Well, I am ashamed for you that you should break your word to a friend."

Tods whistled penitently and wrapped the end of his trunk coaxingly round the old man's arm, but the Baron refused to be cuddled. He led the culprit back, step by step, over the trail of destruction, pointing out the damage he had done, and scolding the great brute as he would have scolded a wayward child. Tods humped his back and shut his eyes and groaned like a sinner at the mourners' bench, but he could not get away from the note of sorrow in the Baron's voice. It was borne in upon him that he had been a very bad boy indeed.

The pilgrimage was a painful one, lasting something like two hours, and it ended in the shed from which Tods had escaped the night before. The Baron tapped one picket pin into the ground and looped the chain over it, and when Tods took note of this ridiculously inadequate anchor he understood at once that the Baron was putting him on his honor as a gentleman.

"You will stay here, my son, not because this pin will hold you, but because you wish to show me that you can be trusted. Later on, if you get too nervous, we will go for a walk together, but for the present I expect you to be a good boy. If you are not a good boy we cannot be friends. Aha! You want to be friends with me, eh? I thought so. Then show me that I can trust you."

The Baron eluded the fumbling trunk and walked out of the shed without so much as a backward glance. Tods followed to the end of his tether, whistled twice in a reflective manner, blew one repentant note which sounded like the expiring blast of a cracked slide trombone, and fell to heaving back and forth, sighing and whispering and muttering under his breath.

At intervals he cocked a wise old eye at the single picket pin, and an experienced bull man would have known that he was chuckling internally over some little joke of his own; but when the Baron returned at noon, bringing apples with him, the pin had not been loosened by the fraction of an inch.

It took Tods half an hour to explain that he was very sorry, and to promise that it would never, never happen again.

And the strangest thing of all was that he really meant it.

III

DAVID MACWADE and Gabby Trozier, his camera man, were arguing over the script of The Elephant Queen, when that lady herself looked in at the door of the tiny office.

Jean Campbell was MacWade's leading woman, as popular on the screen as she was on the big Mammoth lot. Celluloid success had not spoiled her. Under the grease paint was a simple, natural girl, who enjoyed her work and manifested a hearty liking for her associates in the MacWade company. If she was aware that some of these associates entertained more ardent feelings for her, she never betrayed the knowledge by any change in her manner. Gabby put the whole thing in a nutshell when he said: "Jean might be the kid sister to the whole bunch of us—but why is it a fellow never has a sister like that?"

"Do we start on the African picture this morning?" she asked, after the usual greetings.

"No. To-morrow," answered David.

"Goody! Then I can run down to the beach!"

"Not so that you can notice it, Jean. I've made a date for you."

"A date for me? With whom?"

"With a nice old elephant by the name of Tods."

"Oh, but you're joking!"

"Divvie a joke! You run along down to the zoo and ask the Baron to introduce you to the new elephant."

"There's a catch in it somewhere," said Jean suspiciously. "And honest Injun, David, I'd like to go to the beach."

"No catch at all," said Gabby. "It was the Baron's notion, and when it comes to knowing how to handle animals I'll put in with that old bird and back his judgment clear down to a chipmunk! It's this way, Jean: The Baron thinks you ought to meet this elephant socially before you meet him professionally—get me? The better he knows you—and likes you—the better he'll work with you in the picture."

"Oh!" said the girl. "But suppose he doesn't like me? What then?"

"Don't worry your head about that," said David reassuringly. "An elephant is a discriminating beast. He knows real people when he sees 'em. He'll like you, all right enough."

"Taffy!"

"Not a bit of it!" cried Gabby. "The boost is for the elephant, not for you. I don't claim to be as smart as this Tods, but—well, you know how you stand with me, lady."

"Silly! Then you really want me to go down there?"

"Cross my heart," answered MacWade. "You're supposed to be the elephant queen and the Baron says he can make this bull obey you the same as he would a keeper. The first thing is for you to get confidence in each other—to get acquainted. Make a pal of him, Jean."

"It's a wonderful life, isn't it?" smiled the leading woman. "Lions and tigers and leopards—and now it's an elephant. I wonder what you'll ask me to do next. Well, at least I shan't be afraid—if the Baron is there. I'll keep the date you made, David; but, oh dear, I did want to go to the beach!"

After she had gone the men exchanged glances.

"Ain't she a regular girl, Davy?"

"She is," was the somewhat tart response, "or else she wouldn't stand for the line of talk you pull on her every once in a while."

"What have I said now?" demanded Gabby, bristling. "What line of talk?"

"Oh, that you-know-how-you-stand-with-me stuff."

"Well, leaping Lazarus! You're getting awfully touchy these days, ain't you? Is there any harm in telling a girl you like her, especially when it's the truth? You used to call all your other leading women 'honey' and 'dearie,' but I never bawled you out for it, did I?"

"But that was different," objected David.

"Yeh—different!" Gabby reached across the desk and laid his hand on MacWade's arm. "Different this way, old son: You didn't care a whoop for those other girls, so you talked sweet to 'em. They didn't think anything of it, and neither did you. But you're just blind crazy about this one—and it's 'David' and 'Jean' with you, nothing more. Confound it, for all you know I'm hooked as hard as you are, but I get some of it off my chest by telling her about it. And she—well, she thinks I'm kidding, and that's all right too. I'm a roughneck, but I've got sense enough to know that she's never going to be any more to me than she is right now—a good pal. But if I was in your place, Davy, and had

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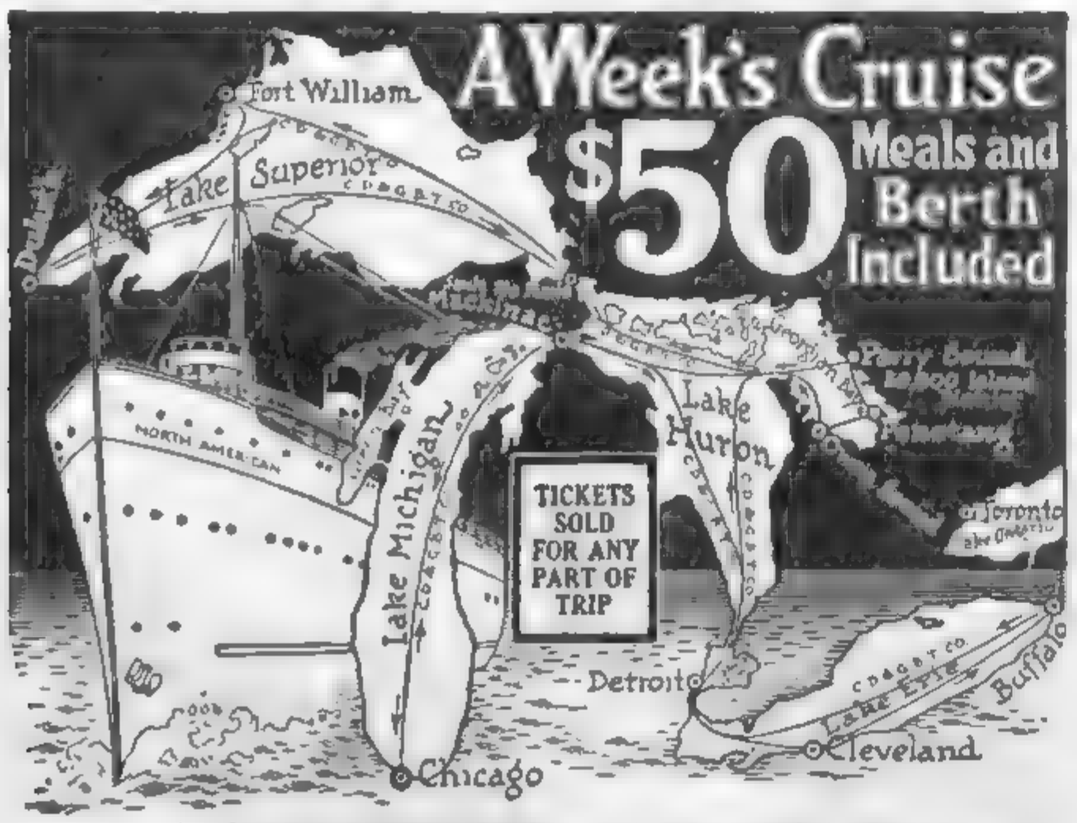

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your chance, I'd can this big-brother stuff and go to the front with a line of talk that would get me somewhere. I'd find out where I stood. Anything is better than burning up inside—and watching the other fellow make the play that you ought to be making yourself."

"What do you mean by that?"

Gabby shook his head pityingly.

"As if you didn't know! Why, Jerry, you poor clam—Jerry! Pretty soft for him. No competition to speak of. He works with her every day, and he's out at her house about three nights a week ——"

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I've seen him there."

MacWade rammed his hands into his pockets and leaned back in his chair. The look which he gave his friend bored Gabby through and through.

"Well?" said he. "This is news to me."

Gabby began to fidget.

"I guess I can go calling—if I want to," said he sulkily. "There ain't any law against it. You needn't seem so hurt. I'm free, white and twenty-one. Her mother likes me, and her brothers are regular guys. They speak our language. It's a wonderful place to spend an evening—ask Jerry."

"Go on," said David. "What else?"

"Well, that's all, Mister District Attorney. Where do you think I am—on the witness stand?"

MacWade snorted wrathfully and bent over the script.

"Of course," continued Gabby, "you don't want my advice. You think you know it all; but I'm telling you that you're leaving too much for your last reel. Did it ever strike you that if a girl can't have what she wants she's liable to take what she can get? Don't jump like that. I didn't say she wanted you. And it won't be leap year again for quite a spell. Another little thing—Jean is clever, but I don't believe that she'll ever win any medals in a mind-reading contest. How is she going to know that you care for her if you go on consuming your own smoke this way? Think it over."

"Just at present," was the calm reply, "I'm thinking about this script. Some day the scenario department may hand me a story that doesn't need revising—and the shock will kill me."

"Mule!" sighed Gabby. "All mule! I can't drive you and you won't be led. You'll just have to go your own fool gait; but if Jerry Fairfax comes round here some morning and tells us he's the happiest man in the world ——"

"Oh, shut up!" cried the exasperated David. "Now in these stockade scenes I think we can get a good effect by ——"

They were still toiling over the script when the Baron looked in, several hours later, his Airedale sniffing at his heels.

"Well," asked MacWade, "did it work?"

"Like a charm. Yes, Mister Mac, that Tods he take to her just like she is a sure-enough elephant queen. Of course, you understand, I vouch for the young lady; I tell him she is my friend and he must mind her like he mind me. She been putting him through all his stunts—making him lay down like he is dead, and walk on his hind legs ——"

"No!" ejaculated Gabby.

"Oh, yes," said the Baron. "I assure you he obey her wonderfully. All she have to say to him is 'Up, Tods!' and up he go, like a big mountain—and, by golly, he stay there until she tell him he can come down. First he does this to please me, but by and by he take an awful shine to the girl on his own account. That help a lot. Anybody would like that girl, Mister Mac, and an elephant he got sense just like a man."

"Showed her he liked her, did he?" asked Gabby with a sidewise glance at David.

"You bet! He follow her all round the place."

"That settles it," said Gabby.

"Settles what?" asked MacWade.

"Well," said the camera man, grinning, "some people claim that a mule is smarter than an elephant ——"

"Don't you believe it!" cried the Baron.

"I don't," was the cool response. "The elephant let her know he liked her, didn't he?"

IV

TODS, regenerated and reformed, entered upon his new life with something akin to enthusiasm. He enjoyed being a motion-picture actor for the very same reason that many men and women enjoy the work. The variety of a film career appealed to him; the constant change of scene and action soothed his itching feet.

In his circus days he had loafed through his ring performances by sheer force of habit, with everything eternally the same—the old familiar smell of sawdust, tobacco smoke, crushed peanut shells and close-packed human beings; the sputter and flare of the lights; the music of the band; the cheers and the laughter—the same old round in the same old way, and monotonous to a soul-shriveling degree. From entrance to exit every step was planned for him, and if he varied the act by so much as the flourish of his trunk he suffered for it.

Now he worked under the open sky, with trees and grass and green hills all about him, the prettiest bit of country that the old wanderer had ever seen. The stunts which he did were not repeated often enough to become tiresome, and as a performer he was allowed a certain amount of latitude. The Baron rehearsed him once or twice, suggesting that he should do this or that, and guiding him through the movements of the scene, after which the old gentleman stood aside and the sagacious brute lumbered through the action, with one eye on the Baron and the other on the ticking box. If he performed well Tods was rewarded with an apple—and not a cooking apple either.

Tods was very fond of apples, but he was devoted to the Baron and to Jean Campbell, and when on location he followed them about, whispering and rumbling and plucking at their garments, a great gray panhandler for affection. Nothing pleased him more than to run through his old circus tricks under Jean's supervision, with the Baron beaming in the background like a pale Scandinavian moon.

Tods tolerated David and Gabby, for he understood that they were part of the show and friends of his friends. They made a great fuss over him, however, and he received their compliments as a Shaksperean star receives the boisterous applause of the gallery gods, quietly and with dignity, but with an eye on the boxes and the family circle. Most of the other members of the company he dismissed with a careless flop of his ears, but there were two men whom he kept under constant observation.

The first was small and wiry, and given to sneering at Tods. He was an old acquaintance, and Tods did not recall Bell Brothers' Circus and the aftermath of the Missouri River incident with any marked amount of pleasure. In addition to this he was uncomfortably conscious that Tabasco had not accepted his change of heart as genuine, and nothing annoys a truly repentant sinner more than to doubt his sincerity.

The second man was young, handsome, thoughtless and somewhat casual in his treatment of four-footed creatures. Jerry Fairfax had worked so much with animals that he had come to treat them all with contempt and to despise their intellectual gifts. He had introduced himself to Tods by showing the elephant a particularly tempting apple, and then, standing just out of reach, he had devoured that apple to the very core.

This was not all thoughtlessness, however, for there was a mischievous streak in the young man. He was what they call a born tease, and nobody had ever told him that it is not safe to tease elephants. He did not suspect, as he tossed away that apple core, that he was also tossing away his last chance to add an elephant to his list of friends; perhaps he might not have cared even if he had known it. An elephant more or less was nothing whatever in Jerry's bright young life, and he feared Tods as little as he would have feared a load of hay. He would have been amazed if he had known what was going on behind that shiny bulging forehead, for an elephant not only thinks but he remembers the things he thinks about.

Tabasco was alone in the office when MacWade's car drew up outside the main building of the zoo.

"Oh, Baron! Come out, will you?"

"He ain't here," replied Tabasco, appearing in the door. "He's sick—something wrong with his insides. Gone down to see a doctor."

"Well, that's a fine business!" grumbled David. "Here we've got a lot of retakes on the stockade stuff, and we need him to work the elephant."

"What's the matter with me?" demanded Tabasco. "I can handle that bull as well as he can. I used to handle him long before he come here."

David hesitated a moment.

(Continued on Page 37)

Shield Your Home From Red Ruin

Fire may trap your wife and little ones today, while you are away. Tonight, it may trap you in your bed.

Perhaps you never have thought of fire in just that way—as a deadly peril always at your threshold. Yet remember that fire annually burns up $250,000,000 worth of American property and kills 3000 persons, mostly women and children in their homes.

So meet fire on its own ruthless terms. Give no quarter to an enemy which every year engulfs America in a red tide of death and desolation.

First, make sure that your family is everlastingly careful in handling fire. Second, bear in mind that the average American home is a fire-trap that one spark gone wrong can level to the ground.

Don't build a home like that. Build a home as fireproof as it is humanly possible to make—a Herringbone Home.

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The Herringbone Home is a stucco home, with the exterior stucco and interior plaster held together and strongly reinforced by Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath. Such a home is beautiful and artistic, cool in summer, warm in winter. And inside and outside, it is as fire-safe as a home can be.

The most thorough and exacting fire tests have proved that stucco outside walls, and plaster inside walls, partitions and ceilings will resist a great deal hotter fire than can ever originate in your home.

Fire starting in a room protected by plaster over Herringbone Lath will burn itself out before the flames can reach the framework. Mice, vermin, moisture or decay can gain no foothold. In localities where moisture is excessive, additional protection is afforded by Herringbone "Armco" Iron Rust Resisting Lath.

Any high-grade metal lath makes safer and more permanent walls and ceilings than wood lath. But Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath is the most widely known and used, because of its exceptional rigidity due to the heavy longitudinal ribs set at an angle of 45 degrees to the plane of the lath.

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Serve it at your picnic. Send a bottle along to golf. Take it with you when you motor. Use it at and after tennis or golf. Have it on the table and always keep an extra bottle or two in the ice box.

You can mix drinks with Clicquot. Make lemonade or punch with it. Use it wherever plain soda water might be used. It has such abundant character that a few extra ounces added to your drink is noticed with

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Allows for deep breathing, exercise and real comfort, yet costs no more than the old fashioned, uncomfortable belt.

You'll never know what real comfort is till you get inside a Live Leather Belt that s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s.

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All Live Leather Belts are fitted with adjustable buckles in appropriate finishes.

The Live Leather Belt Co. Inc.

Manufacturers

524 Broadway New York City

(Continued from Page 34)

"Did the Baron say when he'd be back?"

"Nope. I can handle Tods, I tell you."

"Well, all right. All right. The scenes are simple ones. Chances are he'll remember 'em. Go get him out and take him down to the stockade. The company is already there."

Tods was day-dreaming in the shed when Tabasco entered, hook in hand. Immediately the big brute began to rock and mutter and shake his head. This was not in accordance with the gentlemen's agreement; this was not living up to the Baron's program of mutual disarmament.

"Quit that, you big devil!" ordered Tabasco, menacing the elephant with the weapon. "You want this in your ear, eh? You want me to work on your toenails? Then behave yourself. You're going to work with me to-day—get that? With me. And you better work good, or I'll hammer some of the meanness out of you. Come on, now—double quick—hup, you rascal!"

Tods went shuffling down the road at a brisk pace, looking right and left for the Baron. The old gentleman, he felt certain, would never allow this sort of thing. Tabasco had not struck him with the hook or jabbed the point into his ear, but the very presence of the thing implied a threat, and was a hint of punishment to come. Something was all wrong, all wrong. And where on earth was the Baron?

"Come on, now!" called Tabasco as he left the road and headed in the direction of the river bed. "Watch where you're going! Mind your step! Lively!"

Confused, irritated, humiliated, Tods crashed through the willows and cottonwoods and entered the stockade which had been built for the MacWade production. He blundered to a halt, and stood, legs wide apart and ears twitching angrily.

"See, Davy?" boasted Tabasco. "He minds me all right, the damn old —— Oh, beg pardon, Miss Campbell! Didn't know you was here."

Tods knew it though, and started across the stockade to pour his troubles into a sympathetic ear, but the little keeper dodged in front of him, flourishing the hook.

"Still, you! Stand still, I said!"

"Oh, please don't do that," begged the girl. "He hasn't done anything. He was only coming over to have one of his little talks with me; wasn't you, Toddy?"

Tods muttered and grumbled and stretched out his trunk, but Tabasco threatened him again.

"I don't take no chances with any bull," said that conscientious young man. "You never can tell what they're going to do."

"Yes," said David; "better keep away from him, Jean. The Baron isn't here, you know, and he might take a notion to cut up."

"Aw, I can handle this bull as good as anybody!" growled Tabasco. "He knows what a hook is for, he does. Now, Mac, where do you want him, and what's the business of the first scene?"

MacWade began to turn the pages of the script, and Tods gurgled wrathfully. Was it, then, a return to old conditions? One friend had deserted him, and he was not permitted to speak to the other one. They had even attempted to destroy his standing with her. Was his own private millennium at an end?

"Scene sixty-five," announced the director. "Jean, you are over in that corner of the stockade. This is the scene where Jerry comes running to find you, and Tods puts out his trunk and stops him. You come forward then and tell the elephant it's all right—you remember the way we made it before, don't you? Oh, Jerry! Where's Jerry? We're waiting for him."

"Coming up!" answered a voice, and Jerry, in spotless linen, riding boots and a helmet, strolled into the stockade. It was his luck that at the moment of his entrance he happened to be eating an apple.

"All right, Tabasco," said MacWade. "Rehearse him. Jean, get over in the corner. Jerry, this is where the elephant stops you."

"I remember the scene," answered the leading man.

Tods also remembered the scene, and saw no reason why he should rehearse it five times at the point of the hook. It was made quite plain to him that this relic of Bell Brothers' Circus had no confidence in him, no faith in his ability as an actor. Tabasco backed Tods up against the rear wall of the stockade, some ten feet from the corner where Jean was to stand. He understood perfectly that he was to stretch out his trunk and take hold of Jerry, just as he had done before, but Tabasco's voice irritated Tods and he became stubborn and pretended ignorance. It was this stubbornness which caused Tabasco to thrust the hook into the elephant's trunk and drag it into position.

"Now listen, you big stiff!" snarled the little keeper. "Quit your stalling and go to work—and work right—or I'll take a pitchfork to you when I get you home! You savvy a pitchfork, eh? You bet you do! A pitchfork and a knee-drill for yours, Toddles! All right, Mac; he's ready."

Tods seemed to be staring straight in front of him at the camera, sixty feet away, but he knew that to his right were Tabasco and Jerry, the keeper retreating over the line, and the actor waiting the word to run into the scene. He did not appear to be looking at them, but he was aware that Tabasco was juggling the hook impatiently and that Jerry was wolfing the last bite of his apple. To his left was the angle of the stockade and the elephant queen, but Tods was not thinking of friends just then. The stinging wound in his trunk had wakened old memories of the sawdust days; the mention of a pitchfork, thrice repeated, had made a backslider of Tods, and the last end of a backslider is worse than the first. Just at the moment when the camera began to grind he was more dangerous than he had ever been in all his wicked life, for now the big brute meant murder—the cool, deliberate wiping out of a keeper.

"All right, Jerry! Come on!"

As Fairfax ran into the scene Tabasco yelled at the top of his voice:

"Stop him, Tods! Stop him! Trunk him up!"

Now what Tods planned to do was to lure Tabasco within range of his trunk. Disobedience would accomplish this, but while he was about it it seemed good to him to settle all outstanding accounts. There was the affair of the apple—not enough to justify serious injury, but Tods was an expert in fitting the punishment to the crime. A jolt or two would teach Jerry a wholesome lesson, and also get him out of the way as speedily as possible.

The man who does not believe that an elephant can move swiftly is the man who has never seen one in action. The instant that Jerry came within reach the big trunk licked round his waist, swung him clear of the ground and hurled him to the left. There was not even time to scream; a gasp of pain, a snort from the elephant, and the white-clad body thudded against the wall of the stockade. It fell, a limp bundle, almost at Jean Campbell's feet. Tods had time to see that much—and then Tabasco was upon him, a mosquito attacking an eagle. The little man did not lack courage, but the control of wild animals is based upon fear of punishment, and what Tabasco did not know was that Tods was past all fear. The hook went spinning through the air, and the same downward sweep of the trunk which disarmed the keeper encircled his ribs with a sudden crushing pressure. Tabasco followed Jerry against the wall, unconscious even before Tods heaved him away. And this double attack, as recorded by the camera, consumed less than a second and a half!

Tods whirled, ears pinned back, trunk outstretched, eyes blazing, and started for Tabasco, intending to finish the job, elephant fashion, with his feet. Murder was written in every line of that surging bulk—and it was then that David MacWade found his voice:

"Run, Jean! He's gone bad! Run!"

Tods saw only the keeper, face downward on the ground, one arm doubled under him, the other thrown across Jerry's knees. Three more steps, and Tabasco's life would have gone out under those shuffling pile-drivers; but those three steps were never taken.

A vision rose up between Tods and his victim—the vision of a young girl, head thrown back, both hands held high in the air. It was Jean Campbell.

"Up, Tods!" she screamed. "Up, I say!"

The elephant stopped as if shot, recoiling almost on his haunches. Here was a complication upon which he had not figured. He could not get at Tabasco without thrusting the girl out of the way, and he had no desire to hurt her, the only real friend he had left on the lot. He trumpeted a tremendous blast of protest; then endeavored to reach round Jean and get Tabasco by the leg. She slapped at his trunk, and he lifted

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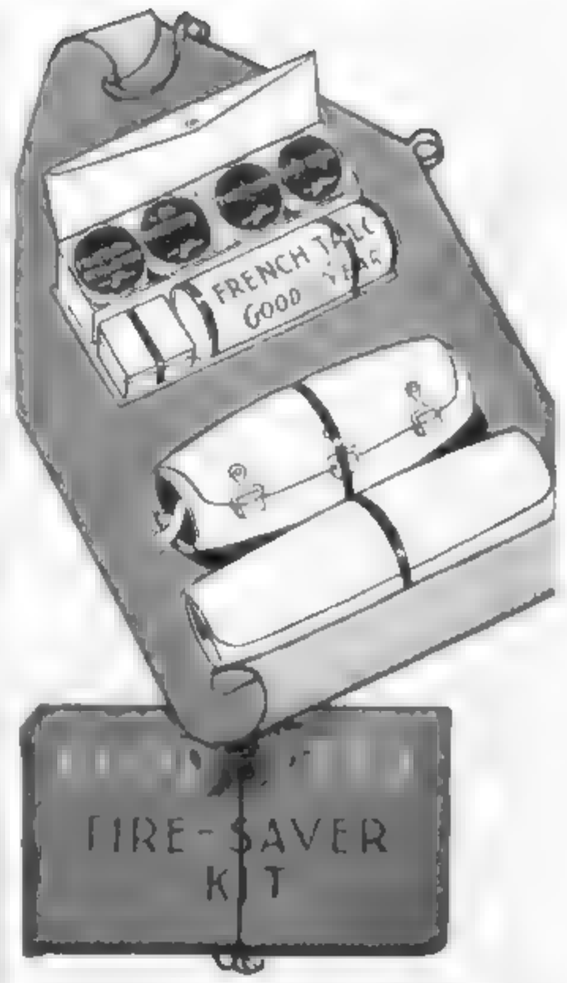

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But *every day* you will derive comfort from its company—every day you will be glad that you have it with you.

For the Kit makes you ready against any tire accident short of complete ruin—it lets you drive with an easy mind.

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Its price—$4.50, $4.75 and $5, according to size—is trifling in view of the peace of mind it brings.

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Such is the action of the massive cup-shaped projections of Vacuum Cup Tires. Each Vacuum Cup, as it steps upon the pavement, is sealed with a grip of suction. Several of its fellow cups grip the pavement in unison, in close formation, glued fast for an instant. Then the forward movement of the tire lifts the rear edge of each cup, gently releasing the vacuum and bringing the succeeding cups into action, *without the least retarding of the speed.*

That is why the Vacuum Cups cannot skid—why they are *guaranteed* non-skid on wet, slippery pavements, else tires returnable at full purchase price, after reasonable trial.

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(Concluded from Page 37)

it again; it was exactly as if he said: "My dear young lady, why do you interfere? Can you not see that this is my little affair?"

"No, no! Bad boy, Tods! Up, I say—UP!"

For an instant Tods hesitated. Then with a groan which was all but human the great brute cautiously hoisted his front end in the air, balancing clumsily on his hind legs.

"Back up, Toddy! That's a good boy!—Get them out quick! I can hold him!—Nice boy! Back up!"

Step by step Tods retreated from the wall, Jean following him with words of encouragement and praise. She promised him apples by the bushel and peanuts by the peck, but never once did she look behind her, and she kept the elephant standing on his hind legs until the rescuing party had carried the two injured men out of the stockade.

When it was all over someone had hysterics, but it was not Jean Campbell, standing guard over Tods in a far corner. It was that hardened expert in thrills, that connoisseur in violent emotions, David MacWade. As for the practical Gabby, he summed up his own experience in one short sentence:

"My heart stopped beating, but my hand kept on winding the fillum; and, oh, some picture!"

THAT evening two patients occupied cots in the Mammoth's own private hospital. Tabasco had a compound fracture of the right forearm and several broken ribs, but Jerry's injuries were confined to bruises and a general shock to his nervous system. The physician insisted that no visitors be admitted, but one of his charges became so agitated when he heard Jean Campbell's voice in the outer office that the doctor changed his mind.

"Mr. Fairfax is asking for you—seems anxious to see you. Cut your visit as short as you can. . . . No, it's nothing serious. He'll be as good as new in a few days."

Jerry smiled and waved his hand as Jean came into the room.

"I knew you wouldn't go home without dropping in for a minute," said he. "I kind of felt it. . . . Me? Oh, I'm fine—rather shook up, though. Poor Tabasco got it worse than I did. If he hadn't been as tough as whalebone I guess he would have been killed by that first squeeze. He's a game little man—but I know a gamer girl."

"It wasn't gameness, Jerry," said the girl. "Truly, it wasn't. It was just a crazy impulse. I don't know what made me do it."

"It's like you not to take any credit, Jean. I wish you'd sit down. I—I want to talk to you."

"But I mustn't stay. The doctor said ——"

"Oh, hang the doctor! I couldn't sleep to-night without seeing you—thanking you —— They say that you saved both our lives. Tabasco told me that when Tods grabbed him and smashed his ribs, he knew it was good-by. When he came to, here in the hospital, he was surprised. Said he expected to wake up in a hotter place. Why did you do it, Jean?"

"Just impulse, and I wasn't the least bit afraid of Tods. You're talking too much."

"But I've got to talk. You saved my life."

"Well, if you will have it that way—anything to please you."

The patient lifted his head from the pillow:

"Anything, Jean? Do you really mean that? Oh, I know it's taking advantage of my condition—being hurt and all—but you never let me talk to you like this before, and ——"

"And you shouldn't be doing it now."

"Yes," said Jerry, reaching out and taking her hand. "Yes, it's a rotten way of showing gratitude, isn't it? Jean, if you saved a man's life, and that man felt that his life belonged to you for always, and he wanted to tell you so, what would you say to him? It's the truth I want, dear."

She did not answer, and after a time the boy turned his head and looked into her face. Jean's eyes were honest ones and they met his searching gaze frankly and fairly; he found everything in them but the one thing he wanted most. There was a long, painful silence.

"I was afraid it would be like this," he whispered. "I never felt sure of you. I was afraid it would turn out this way, Jean, but I knew that some day I would have to ask you. Here or somewhere else, it really didn't matter; it had to come. Maybe I picked a bad stage setting for it. You don't think you could care for me—that way?"

"No, Jerry. I'm sorry."

The handsome film idol stared hard at the whitewashed wall.

"Well," said he at length with a wavering boyish grin, "that's over and done with, Jean; but we're still pals, eh?"

"Yes, always pals."

"And that's a whole lot, isn't it? I won't bother you about this love business any more; but some day, if you should change your mind—oh, I'm not saying that you ever will, but if you should—you'll know I'm waiting.

"Must you go now? Well, good night, dear, and don't you feel bad on my account. I'll come out all right. You may not think it, but I've an idea I'm a good loser. At least I'll try to be one."

A few seconds later she was gone, but she left with Jerry Fairfax something which caused him to gulp and blink at the ceiling. It was a kiss, a purely unprofessional kiss, the first one and the last one he ever had from Jean Campbell, for kisses before witnesses do not count, and the eye of the camera is truly the eye of the whole wide world.

"Forty mash notes a day," whispered the boy, addressing the bare walls, "and the only girl I want is the girl I can't have. Can you beat it?"

As Jean ran blindly down the hospital steps she encountered David MacWade and Gabby Trozier, but she did not stop to speak with them. The camera man looked after her with a curious expression on his homely features.

"She was crying, Davy," said he. "Yes, crying! Oh, Lord, why didn't that elephant take a wallop at me!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a series of stories by Mr. Van Loan. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

'Lias Orates

I HEERS repo'ts dat, heah uv late,
A lot uv Jumman spyers
Is traipsin' up an' down de state
An' 'nipulatin' wiahs,
An' talkin' to de cullud fo'ks
'Bout risin' up fer freedom
An' costin' off deir heavy yokes—
An' Dutchmen gwine ter lead 'em.

Dey say de Dutchmen's high-up boss
Is 'pendin' on de nigger,
An' gua'antees him 'g'inst all loss
Ef he will pull a trigger;
An' dat, when all de fightin's through,
He'll give—I's still a-quotin'—
De white folks all de work to do,
De niggers all de votin'.

Such talkin'! 'Minds me uv de plan
A lot uv Yankee fakers
Cooked up to give each cullud man
A mule an' fo'ty acres.
Co'se lots uv niggers now got both;
I runs two teams my own se'f
But you jes' heer me holdin' fo'th—
I earned 'em by my lone se'f

I's got a gyarden comin' on
An' twenty hens a-settin';
Likeways a crib ha'f full uv co'n
So 'Lias ain't a-frettin'.
I's still got meat I killed las' fall
An' sebben banks uv 'taters
An' I don't want no truck a-tall
Wid Jumman liberators.

Dese mo'nin's I is up an' out
By sunup, an' a-trottin',
'Caze I has heerd 'em talk erbout
Fo' bits a poun' fer cotton;
An' lemme tell you niggers, now,
Dat you done los' yo' reason
Ef you go stirrin' up a row
Right heah at plantin' season!

W. E. Nesom.

Red Head

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THIS is the kind of fire that the spark plugs must stand in your engine. In modern motors, conditions are even more severe. After the explosion heats up the insulator to incandescence, the sudden chill of cool incoming gases adds a greater strain. *That is why the ordinary insulator cracks.*

RED HEAD Spark Plugs are made with VITRISTONE instead of ordinary porcelain. VITRISTONE is the new artificial stone insulator that *intense heat cannot crack.*

Red Head VITRISTONE plugs are constructed with non-burnable Permanite gaskets. Compression cannot leak through—full power of motor retained with each explosion.

Your dealer sells Red Head Plugs, but if he is not stocked with VITRISTONE, order direct and give his name. *Look for the name VITRISTONE and the red enameled bushing—VITRISTONE is to be had in Red Head Plugs only.*

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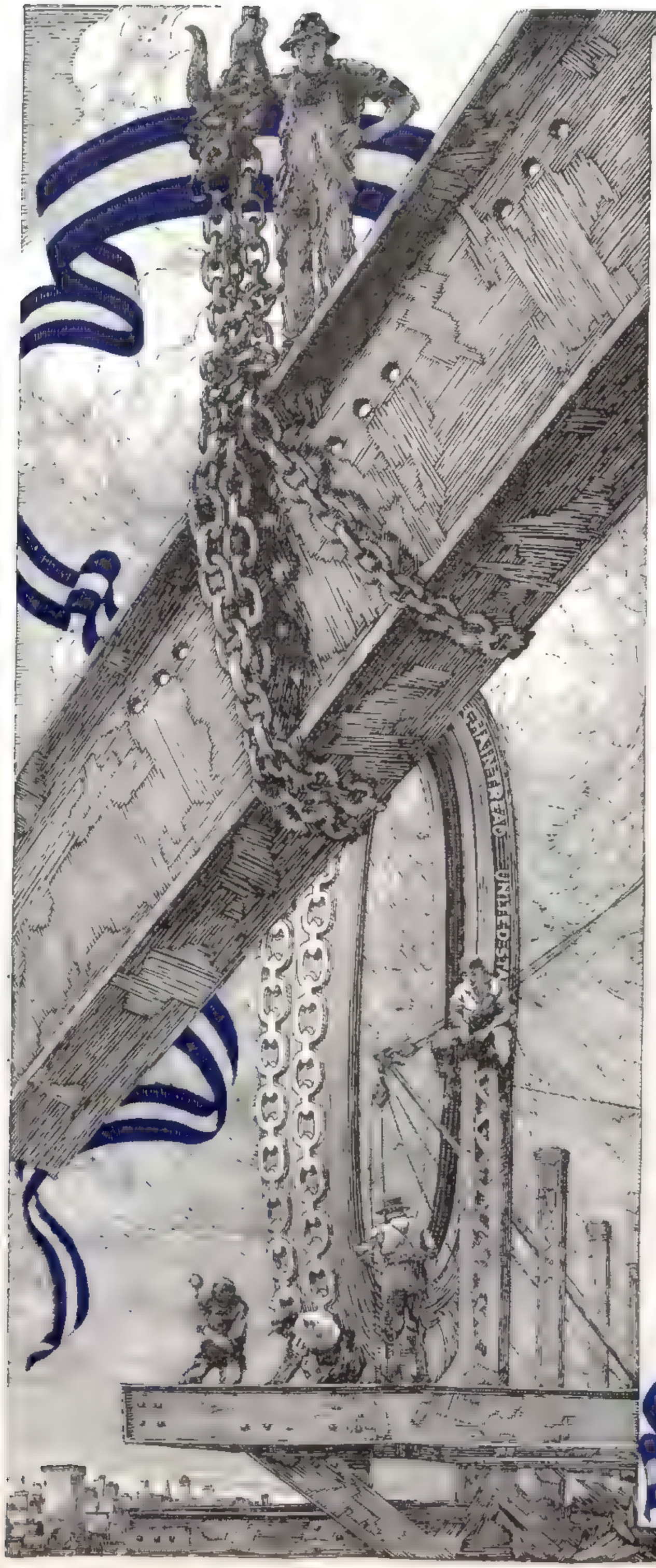
A Suggestion to Pipe Smokers:

Just try mixing a little genuine "BULL" DURHAM Tobacco with your favorite pipe tobacco . . . *it's like sugar in your coffee*



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Built to endure—just as modern steel-girder construction is built to endure.

The same careful planning, testing of materials, and proved processes of manufacture, go into the *'Chain' Tread* as make modern building construction the synonym of endurance and safety.

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United States 'Chain' Tread Tires stand every test of hard usage.

Miles are packed into their structure the way endurance is packed into steel.

Every ounce of strength that can be put into rubber-impregnated fabric is put into the carcass of the *'Chain' Tread.*

And onto and into that sturdy carcass is molded an equally sturdy rubber tread,

—both together making a tire that is the enduring result of the "know how" which can come only from vast tire-making experience.

* * * * * * * * * * *

And then—there's the *'Chain' Tread as a masterful anti-skid.*

Examine the tread design—the cuplike formation of the links, the two rugged rubber chains running round the tire periphery,

—these give the "dig-in" and the suction necessary to hold to the road,

—the supreme anti-skid power and efficiency of the *'Chain' Tread.*

United States Tires Are Good Tires

'Chain' 'Nobby' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'
A tire for every need of price and use

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

CANADA'S PACE

(Continued from Page 14)

been found. It is a phrase ringing in the whole world's ears, and the whole world knows from grinding experience exactly what it means.

The cost of staple foods in Canada has increased forty-one per cent since July, 1914; wages have not quite kept pace with this rapid rise, and middle-class salaries have, of course, not been much advanced generally. It was believed that the practice of price fixing was very prevalent, and that combinations for the maintenance or advancement of prices were by no means uncommon.

People were beginning to feel the pinch of actual deprivation, and there was a strong demand that the government exercise its power under the War Measures Act and do something about it.

There is one thing to be said for a sort of board-of-directors form of government: You can put a thing straight up to them and you do not have to listen to their arguments about it. Their decision, one way or the other, is what the public gets and it saves a lot of wear and tear.

The Canadian Government did not rush into action against the high cost of living. They preferred the rôle of the angels in the adage, and were very deliberate and investigatious. Finally they appointed a subcommittee to investigate some more and to take the matter under advisement; and in due course this committee brought forth recommendations for laws restricting the accumulation of necessaries of life; laws compelling the offering by dealers of stocks-in-trade at reasonable prices; laws forbidding combinations to decrease competition or production; and laws against the enhancement or fixing of prices.

This sounds like monkeying with that wicked old buzz saw—the law of supply and demand; but the law of supply and demand is twin brother to the first law of Nature, and does not lend itself readily to amendment. But it can be done; and the time is ripe when it begins to wear habitually the guise of the law of human necessity and soulless greed.

The government concurred in the conclusions of its subcommittee, an Order in Council was issued, and the first High Cost of Living Commission—so called—in history was created and placed on the list of divisions under the Labor Department.

The first thing the "Order in Council Respecting the High Cost of Living" does is to define the term "necessary of life" thus: "A staple and ordinary article of food, whether fresh, preserved, canned, or otherwise treated; clothing and fuel, including the products, materials and ingredients from or of which any thereof are, in whole or in part, manufactured, composed, derived or made." And the kernel of the act is this:

"No person shall conspire, combine, agree or arrange with any other person—

"*(a)* to limit the facilities for transporting, producing, manufacturing, supplying, storing or dealing in any necessary of life; or

"*(b)* to restrain or injure trade or commerce in relation to any necessary of life; or

"*(c)* to prevent, limit or lessen the manufacture or production of any necessary of life, or to enhance the price thereof; or

"*(d)* to prevent or lessen competition in the production, manufacture, purchase, barter, sale, transportation, insurance or supply of any necessary of life."

Sworn Statements Required

"No person shall accumulate or shall withhold from sale any necessary of life beyond an amount thereof reasonably required for the use or consumption of his household or for the ordinary purpose of his business."

Since sober-minded governments do not tilt at windmills, and since corrective measures are hardly ever taken with such solemnity unless there is something to correct, this Order in Council is a sufficient commentary on the kind of thing that was being done in Canada. And I have a vague sort of idea that a good way to arrive at the present state of affairs in the United States would be simply to multiply Canada's offense by fourteen and a fraction; though it is possible that would be doing Canada a great injustice.

Merely declaring that "thou shalt not," however, would be of little use in any kind of interference with men's private affairs; so the High Cost of Living Commission is empowered to conduct investigations and to "require any person who operates, controls or manages any cold-storage plant, packing house, cannery, factory, mine, warehouse, or other premises in which or in any part of which any necessary of life is prepared, manufactured, produced or held by such person, for himself or another, or who in any manner deals in any necessary of life, to make and render" a strict accounting under oath, showing in detail the character, amount and exact value of everything in his possession.

He must tell when and where the goods he holds were produced and how and when they were acquired by him. He must detail all charges and overhead expenses that might in any way affect the prices of his commodities, and must include a full disclosure of all existing contracts or agreements he may have entered into at any time "touching or concerning the sale or resale prices of any necessary of life."

And the penalty for contravention or failure to observe any of the provisions of the regulations is a fine in any sum not exceeding five thousand dollars or imprisonment for any term not longer than two years, or both. That is where drastic law comes to the aid of admonition and entreaty.

Mr. O'Connor's Job

As a matter of fact, the regulations were carried out until the end of 1916 by the usual staff of the Department of Labor; but not much progress was made in getting at facts throughout the Dominion until after the beginning of 1917, when Mr. W. F. O'Connor, a well-known lawyer attached for war service to the Department of Justice, was detailed as High Cost of Living Commissioner, and took on the work under his own organization. The business interests proceeded, naturally perhaps, to conduct themselves after the manner of a disturbed nest of hornets, but the commissioner was clothed in an armor of righteous authority; so they could make no impression on him at all. And the curious part of it is that after their first indignation had subsided a large majority of them turned out to be such honest, upright, patriotic and law-abiding hornets that they came voluntarily and settled themselves upon that armor of authority and began to—well, purr.

The system is to send out a questionnaire covering every detail of the business of a given firm or dealer for a period of two years to date. If it happens to be a corporation the questionnaire covers membership, officers and directors, capital stock, common and preferred shares, bonds and debentures, rates of interest, reserve, sinking fund, goodwill, and every other imaginable thing. Cold-storage firms must give in exact detail all particulars with regard to their business, including varieties and quantities of commodities on hand, dates of purchases and prices paid, and dates of sales, with prices received; also, the names of both sellers and buyers. Dealers in coal must fill out questionnaires covering the various qualities handled, and the amounts of the various qualities on hand the first of every month, quantity received during the month, and the different prices at which bought and sold.

It was natural, I suppose, that in the beginning the efforts of this commission—its very name being a challenge to the dealer—should be generally misunderstood. Then, too, men do not take kindly to a disclosure of the details of their business, and especially of their profits; and it was necessary, at first, to deal with some of them rather firmly.

For instance, an association of wholesalers met, discussed the situation, and decided to send in a set form of answer to the questionnaire that had been addressed to them. And they retained counsel to make out the form and to direct them in their experiment.

This course being subversive of the purpose of the investigation, the commissioner returned all the answers with the polite intimation that unless more fitting returns were made, with fuller disclosures, by a given date, he would regard each and every one of them as in default under the regulations. This meant that he would request

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Shirts and Drawers—50c per garment and up.

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WITH the Detroit Vapor Stove you can cook faster than on any other type of oil stove, and fully as quickly as with gas itself.

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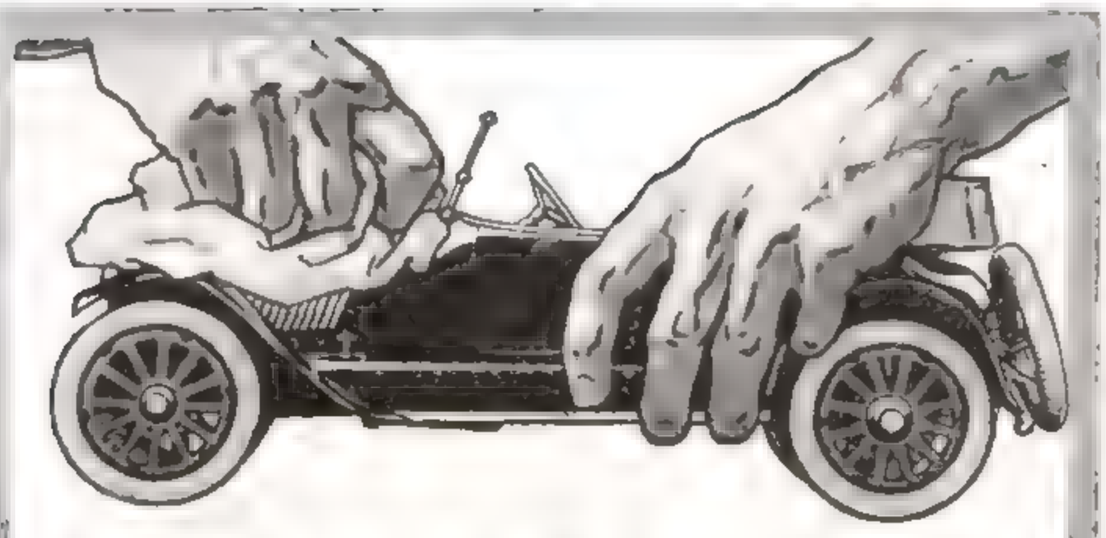

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Don't wipe your hands of the responsibility of what is used to clean your car. Get the *best* thing you can find.

The old water way of washing your car won't do, for it ruins its brilliance. You wouldn't let any one use water on your piano no matter how dirty it might get. Yet a limousine finish is finer than that on any grand.

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Spray it on, rub down with a cheesecloth, and watch your car flash with the old-time lustre. The ingredients of which ZIT is composed protect the varnish from the harmful drying-out effects of sun and wind and heat.

Compare ZIT with similar cleaners, for quickness, ease and lasting polish. We want you to be *sure* you're right.

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ZIT sells at hardware and auto-supply dealers' for $1.25 in combination with the Westfield Junior Sprayer. If your dealer can't supply you, write us. We'll send it postpaid on receipt of price and your dealer's name.

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Courtright Hawley, of North Dakota, is a *Saturday Evening Post* "fan." He believes that every red-blooded American should be a *Post* subscriber, and he says so whenever and wherever he can.

His enthusiasm pays. He has made over $4000 on the subscription orders that he has secured this past year.

His business is permanent and dependable. The *Post* makes lasting friends. Orders are renewed year after year and the same commission and salary is paid on a renewal subscription as on a new one.

By taking care of his 1917 renewals, Mr. Hawley will make $5000.00 in salary and commission.

He started, as you can start today, by devoting his spare time to taking care of the neighborhood demand for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

For the full story of how Hawley made good and how you can, too, write to The Curtis Publishing Company, Agency Division, 818 Independence Square, Philadelphia.

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the attorneys-general of their various provinces to prosecute them; and as they all had copies of the Order in Council, or had read it, they knew what the penalty was likely to be. The proper answers were forthcoming with a promptness that astonished the commissioner.

But the wholesalers were even more astonished when he announced his decision concerning the matter investigated, and they found it was entirely in their favor. That the purpose of the investigation was not to disturb them in their lawful pursuits but to regulate only those who needed regulating, and to gather information that would be of value in a food crisis, was a revelation to them in many ways; and there are now no stronger supporters of the High Cost of Living Commission than those same wholesalers. Indeed, it may be said in a general way that after four months of experience, ranging through the processes of opposition, misunderstanding, doubt, surprise, pleasure and gratitude, practically the whole business interests of Canada are now in complete accord with the government in this undertaking, and are cheerfully giving up on request the most minute information concerning their affairs.

Is it too much to expect, I wonder, that, with so much data in their possession to be used as a basis for an analysis of the situation, the commission will be able eventually to arrive at a few conclusions that will be of some real benefit to the poor old ultimate consumer? I suppose it is.

Anyhow, the little fellow is benefited by the mere existence of such an investigating body. I have said that the commission was under the Labor Department, and all its communications go out in the form of Labor Department literature. On the eleventh of May the Minister of Labor received a telegram from a man in the bakery business away out in Saskatchewan.

T W Crothers [he wired, without any Honorable or Mr. or anything] Minister of Labor Ottawa ——— Bakery refuses me wholesale bread price unless I advance the retail price to ten cents a loaf Kindly handle by wire—Wm Henry

The Minister of Labor answered:

Wm Henry Have wired ——— Bakery for explanation Tender them their trade price in cash for what bread you require and report results—T W Crothers Minister of Labor

And the telegram sent to the ——— Bakery read:

Reported by Wm Henry that you refuse to sell him bread unless he agrees to advance retail price to ten cents This constitutes offense Do you persist or not Wire answer—T W Crothers Minister of Labor

Needless to say, William got his bread all right; and I can just see him showing his official telegram to everybody who will read it.

I know a number of rather delightful small incidents that have come up in the course of these investigations, and I should write them if I were writing a book instead of a mere article. But a mere article has its limits, and I must get on to other things.

Not a Necessary of Life

Though I do think I must tell about the man down in Nova Scotia who wrote eloquently and at length about the high cost of dying. He said: "In this section the expenses of a funeral are such that after one of these periodical visitations the bereaved family is not able to pay its rent or grocer's bills for months." He rails eloquently against what he calls the Coffin Trust, and wants action taken against it. He admits that a coffin is not a necessary of life, but claims that it is a necessary of death. He concedes that it is not food, but maintains that it might reasonably be considered clothing or fuel. And he adds: "If this does not come under your jurisdiction I would like you to have it placed there."

Another correspondent makes a strong plea for whisky. This plea came from one of the few remaining wet spots in Canada; but the commissioner, from the security of his refuge in the totally dry Province of Ontario, was able to give as his opinion, based on actual experience, that whisky is not a necessary of life. "At least not in this neck of the woods," he wrote. Then he sought to soothe the complainant about the high price of whisky by expressing a doubt as to what position might be taken in more liberal-minded communities.

The main point in all this is that when food control and price regulation are undertaken, covering the North American Continent—things which cannot be done without American-Canadian cooperation and simultaneous action—the results of the investigation of costs made by the High Cost of Living Commission will be very valuable. In the United States the Federal Trades Commission has done much useful work along the same lines.

When one sees in figures, representing either quantities or values, the amount of agricultural products that have gone out of Canada, one wonders how production has ever kept pace with the demand, and why the Canadians are not already on rations that would make the German ration look sumptuous. But—Canada on rations? Canada is on nothing more self-denying than the water wagon—and even that only in spots.

Canadian War Exports

For the use of the British Expeditionary Forces alone, Canada has shipped to France and to Mediterranean points—direct to the camps behind the lines—9,935,000 bags of flour, of eighty pounds each. This makes 354,822 tons, in case you would like to get a vision of the ships required to carry it across seas; and it was milled from approximately twenty million bushels of wheat. But this item, as regards bulk at least, is small in comparison with the shipments of oats to the same destinations. For England's horses at the Front, Canada has supplied fifty-seven million bushels of oats, which makes 27,442,100 bags of eighty pounds each, or 980,075 tons. And hay, also, is required in quantities that make Canada's 470,921 tons—forty-seven thousand carloads in ordinary bales—a mere contribution. These figures are accurate and up to date, at the middle of May, 1917; and the total disbursements, to Canada's profit, on the accounts of these three commodities, have been $78,916,984.46.

It is an interesting item that the material for the jute bags in which the flour and oats are shipped comes direct from Calcutta; and I, for one, have just enough of a statistical mind to wonder how many people are employed in making it, how much they receive for their labor, and just how many millions of tons of the original product are annually destroyed in the process. We call them flour sacks in our country, but most of them probably round out useful careers as sand bags, shoring up trenches and protecting precious lives from German bullets.

It was in October, 1914, that the Minister of Agriculture was asked to undertake the purchase of these articles for the armies in the field; and the first thing he did was to install government hay-compressing plants—which reduce the size of an ordinary bale of hay to one-third—at Montreal and at points in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and on Prince Edward Island. This was a new industry, which took care of large numbers of theretofore unemployed unskilled laborers. The plant at Montreal has a capacity of six thousand tons a week, employs more than five hundred men, and has been in continuous operation ever since it was started.

Up to February, since when shipping news has not been circulating very freely, it had required four hundred and fifty-one transports to carry this produce alone overseas, and every last one of the four hundred and fifty-one was landed. For overland transportation, to get the cargoes down to Montreal or Halifax, sixty-four thousand railroad cars were used, or enough to make up 1600 trains of forty cars each.

I don't know whether or not other people love figures as I do; but to me there is more romance in a statistical table that sums up the result of any variety of human effort than in anything else on earth.

As a matter of fact, the Minister of Agriculture has not bought the flour and the oats and the hay for the armies. It has been done under his authorization; but the actual buyer, the man over whose desk every order and every check has passed, is Mr. J. A. Ruddick, the Canadian dairy and cold-storage commissioner, who is well known, both in the United States and Canada, to everyone who takes cows seriously. His service in connection with army supplies is another example of the adjustment of governmental departments to meet war's emergencies. If you ask him now for some up-to-date information about cheese

(Concluded on Page 45)

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Gas mixtures vary in quality, weather and fuel differ, but Champion Plugs never fail to set off *all* the power latent in every gas mixture.

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Passenger, freight and mine cars are made with Armco Iron. Thousands of rust-resisting Armco Iron Culverts pierce the roadbeds from Coast to Coast. Locomotive jackets, boiler tubes, water tanks, fences and tie plates are made of

ARMCO IRON

Armco Iron boiler jackets are used on the powerful new St. Louis and Southwestern locomotives. Another interesting and more novel railroad use of Armco is shown in the photograph on the right. Armco Iron shields and bolts underneath the bridge protect the steel from the corrosive smoke fumes of the engines passing beneath. This bridge is one of a number over the tracks of the Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh, equipped with Armco Iron shields by T. J. Wilkerson, Division Engineer of Bridges, City of Pittsburgh.

Armco Iron resists rust because it is pure iron, and because it is so even in texture. It is almost entirely free from solid impurities and gas pockets, and it has been thoroughly rolled and annealed until it is uniformly dense throughout. It is rigidly inspected at every step in its manufacture—rejections being made for imperfections so slight as to be wholly disregarded in ordinary mill practice.

Armco Iron purity and evenness mean unusual workability, perfect welding qualities, high electrical conductivity, superior enameling properties. Manufacturers of products requiring sheet or plate metal use Armco Iron because of these distinct advantages.

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Bridge at Pittsburgh, Pa., equipped with Armco Iron Protective Shields and bolts. Arrows show where the shields protect the bridge structure from corrosive smoke fumes coming from locomotive flues.

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The trade mark ARMCO across the [illegible] iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the purest [illegible] and strictly uniform in all respects, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the qualities claimed for it.

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ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

(Concluded from Page 42)

or butter or condensed milk, or anything of that kind, he will say:

"Well, really now, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to go to my assistant or to Mr. So-and-So for that."

And he is a man who for many years has thought of nothing but cows. He preached in Canada the good dairyman's gospel of decreasing herds and increasing animal quality to get increased value in production; and in the course of ten years he was able to report an increase in Canada in the average annual yield for a cow from two thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds of milk to three thousand eight hundred and five pounds. It is realized that this is still a very low average and that it is possible to increase it by twenty-five or even fifty per cent; so he keeps on preaching. In fact, the ideal is expressed in the lines an enterprising and successful dairyman had painted in flower-decorated flourishes over his cow-stable doors: "Every cow that enters here must give ten thousand pounds a year."

However, such increase in production for a cow as has been achieved has put millions of dollars in the pockets of Canadian farmers and dairymen; and not only that, it has resulted in the establishment of a standard of excellence which will make for the most solid kind of development.

It is not quite possible to write about Canada in connection with the war or present economic conditions without going back in some instances and getting at the impetus behind to-day's performance. High prices, of course, will make any producer speed up if there is any way for him to do it, and it is barely possible that sentiments of patriotism might have some effect; but, in any case, the best results are achieved by those who know how, and the dairy interests of Canada have had ten years or more of constant instruction and drill, with the strictest kind of laws to keep them in line.

Not even war's necessities have served to lessen the effectiveness of laws prohibiting the importation, manufacture or sale of butter substitutes of any kind—renovated or process butter; butter containing more than sixteen per cent of water; or cheese adulterated with fats other than the fats of milk. Canada means to build up a great dairy industry, and no retrogressive methods are to be allowed, even to swell the amount of exports to the armies—that is, unless world hunger really does descend upon us.

Canadian cheese makers were particularly well prepared to respond to the call for speeding up, because they were getting ready to do it, anyhow, their product having fallen from two hundred and thirty-four million pounds in 1904 to one hundred and forty-four million in 1914. In 1916 it was more than one hundred and sixty million pounds; and this in spite of the fact that a great demand for condensed milk had resulted in the establishment of a number of new plants in Canada, that had diverted vast quantities of milk from the cheese-making interests.

A Sharp Rise in Pepsin

Moreover, there was a rennet famine. Who would ever have thought of that, now, as a factor contributing to food shortage? Rennet is a coagulated fluid obtained from calves' stomachs, and it was considered as essential to the manufacture of cheese as milk itself.

Dairymen used to make it themselves by a laborious, long-drawn-out and rather messy process. But some Germans found a way to produce it scientifically in extract form; and when they put it on the market it very quickly supplanted the homemade article, and to the present generation of cheese makers the preparation of rennet is a lost art.

The Germans were the only people who ever made it. When they got themselves bottled up their rennet got bottled up with them, and it was only a very short time before the outside world's supply of it was practically exhausted. Advertisements began to appear in trade journals calling upon butchers and farmers to collect rennets, or calves' stomachs, and begin to make a wholly new kind of profit in their respective enterprises. Old recipes were hunted up and various experiments were tried, but never with sufficient success to change the situation to any appreciable extent.

Then, at the Finch Dairy Station, in Ontario, under the direction of Mr. Ruddick, they began experimenting with substitutes, and found eventually that pepsin would do the work quite as well as rennet; in fact, in the judgment of some experts, pepsin produces a cheese not only as fine in texture but somewhat better in flavor than those made with the German rennet extract. One more score against the enemy!

The Agricultural Department had pamphlets printed giving detailed directions for using the new-found substitute, and sent them to every dairyman and general farmer in the Dominion. Then, in anticipation of an instant demand for the article, Mr. Ruddick sent a rush order to a Chicago packing house for a large consignment of it. Whoever got the order must have thought Canada was suffering from an unexampled attack of indigestion, or something, because a man in Montreal, having seen the circulars and realizing that a call for pepsin would begin at once and be continuous and permanent, decided to add it to his business and proceeded forthwith to order a whole carload of it from the same Chicago firm. The two orders were sent on the same date, and the packer must have said to himself: "I declare! Something doing in the pepsin line! Well, here's where the price goes up."

Vacant-Lot Gardening

At any rate it did—one dollar more a pound than it had ever been before. Which is a perfect little example of the law of supply and demand as it is not generally understood.

The Canadian producers are responding to the lure of increasingly high prices, just as the American producers are. In addition, they are being spurred on by every kind of appeal, both spiritual and material, that can possibly be made to them. There is the question of labor, of course, and probably it is the greatest of all the difficulties; but I must leave that for another article. As they are working out the problem now it looks to me very much like a Chinese picture puzzle, and the game is to find the farm hand.

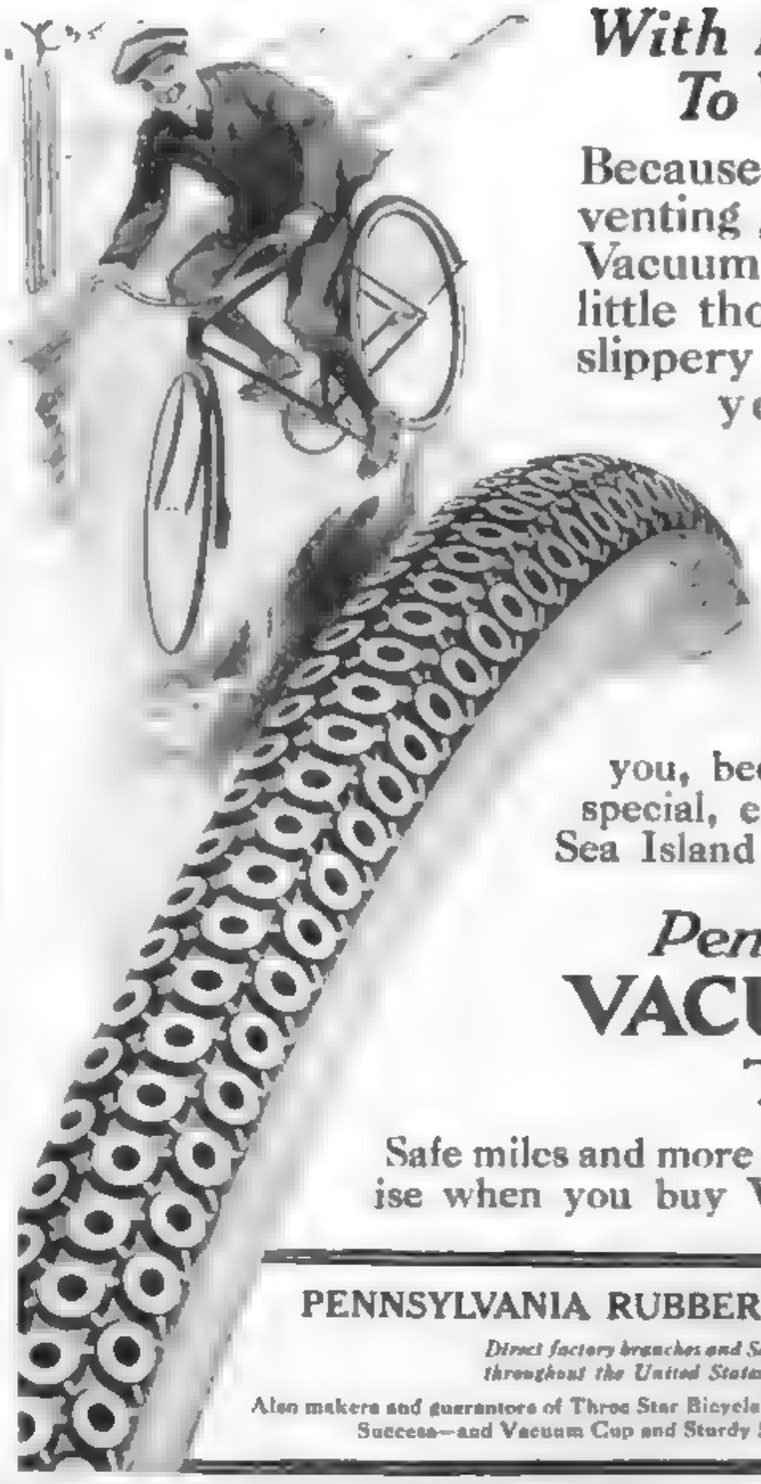
The dooryard gardening movement is a great thing, no doubt, and there is enough of it going on in Canada to put every little Italian greengrocer in the poorhouse; but it is only incidental to the situation, though helpfully so, of course.

I like to observe some of the people who are indulging in it and to think of what a lot of good it is going to do them. The May mornings are damp and chilly in Canada; but, even so, the planting must be done, and as a representative example of heroic enterprise I offer you the spectacle of a woman of the highest rank and standing, a woman hitherto merely fashionable and fine, and not bothering to be anything else, out on unsightly, rubbish-heaped vacant lots in the early hours of every day, chaperoning and directing the efforts of spading and raking parties of boys and girls, who merrily perform this patriotic service before proceeding to their usual occupations.

Later the chaperon will go back home and get a few fresh pointers from her own expensive gardener, perhaps, before she fares forth on a pilgrimage to the back yard of some Judy O'Gradys and Mrs. Wiggses, who may need assistance in their gardening efforts. A livelong day of usefulness!

In Ottawa there is a women's organization which has undertaken the cultivation of more than six acres in vacant lots and odd corners here and there. Much of the work is done by young women in government offices, who actually get out at five o'clock every morning these late spring days and put in two hours' work before breakfast. They wear overalls and top-boots; and they not only prepare the ground for planting and put in the seeds, but they dig post holes, and build wire fences, and handle and haul fertilizer, and do every other kind of thing that has to be done.

I wish only to add that the Canadians are not plowing up any golf links or making any spectacular and heartrending sacrifices such as are being popularized in the United States. But no doubt it is only their sense of proportion which saves them from such extreme demonstration of the faith that is in them. In a country which has nearly three hundred million acres of land, surveyed and tillable, and to be had for ten dollars a quarter section but still unclaimed and as virgin as the Garden of Eden in the year one, a few golf links might be regarded as permissible. With us, it is different. We are getting very short of space. We have as many as thirty-two persons to the square mile; and, first thing you know, we are likely to be in the market for an annex—"in the sun."



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The world's greatest contralto
BECAUSE IT IS BRASLAU – CULP – HOMER – SCHUMANN-H

The world's greatest baritone
BECAUSE IT IS DE GOGORZA – DE LUCA – RUFFO – SCOTTI –

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The world's greatest comedian
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The world's greatest band
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Victrola XVII, $250
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A Few Applications of FREEZONE Loosen Corns and Calluses So They Lift Off.

HERE is a mighty simple and easy way to get rid of your corns or calluses. Apply a few drops of Freezone for two or three nights directly upon a tender aching corn or a callus. It dries immediately. The corn-pain is relieved. The corn or callus then begins to dry up and shortly it can be peeled off with fingers.

FREEZONE

doesn't irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or flesh. You feel no pain or soreness while applying Freezone or afterwards. You'll like it immensely. Women who wear high-heeled footwear will appreciate Freezone. Keep a tiny bottle on your dresser and never let your corns ache twice.

GENUINE Freezone is only sold in these small bottles with glass rod applier. Each bottle is packed in a round wood case bearing the name.

FREEZONE CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ANY DRUG STORE IN THE U. S. OR CANADA

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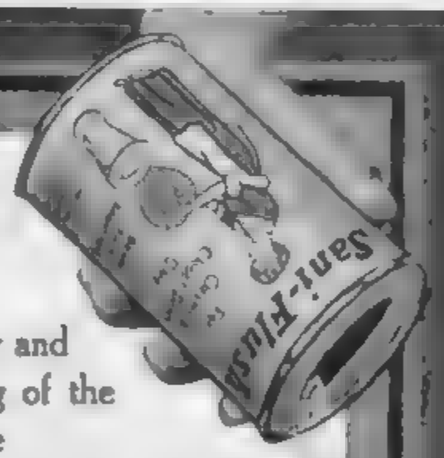

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The old way of dipping water and scrubbing toilet bowls is a thing of the past if you will sprinkle a little

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in the bowl every two or three days. It keeps the bowl snowy white, odorless and sanitary. The hidden trap is also cleaned perfectly. *Sani-Flush* is made to clean toilet bowls only. It will not injure bowl or connections

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Sani-Flush is a sanitary necessity wherever there is a toilet. It is patented. Nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

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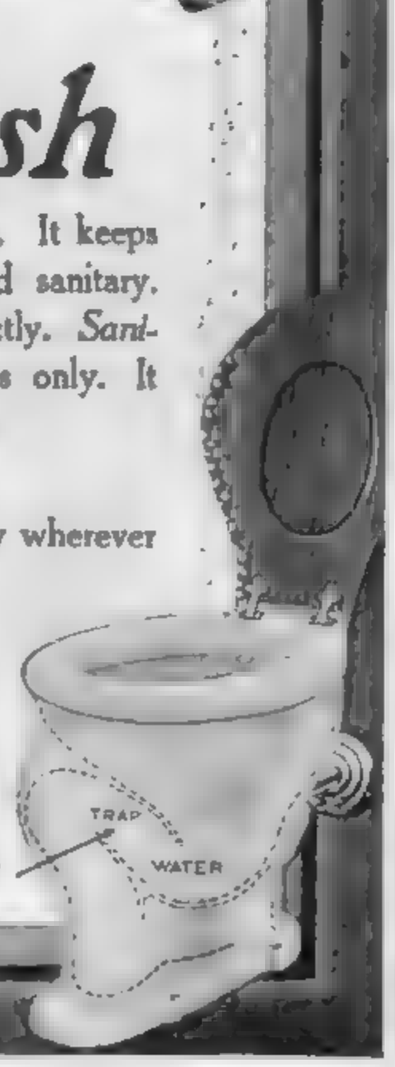

SPAIN AND THE GERMAN GAME

(Continued from Page 8)

a Russian regiment. When the war broke out he was in Austria. The Austrians promptly arrested him. His captors represented that he was not really a Russian, but a Spaniard; also, he was an honorary officer in an Austrian regiment. Why not join them?

"Never!" said Don Jaime. "I am for Russia."

"Then to jail you go," said the Austrians.

However, his sulphitic party, whose main stock in trade is personal loyalty to Don Jaime, took the other side—largely, perhaps, because no one else wanted to take it, and because they could make political capital of the pro-German feeling. Now and then Don Jaime, from his prison, writes them a protest, which goes unheeded.

Pro-Ally though they were, the political leaders felt that Spain had no stake in the war. They favored France and England, but they wanted, above all things, to keep Spain neutral. Undoubtedly in the beginning some of the powerful pro-German element, including certain heads of the army, would have liked to throw Spain's army into the balance against France. In 1915 there were even incipient intrigues to that end. What held them back, in the beginning, was the knowledge of the pro-Ally feeling in the rank and file. To mobilize against France might have produced mutiny and revolution.

Spain is always in fear of revolution; for only the personal popularity of Alfonso keeps the monarchy stable. Then a new factor in military science made Spanish intervention against the Allies impossible. The war found the Spanish Army very low in munitions and equipment. By the summer of 1915 it became apparent that this was going to be a war of munitions. France, England and Italy were crowding all their blast furnaces, were purchasing everywhere in neutral countries. Spain had little or no native steel. She could not make munitions for herself. If she tried to import them for such a purpose England could, without trouble, blockade her coasts.

As that year of preparation went on, and France began to pile up guns and shells, the dullest military observer could see that neither numbers nor valor nor generalship would avail Spain against the rush of a few French divisions equipped with the artillery and shells which France had at command. All effort to drive Spain in against the Allies ceased. It never amounted to anything, at best, but the plotting of a few reactionary hot-heads.

Equally, the leaders of Spain saw that Spain—at least as things stood in 1915 and 1916 had little or nothing to gain and everything to lose by intervening on behalf of the Allies. At the time when the German announcement of an unlimited submarine campaign put a period to the second great phase of the world war, nothing seemed so unlikely as that Spain should enter on either side.

Spanish policy, led by the king, had by now crystallized on one point. No people are so swayed by imponderable values as the Spanish. Sense of personal and national honor or prestige will influence them where purely material consideration will not. Before we broke with Germany, this policy was afoot; and the isolation of Spain, after we broke diplomatic relations, intensified it.

Propaganda Work

The thing Spain wanted out of this war was to be the mediator. She would go down in history as the one great peace nation of Europe. Her king would be the potentate whose word, at the proper time, would stop the conflict. The peace would be the Peace of Madrid. Meantime the supervision of prisoners would pass into her hands—perhaps even the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Toward this end the politicians of Spain bent all their energies; toward it the Spanish diplomats, who play the game of international relations like a game of chess, intrigued at the European chancelleries.

Leaving the situation as it stood before the crowded spring months of 1917, let me go back to the original theme—the Germans in Spain. Before the war they numbered about seven thousand; the greater part of these were commercial agents or banking employees, engaged in pushing German goods. In the early months of the war, before the Allies got a tight grip on sea passenger traffic, their number was greatly augmented by refugees from the German colonies and by individuals who slipped over from the Americas in order to get as near home as possible. Including a body of soldiers who crossed into Spanish colonial territory from the Cameroons and were interned, there are at least fifty thousand Germans in Spain at present—some say eighty thousand.

They went to work for the Fatherland at once. Scarcely was the war declared when the Imperial Government sent a whole library of Spanish-German language textbooks for free distribution; and the new arrivals set themselves to study the language of the country. Then, before the guns of Liège were still, they proceeded to an active propaganda, backed with ample funds. For a long time the propaganda budget in Spain was at least two hundred thousand dollars a month.

One is foolish to laugh at German propaganda. It seems nowhere to have achieved its major object. It did not get us into the war on the German side, or stop our shipments of munitions, or keep us in the end from joining the Allies. But it has often served to achieve minor objects. In our own case it created a doubt in some minds. Nor is it always awkward. They began on us, ridiculously enough, by bombarding the unphilosophical American mind with philosophical treatises, which did little but tickle our sense of humor. But they learned fast; in a few months they dropped this and opened up sources of information—as the Allies did not—for native American writers.

German Control of the Press

In Spain they made no initial mistake. Perhaps this was because the visible head of the system had studied advertising and press-agent methods in the United States. He is a marvelously clever Austrian Jew, who was naturalized in America, returned to Austria, and resumed the nationality of his birth.

The Spaniard tends to believe what he reads in the press; whereupon, the German propagandists moved on the newspapers wholesale. To make no bones of the matter, they got a large part of their support with cash paid over the counter. They subsidized editors, proprietors and writers. There were other methods, more delicate. Journalism has been a poorly paying business in Spain. The newspapers, owing to the multiplicity of parties, are small publication units.

Madrid, about as large as San Francisco, has more dailies than any two American cities. Advertising is in rather a primitive state; the bulk of display matter in the Madrid newspapers consists of patent-medicine howls, or those elaborate two-column funeral notices that the prominent and wealthy Spaniards publish when there is a death in the family. The Madrid A-B-C is the great commercial success among Spanish newspapers. Yet its best advertising return before the war was only six thousand dollars a month, and its circulation ran only a little over one hundred thousand copies.

Advertising fell off with the war. Yet German importing firms, which had no goods to sell owing to the blockade, kept up their advertising just the same—in the journals that favored Germany, and none other. This touch alone shows that someone had studied American methods with the press.

Finally, owing to the low advertising revenue, most Spanish newspapers must make a profit on their sales to the public. In the United States a city newspaper that adds ten thousand to its circulation without a corresponding increase in advertising space or rates loses money on the transaction. In Spain the addition brings profit. So the Germans would regularly engage to buy five, ten, even twenty thousand copies of a newspaper that promised to support the German cause, and would circulate these copies free of charge in districts not usually reached by metropolitan journals.

Within a few months after the war began there were seven pro-German newspapers in Madrid. I will not say that all of these were bought by the methods I have described above, but certainly many of them were. There were nearly as many journals which, owing to principle or party affiliation, took the other side. El Correspondencia, for example, has made a fine and

clean fight for the Allies. But these organs languished, while their rivals prospered. It was a full year before the Allies started a counter propaganda; and for the first six months this was very awkwardly conducted.

Then the German propagandists busied themselves with the local and country journals. In certain places where there was no newspaper, or where the existing newspaper was incorruptibly pro-Ally, they started a new one.

Whatever their bargain with the Spanish newspapers, the terms included teamwork. In news policy, in editorial policy, the whole pro-German press took, in any given crisis, the same tack. And it must be said that the campaign was clever. The Germans did not begin with a mistake, as in the United States. Since Spain was provincial, and had, as a whole, rather little heartfelt sympathy with either belligerent, what was the best policy? To make it appear that Germany was the winner, and that Spain had better play with her rather than with those nations who would be vassals after the war.

Moreover, those who know the Spanish say that they dearly love a winner—a champion. A wireless news service in Berlin began to shoot out dispatches at the rate of two or three long telegrams a day, circulated free to the pro-German press and saving thereby the cost of bureau and telegraph tolls for war news. All these dispatches sang the same song—victory, victory, victory! It was not hard to get such news across when Germany was really winning.

Of late those dispatches have so ingeniously perverted the facts that the Allied newspapers have had great trouble in answering them with the truth. "Whoever writes that stuff in Berlin," said a diplomat of the Allied Powers, "is a damned lying genius!"

In the editorial comments the pro-German press showed equally clever teamwork. The object here was to create hatred and suspicion against France and England. Since the days, more than three hundred years ago, when the same emperor governed both Spain and Germany, Spain has had little contact with the Teutonic peoples. She has had much contact with France and England; and where there is contact between nations there are bitter memories along with the sweet.

The editorial campaign raked up for the Spanish, who hold a grudge a long time, the old offenses of the Western Allies. England took Gibraltar about two hundred years ago. The pro-German press harped on that. Then there was the concordat affair in France, of recent burning memory, and the heavy investment of French capital. France was painted as a traitor to the church and as a usurer trying to grab the industrial life of Spain.

Attacks on Mr. Wilson

When we grew restive with the Germans, when finally we broke diplomatic relations, the German propagandists started to turn loose on us. I need not tell what Spain holds against the United States; the memory of that is new and bright. Still, she was in process of forgetting. "But," said a Spaniard to me, "it is like a wound newly healed; a very little thing will tear it open again." The propagandists started to tear open the wound. They had prepared, for syndicate circulation in all their controlled organs, a historic recital of the villainies done to Spain by the *Yanquis*. That plot was nipped.

At the time, owing to the threat of a general strike, "constitutional guaranties were suspended"; Spain was under martial law. In such conditions the government can issue a denunciation against any newspaper that publishes or threatens to publish anything embarrassing foreign relations. The Liberal Government of Spain is somewhat pro-American in policy, and it wanted no further foreign enmities. Getting wind of this feature, Count Romanones, the premier, issued a denunciation that stopped it, though not before one Madrid newspaper had published the first installment. Balked there, the propagandists took to those personalities that weigh heavily with some minds. In the north a story that put President Wilson in a bad light got free circulation among pro-German organs.

No scandal is so absurd but that some people will believe it; so I shall not repeat that tale here. It was about a destitute bullfighter whom our President was supposed to have wronged! The busy ex-member of President Huerta's Cabinet got out a book entitled The Crime of Woodrow Wilson, which made our policy toward Huerta seem an affront to the Spanish-speaking world. Posters advertising this charming and veracious narrative were displayed all over Madrid when I was there in April.

Finally, I see by the papers this morning that the Minister of State has been obliged to deny a story in the pro-German press to the effect that Mr. Willard, our Ambassador, had spoken slightingly of Spain at a banquet given by Lloyd George. I can personally certify that Mr. Willard has an intense admiration for the Spanish people and a great belief in the future of Spain. Yet, with all this, and thanks, doubtless, to the Romanones denunciation, we have not been attacked one-tenth so heavily as France and England.

Propaganda was not the only German activity in Spain. The country was used as a spy headquarters. After the German submarine campaign gathered way, not only were the submarines supplied from secret bases but hidden wireless stations signaled to them the movements of vessels they were hunting. The government has been running down and destroying the wireless stations; but doubtless others spring up in other places.

While I was in Spain a coast patrol found a set of big packing cases anchored just below low water in a certain estuary. They contained oil, high explosives, and other articles of use to a submarine, together with correspondence for Germany. The British consul in an important southern city found that his letters were being opened in the mails and copied. Somehow, the Germans had introduced an agent into the post office. Still, the great German effort in Spain has been the assault on public opinion through the press.

Knocking American Goods

Is it worth while? This question has entered many a neutral mind since the war began. All through it has been most unlikely that Spain would intervene for either side.

Why this expenditure of two hundred thousand dollars a month—this teamwork of fifty thousand German subjects? Nothing like it was done in Italy before the other Latin kingdom entered the war; yet Italy's intervention on one side or the other was always a strong possibility.

The remark of my Spanish friend, quoted in the beginning of this article, as to the source of German revenue for propaganda, threw much light on the whole subject; and my later investigations all tended to prove his suspicion as to the true reason for German propaganda. It was not so much a military measure—this two hundred thousand dollars a month—as an advertising appropriation.

Since the war began Spain has bought in America many classes of goods formerly bought in Germany. I found that the busy German propagandists have been especially busy in knocking our substitutions. Take for example silver-plated tableware, of the kind used by restaurants and hotels. The Spanish supply once came from Germany; now it comes from the United States. Whether we could compete with the Germans in this item before the war I do not know. Certainly now, with metal prices going up, and with the ruinous ocean freights, this commodity cannot be sold in Spain at the old figures.

A German agent enters a wholesaler's establishment and picks up a plated knife. "How much did you pay for that Yankee stuff? A peseta and a half! You know that you used to get a better one from So-and-So in Leipsic for a peseta, don't you? When we've won this war you'll trade with the Germans again, I think." And the innocent behind the counter, knowing little about metal prices and the ocean-freight question, probably believes him.

What they are playing for is, first, the Spanish market, the commercial control of Spain; and then a bigger stake than that. To an extent that we cannot realize in North America, Spain is the mentor of South America. We, sprung from the English, do not look especially for English sanction of our ways and deeds. We have our own literature, drama and art; our own ideas on modes, fashions and methods of spending our money. South America still looks toward Spain.

Establish a fashion in Madrid, Barcelona and Seville; it is the fashion of next year in

(Continued on Page 52)

Johns-Manville
SPEEDOMETER
for FORD Cars
Complete with Instrument board $11.25

THIS wooden board and speedometer combination is easily attached with a wrench and screw-driver to any open Ford car. Adjustable brackets and slots (patent pending) at each end of the board permit lengthening or shortening of the device to accommodate variations of body width in different Ford models. Get it from your dealer—all complete, ready to apply.

TO THE TRADE—The Johns-Manville Line of Automobile Accessories is sold strictly on a jobber-dealer basis. Discounts are generous, uniform and rigidly maintained regardless of size of order. Ask for details.

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JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

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RUBBER RETAINED AUTO CLOCK

Accurate, Dependable Time Guaranteed—

no matter what the riding conditions may be.

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making it proof against *shocks, jars, vibrations, electrical disturbances, dust, dirt.*

A one-day stem-wind clock of *highest quality*, made by one of the largest clock manufacturers in the United States and *guaranteed* one year.

At your dealers or postpaid anywhere on receipt of price.

Repaired or replaced without charge within one year from date of purchase if forwarded, prepaid, to factory.

Steering Wheel Model, for Ford or Dodge Cars . . $2.50
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our local representatives a salary and a commission on the business that they secure for us. Many give us only spare time, earning each month a few dollars extra. Many others, however, give us full time and find it easy to make more than

$50 a Week

The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and *The Country Gentleman* are so universally popular that subscriptions sell quickly in every locality.

You can begin now to turn your spare time into money.

You have only to send a postal asking for full details of our liberal cash offer. Address it

Agency Division
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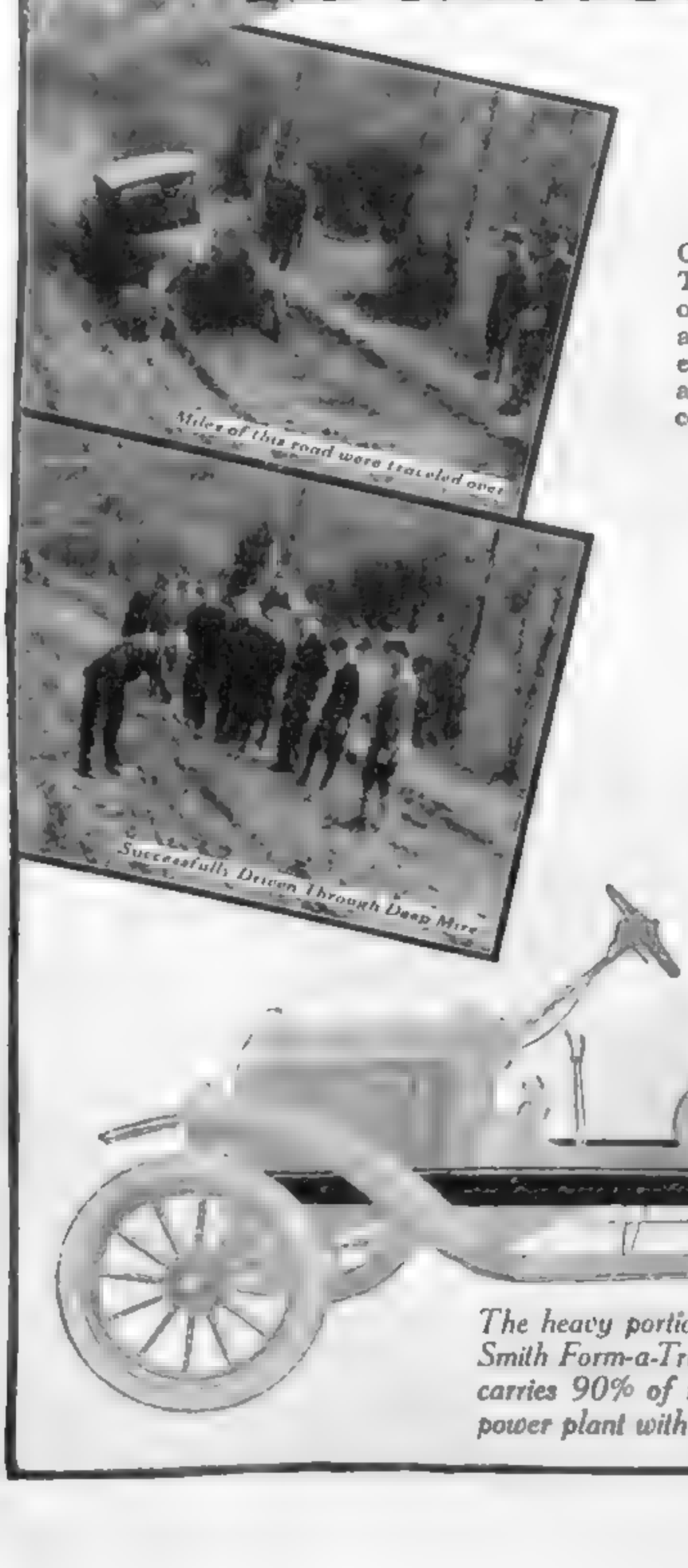
"A Motor Truck Performance



In amazing durability tests over Virginia hills and country roads, almost impassable in spots, two Smith Form-a-Trucks achieve almost unbelievable records of sturdiness, speed and power.

On April 19, 1917, two Smith Form-a-Trucks started from Washington, D. C., on an endurance and reliability test that accomplished such amazing results that even the most remarkable records of achievement in the past have become commonplace.

Specifications of Truck No. 1 were:
Tires, solid rear, pneumatic front.

	Pounds
Total weight, with load of lumber	7585
" " without load . .	3255
" " of load carried .	4330
" " body and cab . .	750
Net weight of load	3580

Specifications of Truck No. 2 were:
Tires, pneumatic all around.

	Pounds
Total weight, with load of salt	6490
Total weight without load	3255
Load carried	3235
Weight of body and cab	750
Net weight of load . .	2485

The bodies used on each truck were the standard flare board express type with tail gates, bodies being 60 in. wide, 108 in. long, 14 in. high with a 7 in. flare board.

The route lay from Washington, D. C., across the Potomac River into the Virginia hills, through the villages of McLean, Tyson, Vienna, Oakton, Fairfax to Centreville, and return over the same roads.

20 Miles an Hour-Speed

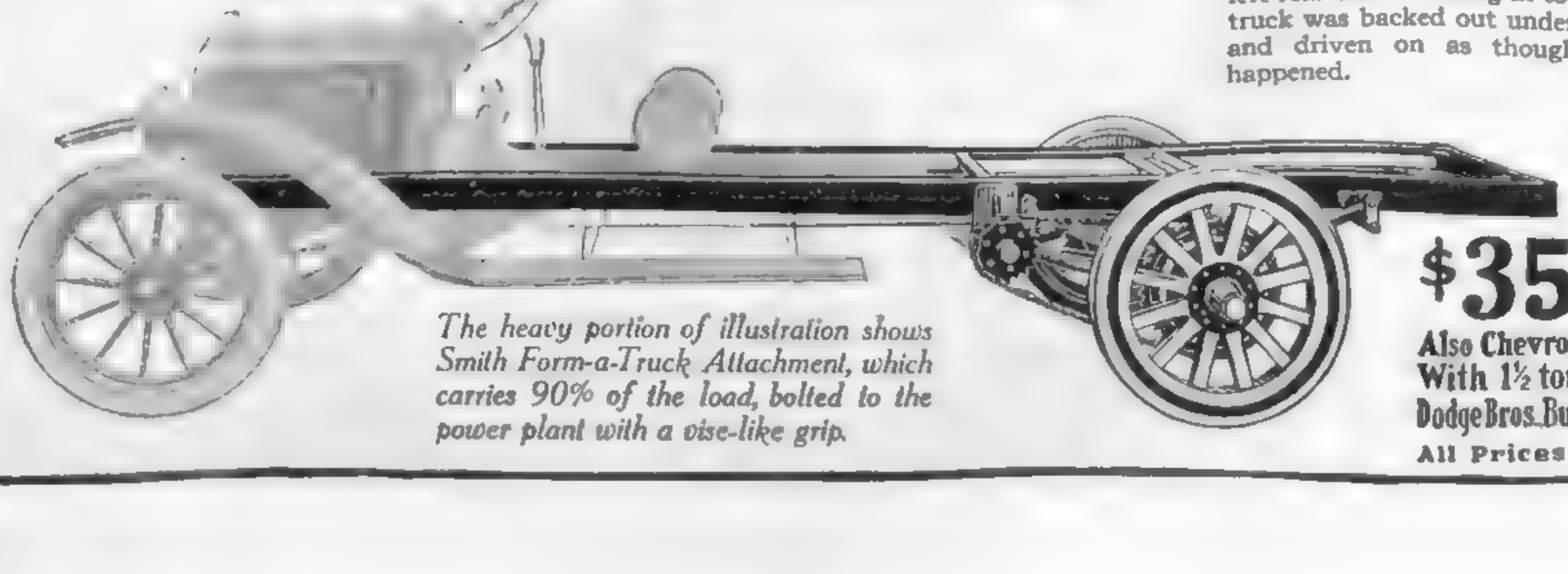
Road conditions were good, fair, poor and swampy, with steep hills, deep cuts in heavy clay roads and at times across fields.

From Washington, D. C., to Fairfax, Va., over a smooth faced rock composition road, the average speed was 20 miles an hour.

From Fairfax to Centreville and back the roads were rough, muddy, with steep hills and deep ruts, with creeks to be forded, swampy lanes to be traversed.

Even over these almost impassable roads the speed average was 18 miles an hour.

On the outgoing trip truck No. 1 broke through the upper crust of a mired road, left rear wheel sinking in to the hubs. The truck was backed out under its own power and driven on as though nothing had happened.



The heavy portion of illustration shows Smith Form-a-Truck Attachment, which carries 90% of the load, bolted to the power plant with a vise-like grip.

$350 and a Ford

Also Chevrolet and Maxwell
With 1½ ton capacity for
Dodge Bros. Buick, Overland $410

All Prices f.o.b. Chicago.

Form-a-Truck

That Has Never Been Duplicated"

What this means to YOU in your hauling and delivery is —undisputed reliability everywhere—unequalled speed on all roads—unquestioned strength for overload and a superior economy already proved by over 30,000 users.

In another spot on the road the same truck with its heavy load of lumber was driven off the main highway through swampy woods over a sawdust road one-quarter of a mile long.

Many times all four wheels sank to the hubs, and other times the truck was forced over roots, stumps, hummocks, and in one place sank so deep in the mud that it rested on its own axle. Here it was jacked up, boards placed under the right rear wheel to give traction and pulled out under its own power.

Truck No. 2, equipped with pneumatic tires on all four wheels, was frequently driven over the better portions of the road at a speed as high as 42 miles an hour.

14,075 Pounds Load

On the return trip, as an extra test of power, the motor in truck No. 2 was stopped and truck No. 1, besides carrying its own total load of 7,585 pounds, hauled truck No. 2 with its total weight of 6,490 pounds for a distance of two miles over steep hills and through gullies filled with loose sand, gravel and wet, red clay.

In this test the wheels of the trucks sank so deep into the clay that the axle and foot boards dragged.

Under these destructive conditions the performance record was perfect and a speed of from 6 to 12 miles per hour was maintained.

In many places where both trucks were driven under their own power, grades as high as 18% were frequently encountered. Both Smith Form-a-Truck attachments in these wonderful tests were standard in every detail.

Precise as Government Tests

The test was official—as precise as governmental tests—and declared by the referee to be "a motor truck performance that has never been duplicated."

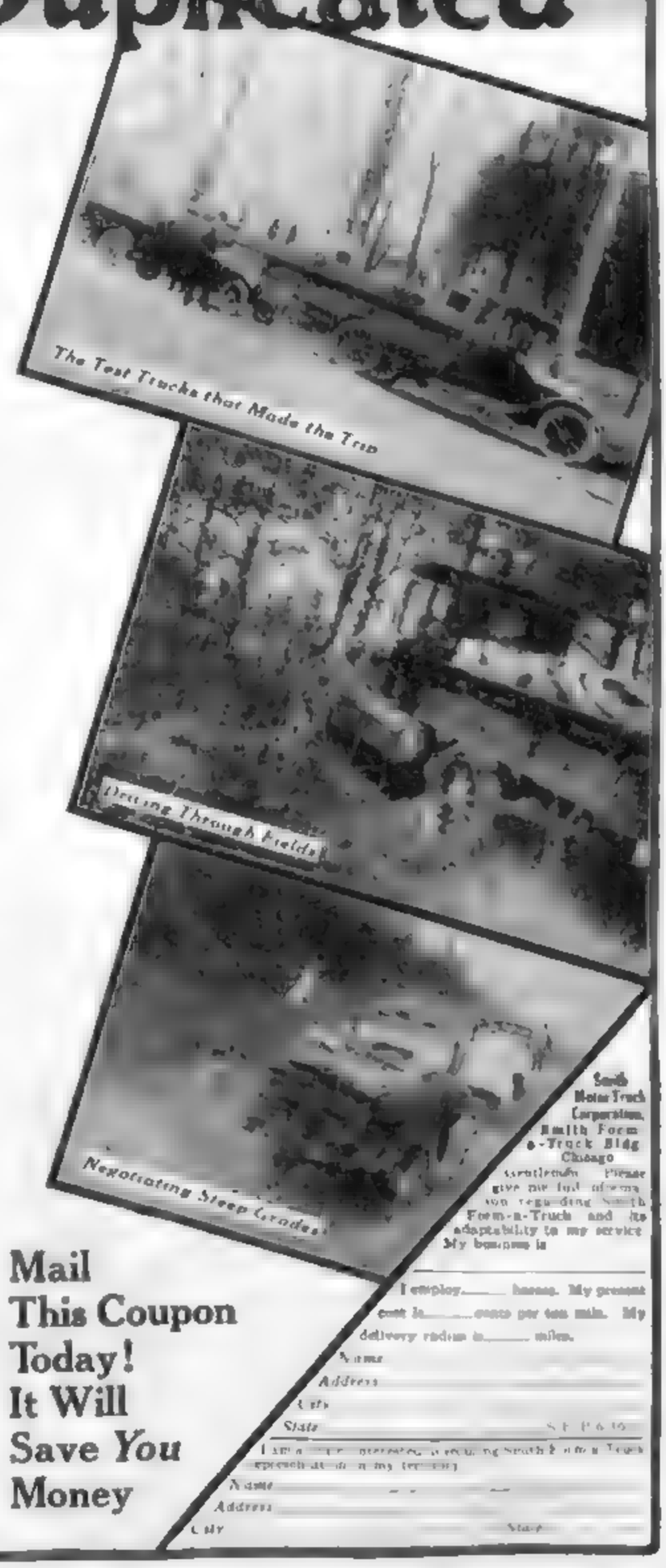
It is final proof of the superior adaptability of Smith Form-a-Truck to every type of work.

Each of these trucks carried a heavy overload and weights do not include weights of the driver and observers.

How long can you afford to be without motor truck service in which the records of achievement are so amazing, in which the cost of operation is already demonstrated by over 30,000 attachments now in use to be lower than that afforded by any other form of transportation?

Write—Today

You owe it to yourself to know how much Smith Form-a-Truck will save for you. Write for the amazing figures we have on your business—Today.


The Test Trucks that Made the Trip
Driving Through Fields
Negotiating Steep Grades
Smith Motor Truck Corporation, Smith Form-a-Truck Bldg Chicago
Gentlemen: Please give me full details you regarding Smith Form-a-Truck and its adaptability to my service. My business is
I employ ____ horses. My present cost is ____ cents per ton mile. My delivery radius is ____ miles.
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Canada Branch, 120 King Street East, Toronto, Canada—Price, $450 f. o. b. Toronto

A "Movie" of the Morning Shave

AutoStrop Razor

HOW about *your* morning shave? Does *your* razor strop the blade for you, giving you a cool, clean shave day after day, from a blade which lasts so long that you almost forget that eleven extra blades came with the outfit?

Can you clean and dry *your* safety razor without taking it to pieces—without even removing the blade?

You certainly cannot *unless you own an AutoStrop Razor*, for there is no other razor which gives you these advantages. And they are real advantages, saving time before, during and after the shave, saving money because the blades last so long, and saving your face from the effect of using a harsh new blade or a dull old one.

Our Unusual Offer

Borrow an AutoStrop Razor and try it

Pay nothing—deposit nothing. Decide upon its purchase after you have compared its wonderful blade service and smooth-shaving quality with other razors you have used or are using. Take it home and shave with it as freely as if you had purchased it outright. Your dealer will lend it to you for that purpose. Then come to a decision whether you will keep it or return it. We authorize dealers to loan the AutoStrop Razor on 30 days' trial and we stand back of the offer.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

All retailers in Canada are also authorized to make this offer

Offices and Factory, 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

(Continued from Page 49)

Valparaiso, Buenos Aires and Caracas. The commercial road to South America lies through Spain. "To win the maid you must first woo the duenna," said an acute Spaniard to me.

Germany had begun to understand this even before the war. And the course of recent events has intensified the policy. If she loses the war—and the longest heads of Germany must appreciate that she will probably lose it—she says good-by to her best colonies. Further, she loses her chance at control of the Near East, and her visions of a Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad and of exploitation in Asia Minor vanish also. She always had an eye on Spanish America, either for commercial exploitation or for conquest.

At the period when the vision of a German Asia Minor began to fade she must have seen in our Southern Continent the remaining hope of her commercial policy. For at about that time she began to do a new, an un-German thing. As I have said before, not they, but the English and we have been the ground breakers of the modern world. Their policy had been trade, and yet more trade, in German-manufactured goods. Now they suddenly began to buy Spanish concessions, with a view to helping develop the country. The root of that policy, also, is plain. They intend—or intended at that time—to make themselves to a certain extent partners with the Spanish by way of an introduction to Spanish America.

If we really want South American trade we too must woo the duenna. We have had our opportunity; and we have characteristically played a short game, looking not toward permanent trade relations, but toward immediate profits, throwing away for a present dollar a chance at a future hundred dollars. For with the closing of German ports, with the gradual absorption of French and British factories in war work, Spain has been forced to come to us for many things she hitherto bought in Northern Europe.

Our export trade with Spain was on the rise even before the war. With the isolation of Germany it grew tremendously. From a little more than one hundred and fifty million pesetas in 1913, it became nearly three hundred millions in 1916. We have done little or nothing to make this trade permanent. We have demanded spot cash on the New York dock. The Spaniard does not like that. The Germans gave long time—at least three months. We could not, if we would, having no banking facilities in Spain. This is the old complaint against American export trade. Until we remedy it we cannot be world purveyors. The British, by the way, have seen the light and are establishing credit banks.

Our Lack of Banking Facilities

In fact, the trade relation between Spain and the United States, since the war, reminds me a little of two nearsighted men trying to box with each other. For the longest, clearest heads of Spain want nothing, just now, more than American enterprise, capital and commercial relations of all sorts. Yet, while we keep our eye fixed on the early dollar, theirs is just as firmly fixed on the early peseta. Since the war the American dollar has been everywhere rightly at a premium—except in Spain. Before the war a dollar was worth about 5.19 pesetas. When I reached Spain last March, and while we still had in our treasuries more than one-third of all the gold in the world, it stood at 4.58. With our declaration of war it dropped to 4.30.

Spain was buying of us, not we of her; and the price of the peseta had been advanced arbitrarily. Some lay this to a faulty banking arrangement. We have no direct financial channel into Spain. Pounds sterling must be bought from London; it is the British bankers who are responsible, say these people. Yet when the Federal Reserve Bank, having made correspondents of the Bank of England and the Bank of France, offered a similar arrangement that would have corrected this artificial rate—the Spanish did not even answer. At least, they had not answered up to the middle of April.

Yet, as I have said, the clearer and more progressive minds of Spain are all thinking on commercial relations with the United States. No attachés of the court are harder worked than those financial secretaries who keep the king in touch with American business. The country is bound to go through a development period, perhaps even a mild Latin boom, in the next two decades. Development requires capital; and, though a certain amount of native capital has been drawn in from foreign investment since the war began, Spain has not nearly enough. She would prefer American capital; for, as a prominent Spaniard has put it: "Every peseta of European money we get has a political string tied to it."

Whether investment in Spain would not require a closer participation than we desire in European affairs remains to be seen. No man can now prophesy concerning the future state of this world. Certainly, this factor has given pause to capital more than once. Our sea connections with Spain are bad—very bad. The passenger liner is the pioneer of the freighting fleets. Before the war, someone had a project for a New York-Corunna line of first-class steamers, to be financed jointly by Americans and Spaniards.

The project fell through because the Spaniards would not put in their money. And, doubtless, not only their conservation on speculative investment held them back but also their fear of tying up with a Power having no political influence in European affairs. Yet the readjustment after the war may change all that. And the prospects are good enough to attract attention, already, from some of our more farseeing entrepreneurs. The agents of one great American corporation are at this very moment spying out the land, looking into coal, steel and water-power prospects. And last winter an American bank, which will soon be able to give credit facilities, was established in a Spanish city.

Certain Spanish Traits

On the side of trade we have an entering wedge in the rush of American goods since the war. As I have explained, the point of that wedge has splintered and bent; we have not played for permanent relations, but only for this week's trade. Yet the situation will give us an opening in spite of ourselves. Spain, in the next few years, will pass into the era of machinery as she has not fully passed as yet. Steel mills, new railroads, improved highways, modern mining methods—they all call for machinery.

That is where we live. American machinery, by virtue of our inventive trick and our low-cost steel, can beat its rivals in almost any market. It is going over already, or was before the shipping crisis. If we show half a disposition to play a long game we shall have a permanent market. One secret of this game, as of all our future foreign trade expansion, is banks—banks to give credit facilities, and to act as partners with trading firms, entrepreneurs and ground-breaking engineers.

That is not the only secret, however. Just as important is the study of the people and the adaptation of our ways to theirs. Nowhere in Europe does the abrupt hustling method of doing business succeed very well. Time after time I have heard the same story: The confident American agent, somewhat inflated with success, who came into a European community, started an energetic, quick-selling campaign of the American variety—and vanished three months later, declaring that nothing, positively nothing, could be done with a people so stupid and out of date.

Least of all will it succeed with the Spanish. The comparison to a gentleman who has just lost his income and is forced to seek employment perfectly fits Spain in her attitude toward commerce. These conservative people, the gravest of the Latins, in some ways the most interesting, have real character. If we do not perceive it at first that is because the character does not have the same mold as ours. They go far, even in business, on a point of honor or personal liking. They can be led. If you try to drive them they develop a stubbornness that makes the Scotch seem infirm of purpose. Their personal pride makes them democratic; the very Spanish peasant, it has been said, holds himself the equal of any man except his king.

Motorists who have toured the Spanish provinces always tell of the neighborly services extended to them by peasants, who grow at once haughty and distant at the offer of a tip. Yet, with all this, they are sticklers for etiquette. The closest friends keep up the formalities; they do not understand the free-and-easy manner. Nor, passing as they are from a period of splendid leisure, do they appreciate the value of

(Continued on Page 54)

"Word of Honor"

WHEN you see the name Firestone on a tire, you are sure that it has the highest values possible to that type; values in mileage, comfort, safety and good looks.

When you see the name Firestone on a Cord Tire you are justified in expecting all and more than the accepted advantages in usual cord construction.

The Firestone name is on this Cord Tire because it has fulfilled all demands for greater strength, livelier action, fuel-economy and maximum speed. And, to the easy, luxurious ride is added the economy of Most Miles per Dollar.

As the Firestone Non-Skid tread has taken a commanding position among Fabric Tires so the Skidless Tread, angled against slip in any direction, assumes supremacy among Cord Tires. The Triple Tread Cord is the approved front wheel equipment.

The Firestone name has been made illustrious by quality in service; this Cord Tire will add still higher to its laurels.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone

Biscuits

FILLINGS of cream delicately flavored with chocolate, lemon and vanilla between fragile walls give to Sunshine Perfetto their fine appearance and their delicious taste.

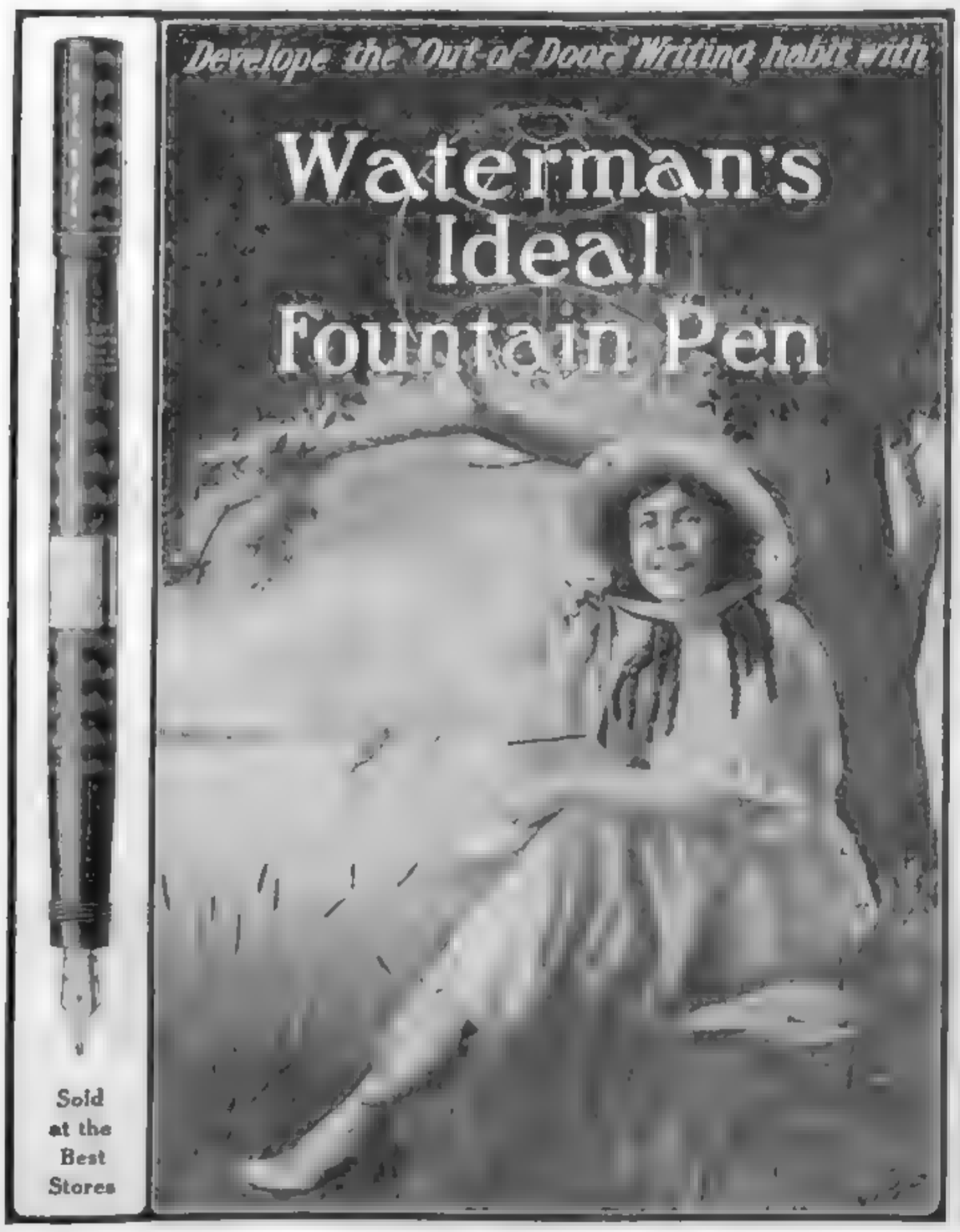
Serve Sunshine Perfetto with fruit, ices and creams. They are always appropriate—always enjoyed. Fresh assortments of Sunshine Perfetto and many other Sunshine Biscuits are awaiting your inspection at your dealer's.

Sunshine Biscuits are made in an almost endless variety of popular shapes and flavors.

Buy Sunshine Biscuits—the very name Sunshine suggests the idea back of them—purity, freshness and cleanliness.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits Branches in Over 100 Cities



(Continued from Page 52)

time. Nothing, it seems, irritates a Spaniard so much as to know that you want to hurry him. Spain bounds his horizon, and to approach him with a letter in a foreign language constitutes an offense. Let our schools take notice. We are the poorest practical linguists in the world. The language teaching of the future in Europe will be practical, not literary. So must it be with us; and the sooner the better.

If we do gratify the desire of commercial Spain and begin investing, our best chance, doubtless, will be investment in our own projects—ground-breaking companies staffed by American experts and equipped from our mills. The way has been shown. Doctor Pearson, that extraordinary promoter—Canadian-born, with an American training—turned his attention a few years ago to the water power of Catalonia. With mixed Canadian, British and Continental capital, and with a staff largely American, he set to work on the Ebro River. He dug dams, installed machinery, prepared lands for irrigation.

The companies embraced in this project have a capital of nearly one hundred million dollars. The water power furnishes light to Barcelona and runs its street railways. The by-product has reclaimed thousand of acres of rich but arid land. It is a success. Doctor Pearson had even wider plans; but he was lost when the Lusitania went down.

In the past month—I write at the end of April—the Spanish situation has taken another of its kaleidoscopic shifts. The change affects vitally that long, subtle German plan. To explain, I must treat first of Spanish politics, a subject so complex that I almost despair of giving a fair idea in a column or so.

As I have shown, constructive statesmanship is very difficult in Spain. Such a condition of affairs is the politician's opportunity. Though the king remains the stable but passive power, the active if somewhat mercurial power has, of late, been Count Romanones, the liberal leader, as acute and sensible a politician as this world knows. He has some elements of the lion in his make-up, and all the elements of the wily serpent and the fox.

When it comes to politics he can give cards and spades to every other leader in Spain. He was premier before the war. At the beginning of the struggle he gracefully relinquished power.

Count Dato, the Conservative leader, formed a Cabinet and tried to muddle through. Romanones was as wily as ever when he made this move. He knew that maintaining neutrality would be an ungrateful task. He preferred to let the other party take the onus. But the Conservatives fell out among themselves; the Cortes roared and resolved itself into groups, all pulling away from each other; the government became a chaos. In 1915 he had to resume the office of premier.

The Coal Situation

The logic of affairs made Spanish neutrality ever more difficult. Early in the game, and to the joy of Germany, Spain put an embargo on the exportation of necessities of life; but not before far too much Spanish grain, livestock and coal had crossed the border into France. For a long time, too, certain speculators managed to evade the embargo in one way or another. There was a period when a herd of Spanish mules would be pastured in the peaceable fields of the northern border. Then, some night, the herd would take one of those unaccountable panics that afflict salable livestock and stampede. Strangely they always stampeded northward, a phenomenon to which I call the attention of natural historians. Yet, when they had crossed the border, something in the atmosphere of France had a calming effect on their nerves.

Spain produces about enough cereals for her needs. The speculator came to the fore, cornering foodstuffs. The price of bread soared.

The Spanish coal mines before the war produced about four million tons a year. The domestic needs are seven million tons. The deposits are there, enough for almost any need—if the coal could be mined. Partly the low production is a matter of primitive method. The Spaniards get out about one hundred and forty tons a year to the miner. If my memory serves me right we get out in Pennsylvania about five hundred tons. More importantly it was a matter of railroad transportation. They had neither the lines nor the rolling stock. The first step toward increasing the coal supply was railroad expansion. But Frenchmen hold the dominant voting stock in the main Spanish railroads, and French capital cannot be expected now to vote improvement assessments for work abroad.

Spain might have added to the rolling stock; but the only considerable car factory was turning out the product at white heat for sale across the border—freight cars were not enumerated among the necessities of life. Perhaps this was one of the things which, in the unstable tenure of office that characterizes Spanish politics, the government dared not touch.

Romanones, following the immemorial and necessary method of plugging the hole instead of patching it, did the best he could. By one device or another coal production was raised to five million five hundred thousand tons—still one million five hundred thousand tons short of the need. The surplus came from England. By the winter of 1916–1917 the shipping situation became acute. England needed all her colliers for her allies. Spain shivered; factories closed down for want of coal. The embargo on luxuries, ordered by England and France, closed the market to Spanish fruit. Andalusia, in the south, is a great fruit garden. The bottom fell out of things in this district.

Even in Germany and Belgium, the farming class has managed to live pretty well since the war began; it is an axiom of the food controller that he who raises the stuff will eat it. But man connot live by fruit alone. Along the Andalusian roads automobile parties beheld the unusual spectacle of farmers begging for pennies to buy bread. There were other shifts and shortages too numerous for mention. The canning factories of Spain are important. The country does not make its own tin plate. The British supply was needed at home, and the British sea control so worked as to prevent the American supply from reaching Spain. Canning factories began to close.

Romanones in Action

This situation was not general. It was spotted, so to speak. While the Andalusian peasant begged, Barcelona, manufacturing staple products that did not come under the category of necessities of life, waxed prosperous. More money, probably, was in the country than ever before; only it was badly distributed. However, the increased cost of living, and especially of bread, affected everyone. And wages had not risen in proportion.

A revolutionary spirit runs under the surface of Spain, as the Ferrar disturbance showed. The labor unions, though a little disorganized, are lively and quick on the trigger. Last winter they launched one of the general strikes which, in Europe, usually have a mixed political-industrial motive. Had it succeeded it might have become a revolution.

Romanones acted quickly and shrewdly. He suspended the constitutional guaranties, put the country under martial law and arrested the leaders. More to the point, he seized the telegraph and telephone lines and clapped down a rigid press censorship. It was impossible for the strikers in one part of Spain to learn what their fellows were doing in another. The strike fell to pieces as an army falls when the regiments lose touch with each other.

Meantime not only the revolutionary class but the reactionaries harassed Romanones. When President Wilson sent his famous peace note Spain, with a pro-Ally government and with a besetting hope of becoming the mediator, refused to join in. The pro-German press rose up as a body and attacked him. He is a rich man; they charged, among other things, that he had grown richer because of the war; and that he wanted to make money out of the spilled blood of Europe.

One of Romanones' devices is a go-to-the devil assumption of personal independence. "Very well," he said in effect; "this is an ungrateful job. I vastly prefer to hunt on my estates. Let some of the gentlemen of the Opposition try their hand." He placed his resignation and that of his Cabinet in the king's hands. His Majesty and the Cortes hastened to assure him that they wanted Romanones and none other. This show of confidence strengthened him for his drastic action against the general strike.

So things stood at the middle of March. There followed a month without precedent in the history of the world. Russia broke

out and established a republic; the United States entered the war. That Russian revolution had its effect on every radical in Europe; the restlessness it started may lead to heaven knows what in the next few years. Its immediate effect in Spain was a threat of a new general strike, so that Romanones was obliged again to declare martial law. But the drastic measures taken with the first strike had disheartened the revolutionary leaders, and this movement fizzled out.

Much more important, in effect, was the declaration of war at Washington. Mediation? It became most likely that there would be no mediator—that a victorious civilized world would dictate its own terms to a rebel against civilization. The neutral would cut very little figure anywhere. Dependent on the Allies for many of her vital necessities, Spain might expect scant courtesy.

This was the practical side of the situation. But invisible values and sentimental considerations have a greater influence on Spain than on any other European nation; and a strong sentimental consideration arose at once. Latin America began to take our side. Brazil—a country of Portuguese origin, but still within the sphere of Spanish affection—expelled the German Ambassador and got ready for war. The great Argentine Republic, Spain's proudest daughter, prepared to follow. Others indorsed the United States. The daughters had decided for themselves; must not the mother support them or forever lose face?

And Germany, as usual, was spoiling the effect of good propaganda by unnecessarily insolent acts. Besides torpedoing Spanish ships without warning inside the war zone, she was taking shots at them in the safety district. A little heavy-handed touch of the German Chancellery especially offended Spain. When the unlimited submarine policy was decreed, a number of Spanish ships were in British harbors. They stayed in harbor while Spain negotiated for their safe return.

The German answer came at last. The ships would be given safe conduct along a certain route if Spain would promise that they should never carry supplies to the Allies during the present war, and would deposit in a German bank at Madrid five hundred marks a ton, the sum to be forfeited if Spain broke the agreement.

The Resignation of Romanones

Now that condition about keeping away from the Allies was tolerable. Both sides have been making hard terms for neutrals. But why, said the Spaniards, the insolent demand for a cash forfeit? Could not Spanish honor be trusted?

In the middle of April, Romanones acted, indicating the future course of Spanish Liberal policy. He sent a strong note to Germany, a threateningly drastic protest against the sinking of a Spanish ship with loss of life. Simultaneously it was announced that the coal crisis was over. England, in return for iron ore, would make up the Spanish shortage of one million five hundred thousand tons a year. His policy seemed clear. It was to break with Germany—not war, but a rupture of diplomatic relations, so that Spain might stand with the free governments and the rest of the Latin world.

I had just left Spain when Romanones abruptly resigned. I do not know, therefore, what it means; but neither, perhaps, does anyone outside the Spanish Government. But I can guess. It was not a party overture. Romanones will retire to hunt on his estates.

In those periods of ostentatious retirement he is mostly hunting for the scalps of his enemies. It is one of his subtle ways of handling his own people. It is a step toward preparing public opinion for the change. He is leading his people, just as Wilson did during his own period of seeming hesitation. When the time comes, doubtless Romanones will return to power.

So far as a man can prophesy in this crisis, it seems most likely that Spain, sooner or later, will break with Germany, just as it seems most unlikely that she will enter the war. With the break in relations, the pro-German feeling will mostly evaporate. It was not based upon any tie of affection, any instinct.

The Spanish never had enough contact with the Germans to know whether they liked them or not. Partly it rose from ideals, and partly it was artificially created by propaganda. In the crisis this sturdy though curious race, with its exclusiveness of national feeling, will be merely pro-Spanish.

So that German plan for the commercial conquest of South America by way of Spain seems to be running toward failure. And this—if things turn out as I have indicated—is all the more reason why, in our relations with that rich and somewhat neglected continent in the south, we should look toward Spain as a peaceful ally.

ELEANOR F. EGAN—HERSELF

(Concluded from Page 25)

of her highest aspirations and make a clean breast of it. She prided herself on the fact that her thumbs turned out and that she had a square chin. For as long as she could remember she had been trying, with varying degrees of success, to live up to these physiological denotements of strength of character. She would go forth and acknowledge ignorance—a harder thing at nineteen than the acknowledgment of premeditated misdemeanor.

She went first to the offices of the illustrated weekly. It was Leslie's, and the same kindly gentleman who is editing that paper now was editing it then. Mr. Sleicher laughed at her, but not as she expected him to. His laugh had mirth in it where she had expected a kind of lofty scorn. He advised her to go on and finish her pilgrimage of humility to editorial sanctums; to tell the other two editors that she had sold the story to him; and then to go to work as one of his regular contributors.

Miss Franklin was born in Indiana—of course—and was brought up on the popular Indiana brand of virtuous proverbs and adages. Until she had had time and opportunity to accumulate a little refutory experience she believed in all of them except the one which says: "Where a goat is tethered there he must eat." She began early in life to make a careful study of the difficult art of slipping the tether and has acquired considerable skill in it.

After keeping her for nearly three years doing dramatic reviews and things in general Mr. Sleicher was induced to send her to Europe, and when the Russo-Japanese War began he transferred her to the Far East.

At the close of the Russo-Japanese War she was married in Yokohama to Mr. Martin Egan, war correspondent for the Associated Press.

Mr. Egan says that when he married Miss Franklin he promised to "love, honor and furnish transportation." Since her marriage, usually but not always accompanied by Mr. Egan, she has traveled more than three hundred thousand miles and has been in nearly every country on earth, including a few corner pockets like Borneo, the Isles of Spice, and some of the thinner-iced outskirts of the frozen North.

As she is writing this brief sketch herself—on demand!—she is able to testify to the more or less unvarnished character of its accuracy and begs to submit that the space allotted to her is irritatingly inadequate to so interesting a subject. The photograph published herewith was taken in 1916 to go on European war-zone passports.

HOLWORTHY HALL—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 25)

commercial enterprises which require the services of a bland executive; at five-twelve I proceed homeward, buying no newspapers, because on the train I read economics and military science. After dinner, from eight-thirty to ten-thirty, I occasionally write fiction.

Three mornings a week I play golf, sadly but wisely; three evenings a week I devote to the uplifting of the community, through the simple expedient of parochial visits. Sunday mornings I also write fiction. When I have any spare time I play some more golf.

I am twenty-nine years old, a white male of sunny disposition and a nice taste in the matter of books, people and tobacco; I have never yet promoted a mine or split an infinitive in anger; I am married and glad of it. The happiest day of my life was in 1912 when I sold you my first story—no, on second thought, that was next to the happiest day. The happiest day was the one on which I got your check.

U.S. Marines

Soldiers of the Sea

STEADY nerves; cool judgment; instant action! The U. S. Marines serve the anti-aircraft guns, and man the torpedo-defense batteries, on the battleships of the fleet.

As naval gunners their business is to make "bull's-eye" hits; and they do it, as the records show.

Submarine mine-planting is part of their duty afloat.

Ashore—the Marines are first to land—they are infantry, artillery, machine-gun companies. Quick-acting; hard-shooting—at once taking the situation "well in hand."

A foothold is all the Marines ask! They do the rest—supplying their own military engineers, signalmen, radio-operators, aviators; and everything needed to protect and maintain naval advance bases, let the opposition be what it may!

Clean-cut, patriotic Americans, who wish to be the first to fight, are wanted by the Marine Corps and wanted *now*.

* * *

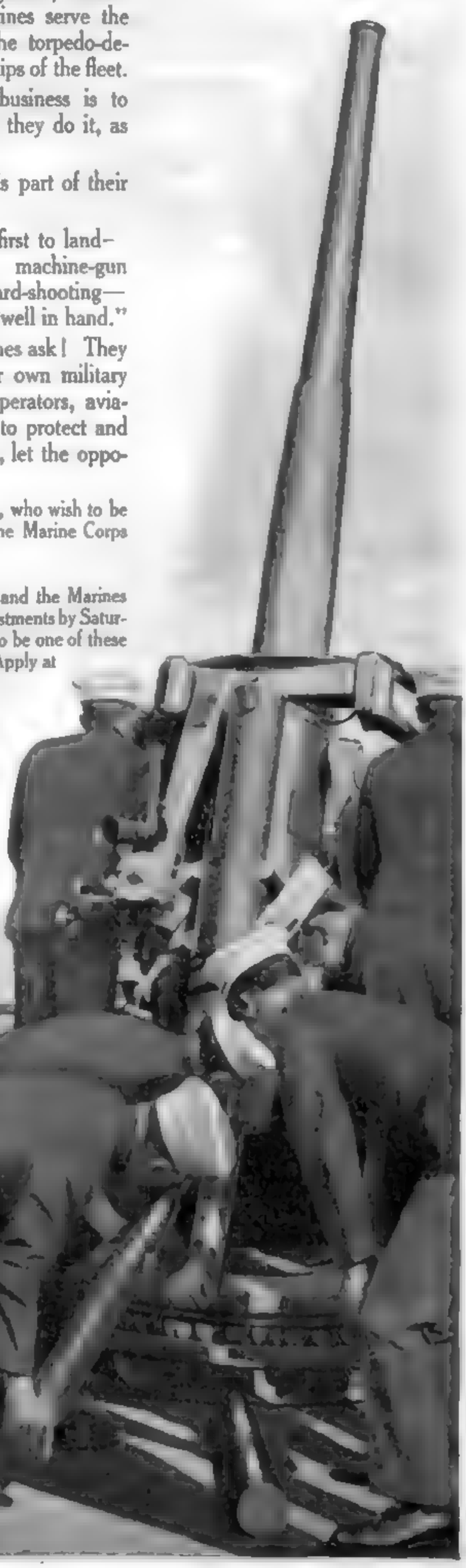
This is *Marine Corps Week*, and the Marines are rolling up "Four Thousand Enlistments by Saturday Night." You have the chance to be one of these Four Thousand honor-roll men! Apply at

Marine Corps Recruiting Stations
in all the principal cities.

Separate from recruiting places of Army or Navy.

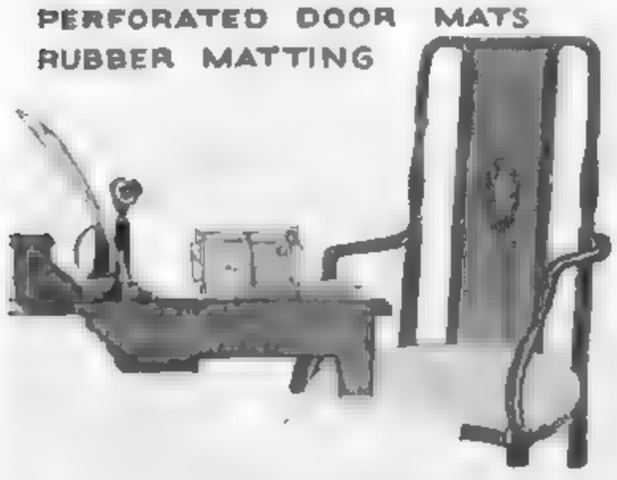
Booklet—"Soldiers of the Sea"—illustrating and describing the service, travels and adventures of the U. S. Marines, sent to any address on receipt of postal card.

U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting
Publicity Bureau
117 East 24th Street
New York



GOODRICH

PERFORATED DOOR MATS
RUBBER MATTING



RUBBER BANDS
ERASERS

PLAYER PIANO TUBING

GOODRICH IN THE AMERICAN HOME

THUS runs a riddle of the nursery:

What is it that is *hard* as *iron*, yet *soft* as *velvet*;
Firm as *rock*, yet *yielding* as *wax*;
Which *grows* to a *giant*, and *shrivels* to a *dwarf*;
And the *more* you *knock it down*, the *faster* it *jumps up?*

All the world knows the *answer.* It is RUBBER, that queer Protean product the B. F. Goodrich Company adapts from Nature in a *thousandfold forms* for a *thousandfold uses* in our homes.

GOODRICH rubber does not need to knock at the door of the American Home for entrance. It is always IN and OF the Home—the ever-present, ever-dependable FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

From *mother* and *father* to baby; from gray-haired grandfather to each romping youngster, it is play-fellow, work-fellow, protector, comforter.

There is this *apt* and *truthful* saying out at Akron, "*Goodrich rubber goes with you from the cradle to the grave.*"

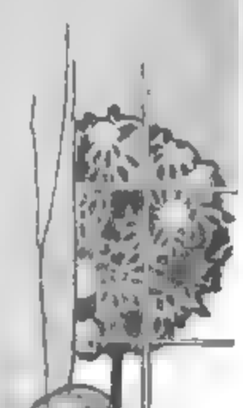
For throughout life, whether you *walk* on TEXTAN SOLES, or *ride* on GOODRICH TIRES; whether you thrill with joy, or suffer with pain and sorrow; Goodrich Rubber, making your path *smoother* and *softer*, *brings you* HOME.

EVERYWHERE *at home* Goodrich Rubber awaits you. As you enter your gate, a Goodrich hose is spraying lawn and garden. A Goodrich mat greets you at the head of the steps.

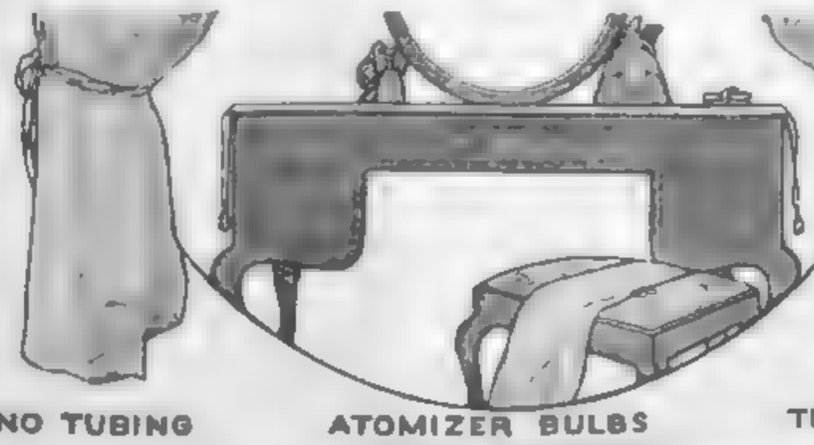
You enter the house, Goodrich rubber at half a hundred posts is busy with half a hundred duties.

Were you to take a census of what Goodrich rubber is doing for your home, its revelations would astound you.

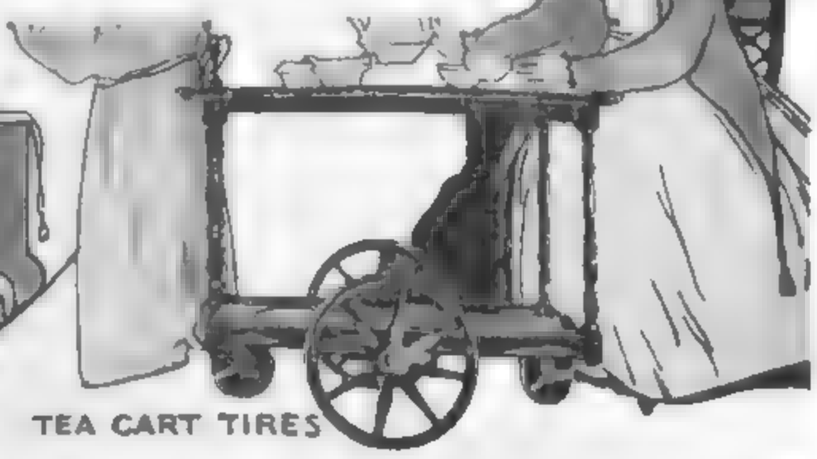
TRADE MARK



PLAYER PIANO TUBING

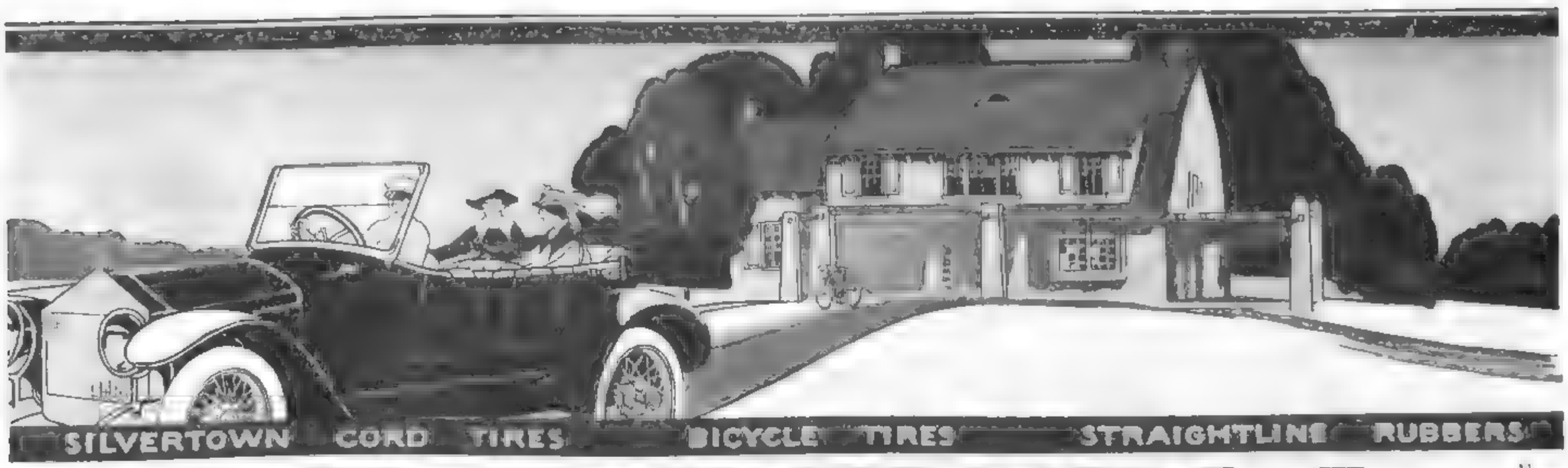


ATOMIZER BULBS
FACIAL BRUSHES



TEA CART TIRES

FAIR LIST PRICES



GOODRICH

TRADE MARK

YOU know, of course, that in your bathroom Goodrich mats, rubber sponges, hose for the spray and shower, plumbing fixtures are Goodrich Rubber: but it is not likely you know that melody is breathed from your player piano on account of Goodrich rubber tubing

You realize that the erasers and rubber bands in your library are Goodrich rubber, but it is not likely you realize the light from your reading lamp comes along Goodrich insulated wire.

You realize that delight from your motor car springs from Goodrich Silvertown Cord or Black Safety Tread tires, but you hardly realize the Goodrich tires on your carpet sweeper and vacuum cleaner.

If it is raining, you remember with relief and satisfaction the waterproof coats, Straightline rubbers and Hipress Boots in your closet, but you rarely think that when you talk over the telephone with your friends and relatives, you are speaking into a Goodrich hard rubber mouthpiece and listening at a Goodrich hard rubber receiver.

GO into the kitchen, and you find Goodrich rubber tiling and rubber carpet are on the floor; Goodrich rubber brushes for cleaning bottles and rubber gloves for washing dishes, Goodrich rubber drain mats are at the sink.

Go into the bedroom, and you turn on the electric light with a Goodrich hard rubber key, and Goodrich insulated wire.

Go into the nursery and the children play with Goodrich rubber balls.

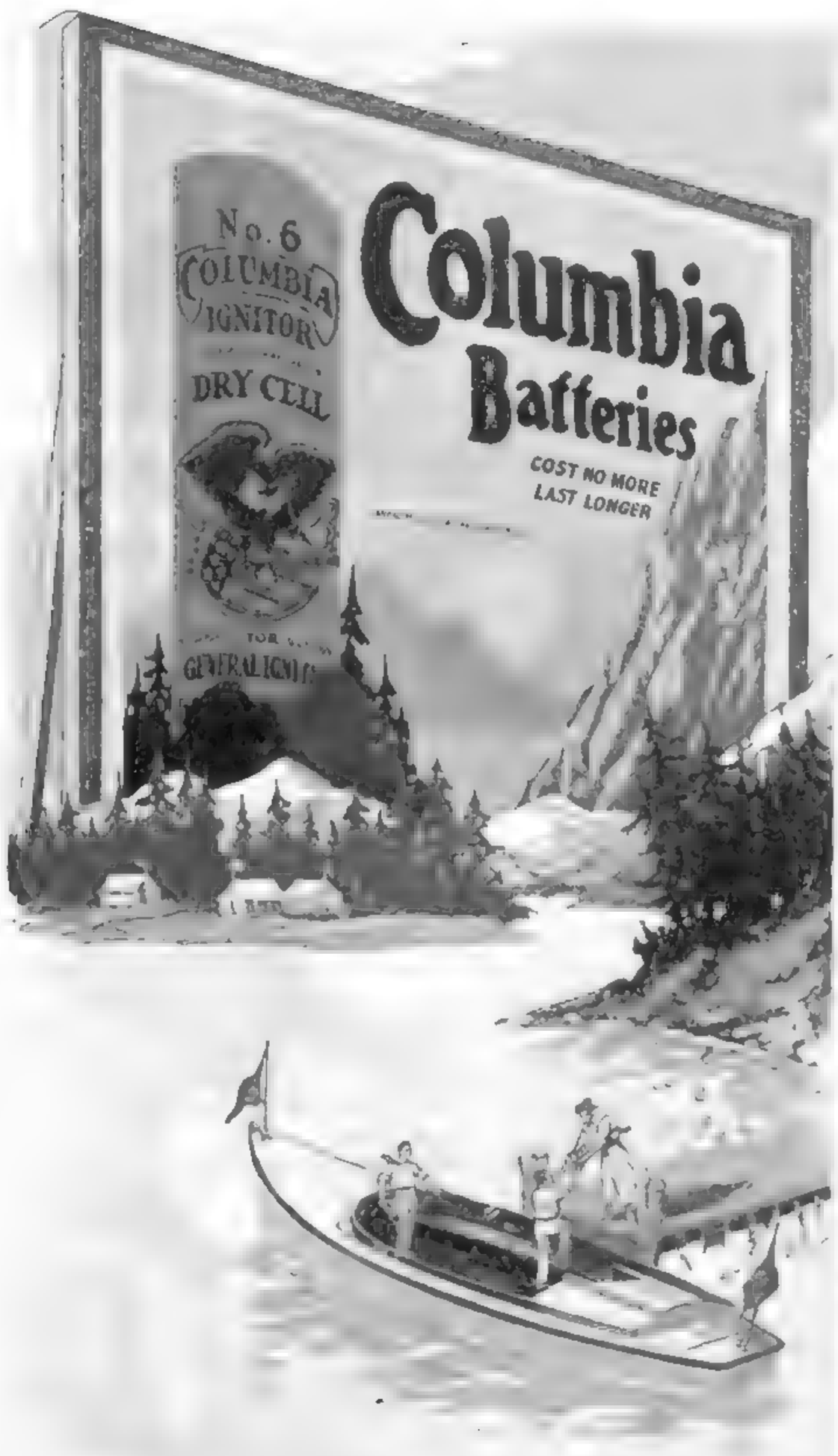
All over the household there is this *realized* and *unrealized* dependence on Goodrich rubber.

Because it is the Silent Servant in the House, saving mother many a step, easing the work on her hands, and sparing her nerves; because it is playfellow of the young and comforter of the old; because it binds the home with a clinging, pliant band of service, GOODRICH is RUBBER to the *American Home.*

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

KATHERINE SOUTHWICK

FAIR TREATMENT



Far out over the water is no place to discover that your batteries have failed. *Before* you leave the safe haven of the shore—not after—make sure that dependability's other name—"Columbia"—is lettered on every cell.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited Toronto, Ontario.

Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no extra charge.

Columbia Batteries

THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 23)

deep leather armchairs showed the effect of contact with two generations of moneyed backs; on the walls the lithographed heads of Brews and Borrodailes bore witness to the firm's respectability. In the atmosphere a faint odor of tobacco emphasized the human associations.

Cousin Andrew emphasized them too. "Now!" He put down the receiver and turned to Hugh with an air of relief at being able to give him his attention. He was a tall thin man with a head like a nut. It would have been an expressionless nut had it not been for a facile tight-lipped smile that creased his face as stretching creases rubber. Coming and going rapidly it gave him the appearance of the soul of mirth, creating at each end of a long mobile mouth two concentric semicircles cutting deep into the cheeks that would have been of value to a low comedian. A slate-colored morning suit, a white piqué edge to the opening of the waistcoat, a slate-colored tie with a pearl in it, emphasized the union of dignity and lightness which were the keynotes to Cousin Andrew's character. Blended as they were they formed a delightfully debonair combination, bringing down to your own level a man who was somebody in the world of finance. It was part of his endearing quality that he liked you to see him as a jolly good fellow no whit better than yourself. He was fond of gossip and of the lighter topics of the moment. He was also fond of dancing, and frequented most of the gatherings, private and public, for the cultivation of that art which was the vogue of the year before the Great War. With his tall limber figure he passed for less than his age of forty-three till you got him at close quarters.

On the genial "Now!" in which there was an inflection of command Hugh went on with his tale, telling of his breach with his father, and his determination to go into business for himself.

"I ought to be independent anyhow at my age," he declared. "I've my own views, and it's only right to confess to you that I'm a bit of a Socialist. That won't make any difference, however, to our working together, Cousin Andrew, for, to make a long story short, I've looked in to tell you that I've come to the place where I should like to accept your kind offer."

The statement was received with cheerful detachment, while Cousin Andrew threw himself forward with his arms on his desk, rubbing his long thin hands together.

"My kind offer? What was that?"

Hugh was slightly dashed.

"About my coming to you if ever I wanted to go into business."

"Oh! You're going into business?"

Hugh named the places and dates at which, during the past few years, Cousin Andrew had offered his help to his young kinsman if ever it was needed.

Cousin Andrew tossed himself back in his chair with one of his brisk, restless movements.

"Did I say that? Well, if I did I'll stick to it." There was another tinkle at the telephone. "Excuse me."

Hugh had time for reflection and some irritation. He had not expected to be thrust into the place of a petitioner, or to have to make explanations galling to his pride. He had counted not only on his cousinship, but on his position in the world as J. Howard Brokenshire's son. It seemed to him that Cousin Andrew was disposed to undervalue that.

"I don't want to hold you to anything you don't care for, Cousin Andrew," he began, when his relative had again put the receiver aside, "but I understood ——"

"Oh, that's all right. I've no doubt I said it. I do recall something of the sort, vaguely, at a time when I thought your father might want —— In any case we can fix you up. Sure to be something you can do. When'd you like to begin?"

Hugh expressed his willingness to be put into office at once.

"Just so. Turn you over to old Williamson. He licks the young ones into shape. Suppose your father'll think it hard of us to go against him. But on the other hand he may be pleased—he'll know you're in safe hands."

It was a delicate thing for Hugh to attempt, but as he was going into business not from an irresistible impulse toward a financial career, but in order to make enough money to marry on, he felt obliged to ask, in such terms as he could command, how much money he should make.

"Just so!" Cousin Andrew took up the receiver again. "Want to speak to Mr. Williamson. . . . Oh, Williamson, how much is Duffers getting now? . . . And how much before that? . . . Good! Thanks!"

The result of these investigations was communicated to Hugh. He should receive Duffers' pay, and when he had earned it should come in for Duffers' promotion. The immediate effect was to make him look startled and blank. "What?" was his only question; but it contained several shades of incredulity.

Cousin Andrew took this dismay in good part.

"Why, what did you expect?"

Hugh could only stammer:

"I thought it would be more."

"How much more?"

Hugh sought an answer that wouldn't betray the ludicrous figure of his hopes.

"Well, enough to live on as a married man at least."

The banker's good nature was proved by the creases of his rubber smile.

"What did you think you'd be worth to us—with no backing from your father?"

The question was of the kind commonly called a poser. Hugh had not, so I understood from him, hitherto thought of his entering his kinsfolks' banking house as primarily a matter of earning capacity. It wasn't to be like working for "any old firm." He had prefigured it as becoming a component part of a machine that turned out money of which he would get his share, that share being in proportion to the dignity of the house itself and bearing a relation to his blood connection with the dominating partners. When Cousin Andrew had repeated his question Hugh was obliged to reply:

"I wasn't thinking of that so much as of what you'd be worth to me."

"We could be worth a good deal to you in time."

There was a ray of hope.

"How long a time?"

"Oh, twenty or thirty years perhaps, if you work and save. Of course if you had capital to bring in—but you haven't, have you? Didn't Cousin Sophy, your mother, leave everything to your father? I thought so. Mind you, I'm putting out of the question all thought of your father's coming round and putting money in for you. I'm talking of the thing on the ground on which you've put it."

Hugh had no heart to resent the quirks and grimaces in Cousin Andrew's smile. He had all he could do in taking his leave in a way to save his face and cast the episode behind him. The banker lent himself to this effort with good-humored grace, accompanying his relative to the door of the room, where he shook him by the shoulder as he turned the knob.

"Thought you'd go right in as a director? Not the first youngster who's had that idea, and you'll not be the last. Good-by. Let me hear from you if you change your mind." He called after him, as the door was about to close: "Best try to fix it up with your father, Hugh. As for the girl—well, there'll be others, and more in your line."

IX

ON THAT first morning I got no more than the gist of what had happened during Hugh's visit to his Cousin Andrew Brew. Hugh announced it in fact by a metaphor as soon as we had exchanged greetings and he had sat down at the table with his arm over Gladys' shoulder.

"Well, little Alix, I got it where the chicken got the ax."

"Where was that?" I asked innocently, for the figure of speech was new to me.

"In the neck."

Neither of us laughed. His tone was so lugubrious as to preclude laughing. But I understood. I may say that by the time he had given me the outline of what he had to say I understood more than he. I might have seen poor Hugh's limitations before; but I never had. During the old life in Halifax I had known plenty of young men brought up in comfort who couldn't earn a living when the time came to do it. If I had never classed Hugh among the number, it was because the Brokenshires were all so rich that I supposed they must have some

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secret prescription for wringing money from the air. Besides, Hugh was an American; and American and money were words I was accustomed to pronounce together. I never questioned his ability to have any reasonable income he named—till now. Now I began to see him as he must have seen himself during those first few minutes after turning his back on the parental haven, alone and in the dark.

I cannot say that for the moment I had any of the qualms of fear. My yearning over him was too motherly for that. I wanted to comfort and, as far as possible, to encourage him. Something within me whispered, too, the words "It's going to be up to me." I meant—or that which spoke in me meant—that the whole position was reversed. I had been taking my ease hitherto, believing that the strong young man who had asked me to marry him would do the necessary work. It was to be up to him. My part was to be the passive bliss of having someone to love me and maintain me. That Hugh loved me I knew; that in one way or another he would be able to maintain me I took for granted. With a Brokenshire, I assumed, that would be the last of cares. And now I saw in a flash that I was wrong; that I who was nothing but a parasite by nature would somehow have to give my strong young man support.

When all was said that he could say at the moment I took the responsibility of sending Gladys indoors with the maid who was waiting on the table, after which I asked Hugh to walk down the lawn with me. A stone balustrade ran above the Cliff Walk, and here was a bit of shrubbery where no one could observe us from the house, while passers on the Cliff Walk could see us only by looking upward. At that hour in the morning even they were likely to be rare.

"Hugh, darling," I said, "this is becoming very, very serious. You're throwing yourself out of house and home and your father's good will for my sake. We must think about it, Hugh ——"

His answer was to seize me in his arms—we were sufficiently screened from view—and crush his lips against mine in a way that made speech impossible.

Again I must make a confession. It was his doing that sort of thing that paralyzed my judgment. You will blame me, perhaps, but oh, reader, have you any idea of what it is never to have had a man wild to kiss you before? Never before to have had anyone adore you? Never before to have been the greatest of all blessings to so much as the least among his brethren? The experience was new to me. I had no rule of thumb by which to measure it. I could only think that the man who wanted me with so mad a desire must have me, no matter what reserves I might have preferred to make on my own account.

I struggled, however, and with some success. For the first time I clearly perceived that occasions might arise in which, between love and marriage, one might have to make a distinction. Ethel Rossiter's dictum came back to me: "People can't go about marrying everyone they love, now can they?" It came to me as a terrible possibility that I might be doomed to love Hugh all my life, and equally doomed to refuse him. If I didn't, the responsibilities would be "up to me." If besides loving him I were to accept him and marry him, it would be for me to see that the one possible condition was fulfilled. I should have to bring J. Howard to his knees.

When he got breath to say anything it was with a mere hot muttering into my face, as he held me with my head thrown back:

"I know what I'm doing, little Alix. You mustn't ask me to count the cost. The cost only makes you the more precious. Since I have to suffer for you I'll suffer, but I'll never give you up. Do you take me for a fellow who'd weigh money or comfort in the balances with you?"

"No, Hugh," I whispered. His embrace was enough to strangle me.

"Well, then, never ask me to think about this thing again. I've thought all I'm going to. As I mean to get you anyhow, little Alix, you may as well promise now, this very minute, that whatever happens you'll be my wife."

But I didn't promise. First I got him to release me on the ground that some bathers, after a dip at Eastons Beach, were going by, with their heads on a level with our feet. Then I asked the natural question:

"What do you think of doing now?"

He said he was going to let no mushrooms spring in his footsteps, and that he was taking a morning train for New York. He talked about bankers and brokers and moneyed things in general in a way I couldn't follow, though I could see that in spite of Cousin Andrew Brew's rejection he still expected great things of himself. Like me, he seemed to feel that there was a faculty for conjuring money in the very name of Brokenshire. Never having known what it was to be without as much money as he wanted, never having been given to suppose that such an eventuality could come to pass, it was perhaps not strange that he should consider his power of commanding a large income to be in the nature of things. Bankers and brokers would be glad to have him as their associate from the mere fact that he was his father's son.

I endeavored to throw a cup of cold water on too much certainty, by saying:

"But, Hugh dear, won't you have to begin at the beginning? Wasn't that what your Cousin Andrew Brew ——?"

"Cousin Andrew Brew is an ass. He's one great big Boston stick-in-the-mud. He wouldn't know which side his bread was buttered on, not if it was buttered on both."

"Still," I persisted, "you'll have to begin at the beginning."

"Well, I shouldn't be the first."

"No, but you might be the first to do it with a clog round his feet in the shape of a person like me. How many years did your cousin say—twenty or thirty, wasn't it?"

"R-rot, little Alix!" He brought out the interjection with a contemptuous roll. "It might be twenty or thirty years for a numskull like Duffers, but for me! There are ways by which a man who's in the business already, as you might say, goes skimming over the ground the common herd have to tramp. Look at the gentleman-rankers in your own army. They enlist as privates, and in two or three years they're in the officers' mess with a commission. That comes of their education and ——"

"That's often true, I admit. I've known of several cases in my own experience. But even two or three years ——"

"Wouldn't you wait for me?"

He asked the question with a sharpness that gave me something like a stab.

"Yes, of course, Hugh, if I promised you. And yet to bind you by such a promise doesn't seem to me fair."

"I'll take care of that," he declared manfully. "As a matter of fact, when father sees how determined I am, he'll only be too happy to do the handsome thing and come down with the brass."

"You think he's bluffing then?" I threw some conviction into my tone as I added "I don't."

"He's not bluffing to his own knowledge; but he is ——"

"To yours. But isn't it his knowledge that we've got to go by? We must expect the worst, even if we hope for the best."

"And what it all comes to is ——"

"Is that you're facing a very hard time, Hugh, and I don't feel that I can accept the responsibility of encouraging you to do it."

"But, good Lord, Alix, you're not encouraging me. It's the other way round. You're a perfect wet blanket; you're an ice-water shower. I'm doing this thing on my own ——"

"You know, Hugh, I've seen your father since you went away."

His face brightened.

"Good! And did he show any signs of tacking to the wind?"

"Not a bit. He said you would be ruined, and that I should ruin you."

"The deuce you will! That's where he's got the wrong number, poor old dad! I hope you told him you would marry me—and let him have it straight."

I made no reply to that, going on to tell him all that was said as to bringing J. Howard to his knees.

He roared with ironic laughter.

"You did have the gall!"

"Then you think they'll never, never accept me?"

"Not that way; not beforehand."

Hot rage rose within me, against him and them and this scorn of my personality.

"I think they will."

"Not on your life! Dad wouldn't do it, not if I was on my deathbed and needed you to come and raise me up. Milly is the only one; and even she thinks I'm the craziest idiot ——"

"Very well, then, Hugh," I said quickly; "I'm afraid we must consider it all ——"

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How the Hudson Super-Six Proved Itself a Life Car

The gruelling tests, in which Hudson won many worth-while records, were not made to prove a race-car.

The Hudson is a home car—a family car—for modest speeds, for average men, on ordinary roads.

Yet it holds the stock chassis speed records. In its 1819-mile run in 24 hours, a stock Super-Six chassis broke every 24-hour record held by any traveling machine. The 7-passenger Super-Six twice won the transcontinental record—San Francisco to New York and return in a 7,000-mile trip. And less spectacular, though just as convincing, is the performance made in every locality under every imaginable condition.

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A Hudson Super-Six Special, built to meet the special conditions, demonstrated power and endurance, in making the best time to the "Top of the World" in the Pike's Peak Hill Climb. Twenty cars, all specials, contested.

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Imperial Chemical Co.

Grand Rapids Michigan

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He gathered me into his arms as he had done before, and once more stopped my protests. Once more, too, I yielded to this masculine argument.

"For you and me there's nothing but love," he murmured, with his cheek pressed close against mine.

"Oh, no, Hugh," I managed to say, when I had struggled free. "There's honor—and perhaps there's pride." It gave some relief to what I conceived of as the humiliation he unconsciously heaped on me to be able to add: "As a matter of fact, pride and honor, in me, are as inseparable as the oxygen and hydrogen that go to make up water."

He was obliged to leave it there, since he had no more than the time to catch his train for New York. It was, however, the sense of pride and honor that calmed my nerves when Mrs. Rossiter asked me to take little Gladys to see her grandfather in the afternoon. I had done it from time to time all through the summer, but not since Hugh had declared his love for me. If I went now, I reasoned, it would have to be on a new footing; and if it was on a new footing something might come of the visit in spite of my fears.

We started a little after three, as Gladys had to be back in time for her early supper and bed. Chips, the wire-haired terrier, was nominally at our heels, but actually nosing the shrubbery in front of us, or scouring the lawns on our right with a challenging bark to any of his kind who might be within earshot to come down and contest our passage. *"Qu'il est drôle, ce Chips! N'est-ce-pas, mademoiselle?"* Gladys would exclaim from time to time, to which I would make some suitable and instructive rejoinder.

Her hand was in mine; her eyes as they laughed up at me were of the color of the blue convolvulus. In her little smocked liberty silk, with a leghorn hat trimmed with a wreath of tiny roses, she made me yearn for that bassinette between which and myself there were such stormy seas to cross. Everything was to be up to me. That was the great solemnity from which my mind couldn't get away. I was to be the David to confront Goliath, without so much as a sling or a stone. What I was to do, and how I was to do it, I knew no more than I knew of commanding an army. I could only take my stand on the maxim of which I was making a foundation stone. I went so far as to believe that if I did right more right would unfold itself. It would be like following a trail through a difficult wood, a trail of which you observe all the notches and steps and signs, sometimes with misgiving, often with the fear that you're astray, but on which a moment arrives when you see with delight that you're coming out to the clearing. So I argued as I prattled with Gladys of such things as were in sight, of ships and lobster pots and little dogs, giving her a new word as occasion served, and trying to keep my mind from terrors and remote anticipations.

If you know Newport at all you know J. Howard Brokenshire's place in the neighborhood of Ochre Point. Anyone would name it as you passed by. J. Howard didn't build the house; he bought it from some people who, it seemed, hadn't found in Newport the hospitality of which they were in search. It is gloomy and fortresslike, as if the architect had planned a Palazzo Strozzi which he hadn't the courage to carry out. That it is incongruous with its surroundings goes without saying; but then it is not more incongruous than anything else. I had been long enough in America to see that for the man who could build on American soil a house which would have some relation to its site—as they can do in Mexico, and as we do to a lesser degree in Canada—fame and fortune would be in store.

The entrance hall was baronial and richly Italianate. One's first impressions were of gilding and red damask. When one's eye lighted on a chest or settle, one could smell the stale incense in a Sienese or Pisan sacristy. At the foot of the great stairway ebony slaves held gilded torches in which were electric lights.

Both the greyhounds came sniffing to meet Chips, and J. Howard, who had seen our approach across the lawn as we came from the Cliff Walk, emerged from the library to welcome his grandchild. He wore a suit of light gray check, and was as imposingly handsome as usual. Gladys ran to greet him with a childish cry. On seizing her he tossed her into the air and kissed her.

I stood in the middle of the hall, waiting. On previous occasions I had done the same thing; but then I had not been, as one might say, "introduced." I wondered if he would acknowledge the introduction now or give me a glance. But he didn't. Setting Gladys down, he took her by the hand and returned to the library.

There was nothing new in this. It had happened to me before. Left like an empty motor car till there was need for me again, I had sometimes seated myself in one of the huge ecclesiastical hall chairs, and sometimes, if the door chanced to be open, had wandered out to the veranda. As it was open this afternoon, I strolled toward the glimpse of green lawn and the sparkle of blue sea which gleamed at the end of the hall.

It was a possibility I had foreseen. Mrs. Brokenshire might be there. I might get into further touch with the mystery of her heart.

Mrs. Brokenshire was not on the veranda, but Mrs. Billing was. She was seated in a low easy-chair, reading a French novel, and had been smoking cigarettes. An inlaid oriental taboret, on which were a gold cigarette case and an ash tray, stood beside her on the red-tiled floor.

I had forgotten all about her, as seemingly she had forgotten about me. Her surprise in seeing me appear was not greater than mine at finding her. Instinctively she took up her lorgnette which was lying in her lap, but put it down without using it.

"So it's you," was her greeting.

"I beg your pardon, madam," I stammered respectfully. "I didn't know there was anybody here."

I was about to withdraw when she said commandingly:

"Wait." I waited, while she went on: "You're a little spitfire. Did you know it?"

The voice was harsh, with the Quaker drawl I have noticed in the older generation of Philadelphians; but the tone wasn't hostile. On the contrary there was something in it that invited me to play up. I played up demurely, however, saying, with a more emphatic respectfulness:

"No, madam; I didn't."

"Well, you can know it now. Who are you?" She made the quaint little gesture with which I have seen English princesses summon those they wished to talk to. "Come over here where I can get a look at you."

I moved nearer, but she didn't ask me to sit down. In answer to her question I said simply: "I'm a Canadian."

"Oh, a Canadian! That's neither fish, flesh nor fowl. It's nothing."

"No, madam, nothing but a point of view."

"What do you mean by that?"

I repeated something of my father's:

"The point of view of the Englishman who understands America or of the American who understands England, as one chooses to put it. The Canadian is the only person who does both."

"Oh, indeed? I'm not a Canadian—and yet I flatter myself I know my England pretty well."

I made so bold as to smile dimly.

"Knowing and understanding are different things, madam, aren't they? The Canadian understands America because he is an American; he understands England because he is an Englishman. It's only of him that that can be said. You're quite right when you label him a point of view rather than a citizen or a subject."

"I didn't label him anything of the kind. I don't know anything about him, and I don't care. What are you besides being a Canadian?"

"Nothing, madam," I said humbly.

"Nothing? What do you mean?"

"I mean that there's nothing about me, that I have or am, that I don't owe to my country."

"Oh, stuff! That's the way we used to talk in the United States forty years ago."

"That's the way we talk in Canada still, madam and feel."

"Oh, well, you'll get over it as we did when you're more of a people."

"Most of us would prefer to be less of a people, and not get over it."

She put up her lorgnette.

"Who was your father? What sort of people do you come from?"

I tried to bring out my small store of personal facts, but she paid them no attention. When I said that my father had been a judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia I might have been calling him a voivode of Montenegro or the president of a zemstvo.

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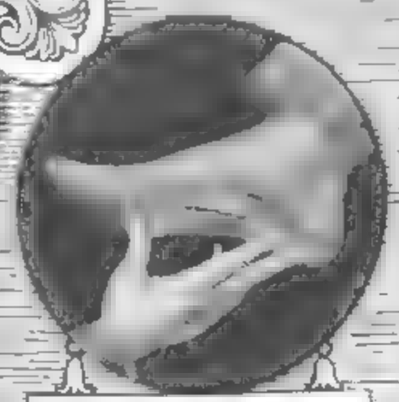
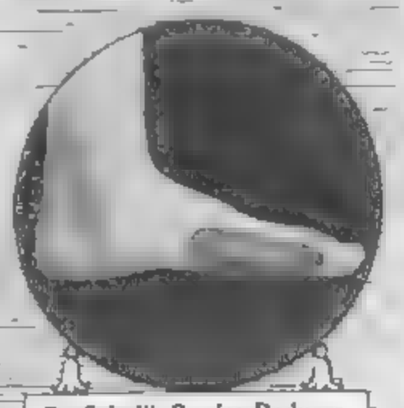
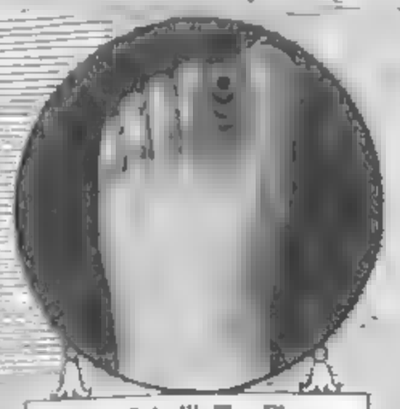


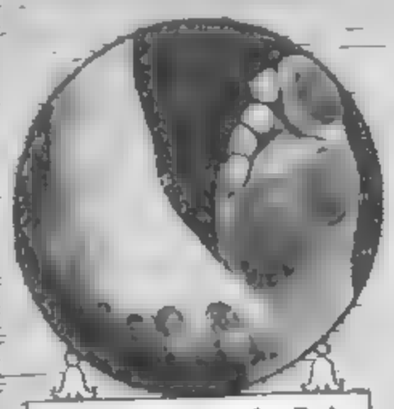
Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer
Eases the [illegible] Relieves tired, aching [illegible] cramped feet, weak [illegible] Worn in your regular shoes. Price $2.50 pair.



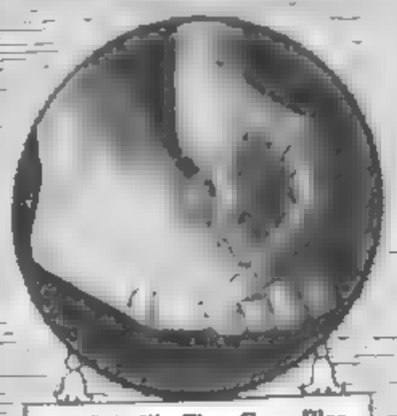
Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer.
Instantly relieves bunions and enlarged joints. Fits snugly and [illegible] shoe. Can be worn in [illegible] Formerly 50c. each.



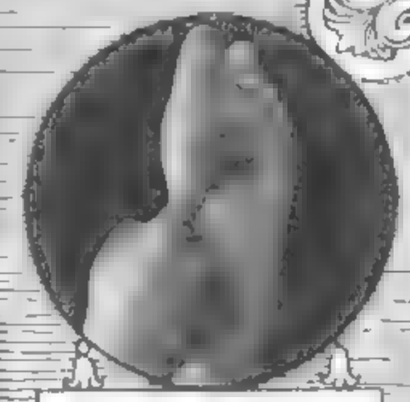
Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex
Corrects [illegible] and straightens the [illegible] Extremely comfortable. Made in three sizes. 50c. each.



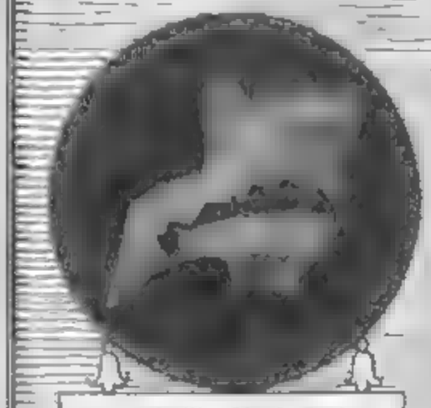
Dr. Scholl's Absorbo Pads.
Instant relief from corns, callouses and tender joints. Made of rubber. All sizes, 10, 15 and 25c.



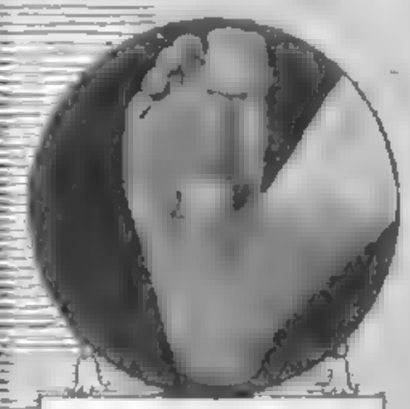
Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters instantly relieve corns, removing them in 48 hours. Three treatments 10c. Nine treatments 25c.



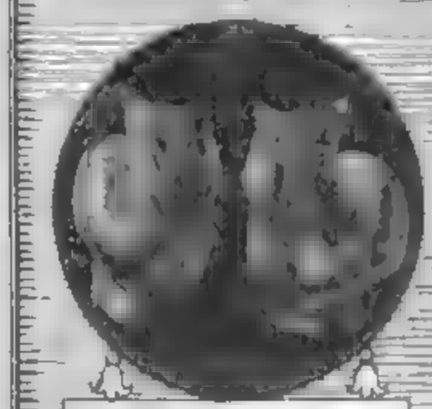
Have you pain, callouses, tenderness or cramps there? Dr. Scholl's Anterior Metatarsal Arch Support brings quick relief. $2.50 to $3.50 pr.



Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushion Gives the heel a springy bed to rest upon. Induces ease when standing or walking. 35c. per pair.



Dr. Scholl's Bunion Spring. For [illegible] and overlapping toe. Worn at night. $1.00 each.



Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads prevent running over and [illegible] heels. Correct faulty walking. For men and women, 25c. pair.

Home Treatment. Dr. Scholl's "3" Necessities. 1. Pedico Foot Soap. 2. Antiseptic Foot Powder. 3. Pedico Foot Balm—keep feet comfortable. 25c each.

"Watch Your Feet"

BLUE STREAKS

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFFICE

Why Some Dealers Don't Handle Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tires

Bicycle riders have been paying too much for their tires. And the tires have not been good enough.

High profits have been to blame.

And too many brands of tires, too.

But now Goodyear comes out with a really good tire—the Blue Streak—which costs the rider only $3.25 each. It is as good as some other tires that cost $5.00 each, and better than most that equal it in price.

It means big savings for the rider.

Naturally, some dealers refuse to handle Goodyear Blue Streaks. They want a higher profit on each tire.

But those dealers who *do* sell you Blue Streaks—and there are many of them—place your satisfaction ahead of their own profit.

Find the Goodyear dealer in your town. The fact that he has Blue Streaks for sale means he is a square-deal merchant.

When a gypsy peddler sells you a horse, he probably does not plan on seeing you again. He wants to make one sale—and plenty of profit. Never mind about your satisfaction.

The Goodyear Dealer sells you better bicycle tires cheaper.' He *wants* to see you again—often. He wants to keep you as a permanent customer. Goodyear Blue Streaks help him do this.

Long Wear Pleases Dad

You will find your Goodyear Blue Streaks wearing a good long time. There are many miles of happy travel in these tough, rugged tires, built with two, stout reinforcing strips of fabric beneath the tread. The strong two-ply tire body has wonderful durability. Such a long-wearing tire is most economical.

Springy Tires Make Pedaling Fun

No boy likes to push a bicycle with heavy, clumsy tires. So Goodyear Blue Streaks are made of fine two-ply fabric carried in lively rubber. That gives you strength and extreme lightness in your tire. Such a resilient tire makes pedaling easy. The tire shares the job with your legs.

Non-Skid Treads Save Side-Slipping

Goodyear Blue Streaks are made with sharp-edged blocks of rugged rubber that bite the ground like teeth, in travel. Side-slipping is prevented. Besides, these stout rubber blocks add to the life of the tire. Press your thumb on a Blue Streak Tread. You can feel the "bite."

Handsome Tires—Show Your Friends

Blue Streaks are good-looking as well as long-wearing and easy-riding. They put your bike on parade—make it look like new. You will know Goodyear Blue Streaks by the smart Blue Streak on each side of the tire.

See your Goodyear Dealer or write The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, for his address.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

(Continued from Page 62)

It was too remote from herself for her mind to take in. I could see her, however, examining my features, my hands, my dress, with the shrewd sharp eyes of a connoisseur in feminine appearance.

She broke into the midst of my recital with the words:

"You can't be in love with Hugh Brokenshire."

Fearing attack from an unexpected quarter, I clasped my hands with some emotion.

"Oh, but, madam, why not?"

The reply nearly knocked me down.

"Because you're too sensible a girl. He's as stupid as an owl."

"He's very good and kind," was all I could find to say.

"Yes; but what's that? A girl like you needs more than a man who's only good and kind. Heavens above, you'll want some spice in your life!"

I maintained my meek air, as I said:

"I could do without the spice if I could be sure of bread and butter."

"Oh, if you're marrying for a home let me tell you you won't get it. Hugh'll never be able to offer you one, and his father wouldn't let him if he was."

I decided to be bold.

"But you heard what I said the other day, madam. I expect his father to come round."

She uttered the queer cackle that was like a hen when it crows.

"Oh, you do, do you? You don't know Howard Brokenshire. You could break him more easily than you could bend him—and you can't break him. Good Lord, girl, I've tried."

"But I haven't," I returned quietly. "Now I'm going to."

"How? What with? You can't try if you've nothing to try on."

"I have."

"For heaven's sake—what?"

I was going to say "Right"; but I knew it would sound sententious. I had been sententious enough in talking about my country. Now I only smiled.

"You must let me keep that as a secret," I answered mildly.

She gave herself what I can only call a hitch in her chair.

"Then may I be there to see."

"I hope you may be, madam."

"Oh, I'll come," she cackled. "Don't worry about that. Just let me know. You'll have to fight like the devil. I suppose you know that."

I replied that I did.

"And when it's all over you'll have got nothing for your pains."

"I shall have had the fight."

She looked hard at me before speaking.

"Good girl!" The tone was that of a spectator who calls out "Good hit!" or "Good shot!" at a game. "If that's all you want ——"

"No; I want Hugh."

"Then I hope you won't get him. He's as big a dolt as his father, and that's saying a great deal." Terrified, I glanced over my shoulder at the house, but she went on imperturbably: "Oh, I know he's in there; but what do I care? I'm not saying anything behind his back that I haven't said to his face. He doesn't bear me any malice, either, I'll say that for him."

"Nobody could ——" I began deferentially.

"Nobody had better. But that's neither here nor there. All I'm telling you is to have nothing to do with Hugh Brokenshire. Never mind the money; what you need is a husband with brains. Don't I know? Haven't I been through it? My husband was kind and good, just like Hugh Brokenshire—and, Oh Lord! The sins of the father are visited on the children too. Look at my daughter—pretty as a picture and not the brains of a white mouse." She nodded at me fiercely. "You're my kind. I can see that. Mind what I say—and be off."

She turned abruptly to her book, hitching her chair a little away from me. Accepting my dismissal I said in the third person, as though I was speaking to a royalty:

"Madam flatters me too much; but I'm glad I intruded for the minute just to hear her say that."

I had made my curtsy and reached the door leading inward when she called after me:

"You're a puss. Do you know it?"

Not feeling it necessary to respond in words, I merely smiled over my shoulder and entered the house.

In one of the big chairs I waited a half hour before J. Howard came out of the library with his grandchild. He had given her a doll which she hugged in her left arm, while her right hand was in his. The farewell scene was pretty, and took place in the middle of the hall.

"Now run away," he said genially, after much kissing and petting, "and give my love to mamma."

He might have been shooing the sweet thing off into the air. There was no reference whatever to anyone to take care of her. His eyes rested on me, but only as they rested on the wall behind me. I must say it was well done—if one has to do that sort of thing at all. Feeling myself, as his regard swept me, no more than a part of the carved ecclesiastical chair to which I stood clinging, I wondered how I was ever to bring this man to seeing me.

I debated the question inwardly while I chatted with Gladys on the way homeward. I was obliged, in fact, to brace myself, to reason it out again that right was self-propagating and wrong necessarily sterile. Right I figured as a way which seemed to finish in a blind alley or cul-de-sac, but which, as one neared what seemed to be its end, led off in a new direction. Nearing the end of that there would be still a new lead, and so one would go on.

And, sure enough, the new lead came within the next half hour, though I didn't recognize it for what it was till afterward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE TOTAL BEWITCHER

(Continued from Page 12)

blame you. If I gave up the stage for you you'd gloat, gloat, gloat! I would hatpin you. And when we both grew old we would sit by the fire and gloat, gloat, gloat! When a woman is young she has love to offer; when she is old she has only memories—and her snuffbox! I propose to have something more. Let us be hope-to-die honest. Don't you really want to go?"

"I want a magic carpet, so I can dig in Argentina by day and play with you in the evening."

"You've answered." Mouse returned to the breakfast table.

"And you fancy you are going dancing back before a crowd of ——"

"I know I am! That is all there is to it." Mouse picked up the morning paper and began reading market reports aloud: "Kidney beans—quiet. Rutabaga—agitated. Endive—hysterical. Alligator pears—prickly."

"Mouse, stop that nonsense! Let's compromise. Say I go for six months and you wait in Bermuda; and ——"

"You go for two years and I'll wait in Hoop-La!"

"No!" Telfain looked at his watch.

"Go along! I must see Essenwein about my frocks," Mouse commanded. "Kiss me, first. Oh, Telfain, we're so sensible! We are never going to have to call on the first aid to the ennuied."

Telfain kissed her.

"Do I bore you now?" he asked slowly.

"Not now, or I you, perhaps. But it's inevitable!"

Memories of the tight slipper and the empty orchestra chair—and Serna—held her to the decision. Better force her issue and have Telfain fly back by return steamer, while she ruthlessly broke contracts with Essenwein & Sons, than merely to talk and do nothing. Blood was necessary, Mouse told herself grimly.

"Well, I'm off!" he remarked.

"I'll have your trunks brought up."

"You do mean it, then—really?"

"It is playing safe. Even if you come home and I retire in the middle of the season—we must start! We both need to be a little unhappy—a sort of spring tonic."

"I want you so much more than I want Argentina that the little *Wanderlust* can be snuffed out in a jiffy."

"Ah, then start, darlint! That's the surest way to snuff it."

Mouse and Coventry Cabana faced each other in Telfain's "brain cell" as the clock chimed ten.

KROEHLER
Bed Davenports

Give 24-Hour Service

They serve in the capacity of a beautiful, artistic davenport during the day time; as a luxuriously comfortable, sanitary, full-size bed at night.

No home or apartment is completely furnished without the Kroehler Kodav or the Kroehler Daveno.

The Kroehler Kodav is a short davenport for small rooms and the Kroehler Daveno is a long davenport for large rooms.

Each contains concealed under the seat a full size, comfortable bed with a *thick removable* mattress. The bed section folds or unfolds instantly—and provides additional sleeping room for members of your family—or for guests.

Save Space—Save Rent—Enable You to Live in a Smaller House or Apartment

The steel-wire fabric and helical springs supporting the mattress are firmly attached to an all-steel, sanitary bed frame.

Bed frame and springs are entirely independent of upholstering and when in use as a bed there is room for free circulation of air underneath and all around.

You sleep on a 35-pound cotton felt mattress, not on a mere pad.

The patented folding mechanism is simple and perfect. Nothing to get out of order.

Made in Handsome Designs For Finest Homes

None but the best materials are used. Utmost care goes into the construction and finish. Every part must pass close inspection and measure up to the high standard of quality which has enabled P. E. Kroehler, from a small beginning, to build up seven mammoth factories, and which is an assurance of satisfaction.

Kroehler Bed Davenports
Won Highest Award at
Panama-Pacific Exposition

Large variety of styles, including Period Designs. Sold by reliable furniture dealers everywhere at moderate prices, for cash or easy payments. The name "Kroehler" is stamped on the metal bed frame. Insist on seeing it before you buy.

Write for interesting Free Booklet and name of nearest furniture dealer handling Kroehler Bed Davenports.

Kroehler Manufacturing Co.
NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS

Other factories at
Binghamton, N. Y. Grand Rapids, Mich. Cleveland, Ohio
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Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario

EVEREADY DAYLO

The light that says
"There it is!"

when danger lurks under cover of darkness

ALONG the dark country road this summer, it will show you the ruts and snares waiting to trip you; reveal that weird, moving shape (only a swaying branch), that uncanny sound (only a creaking gate).

And when something goes wrong with your motor, bring the trouble to light *by bringing the light to the trouble.* That is one of the many advantages of this powerful portable electric light—*you can use it anywhere.*

An Eveready DAYLO will help in many ways to make your vacation pleasanter—*and safer too.* It's the *one* light you can always depend upon, because it's fitted with a genuine Eveready Tungsten battery and Eveready Mazda lamp, assuring reliability, economy and long life.

* * *

Eveready DAYLO'S are made in 77 styles, at prices from 75c up (Canada 85c up) and sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and stationery stores everywhere.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co., Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

when a swollen stream has carried the foot bridge away

when a thunder storm puts the house lights out of commission

when you're looking for something in that dark corner of the garret

when a storm breaks and the guy ropes of your tent must be loosened

when you can't see the cross roads sign

when a tire "blows" or something goes wrong with the motor

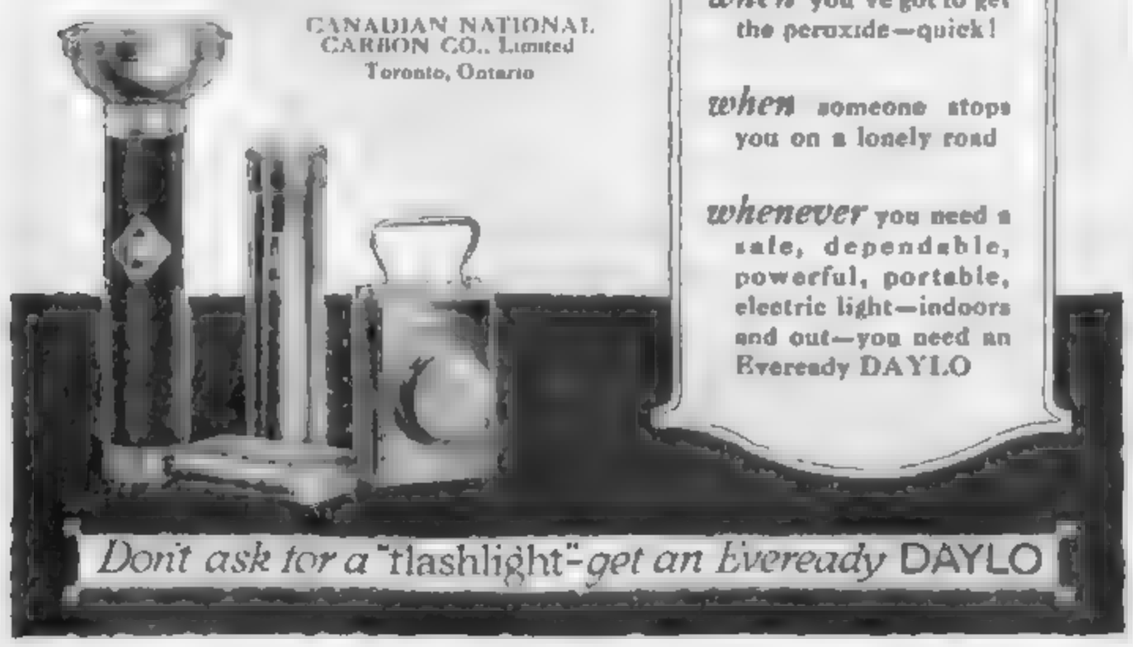
when you lose a key, a coin, or a ring in the dark

when you remember the racquet you "left somewhere outside"

when you've got to get the peroxide—quick!

when someone stops you on a lonely road

whenever you need a safe, dependable, powerful, portable, electric light—indoors and out—you need an Eveready DAYLO



Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO

"Shabby to decoy him to the club!" she reproached, dimpling.

"You're my Russian, as well." Cabana ignored the rebuke. "She, too, wore audaciously poised trifles of ostrich feathers for hats, and smoky draperies with shining black buckles. You're my Russian, and Serna as well."

Mouse sat in Telfain's desk chair. It gave her a sense of poised responsibility. She looked over the cluttered desk, with her own picture in half a dozen guises peeking out from every recess.

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"When shall we tell him?" he began eagerly.

"What a cad!"

"Serna, don't you see—don't you know Telfain will understand?"

"Oh, Telfain will understand! First you want my husband; then you want his wife. You think his wife will understand; so, of course, the husband must. Who are you, to come with the withered fantasy of a mummy to mess up lives? You want my husband to go with you—now you would persuade me. You cannot have either of us. Oh, he may go to-morrow—I have told him to. But he will not stay. You will lose your comrade."

"Go with me? There is no expedition—there is only Serna." Cabana lifted his monocle.

"I would not have believed anyone could be so selfish—except myself. It explains much about Telfain. You truly trained him well."

"You think I speak lightly when I say these things? For the first time in my life I love someone better than myself—nothing else matters but ——"

"Then, when that time comes, one must make a sacrifice! Oh, always is that true!" Mouse flung back her head with characteristic defiance. "Always! I know. I beg of you not to lose the opportunity for your own sake. You and I must keep our secret—the dream folly. A great many women would have screamed or fainted and made it quite embarrassing for you. But I think I understand. For just so did I fall in love with Telfain; and then I sacrificed ——"

"He married you," reminded Cabana bitterly.

"But that was in higher hands—neither you nor I nor Telfain had much to do with it," she said solemnly. "But because I do understand and can honestly share the vision that the world would name erratic madness, I beg of you not to spoil it. Go away! Tell Telfain any manly lie that will answer."

"You think a lie can serve as the truth?"

"I am willing to try anything once," sighed Mouse.

"Serna, have you no love for me?"

The English part of him vanished; he was the rapt, selfish, childlike lover, with intense ecstasy.

"Serna is waiting at Alexandria—ah, you took her from her grave with your audacious shovel! Who knows but what her husband slept not far from her? You took Serna away; your name is on her case. I am no dream. I am a real live Mouse, and I belong to Telfain Tobin." She put her hand on his sleeve.

"I love you!" he broke in roughly. "I shall always love you ——"

"Then prove it! Give me my husband. Go away and let us both call you friend."

"I have always gotten what I wanted."

"Which leaves an Achilles' tendon! You have never sacrificed. You must sacrifice or your dream will turn into a nightmare." She rose on her tiptoes in her earnestness. "You silly scientist, do you know what my love means to me—my life, my future with him? Have you never gone into a church and knelt in wonder before the altar to watch the red, everlasting light flicker and glow in its sacred cup? My love is as sacred as that light—as hidden, as subtle, as mysterious. That mystery is my greatest strength! Do you dare, by the fact of Telfain's comradeship, by Serna, to try extinguishing it?"

"I—I can't sacrifice," Cabana said brokenly. "I don't know how. It has always been 'sticks and stones'—immutable, obedient servants. I want to drag you away—I'm a cave man—I want to grapple with Telfain for you. I want ——"

"What you will never have. Go away to find Serna's husband and lift him into the glass case and remove your name; leave them together through all the ages. Be as splendid as your mother must have once dreamed of when she rocked you; as brave as Telfain thinks you are; as wonderful as Serna and I both know you can be. Keep your fancy as I keep my love—a tiny red light in a sacred cup, swinging high above the altar! Keep on loving me—in dreams. Perhaps, when Telfain is extremely preoccupied, I too shall dream, and we shall ——" She paused.

"Does he know what he has won?" asked Cabana brokenly. "Must I go away, Serna? Tell me for the last time—must it be so? What then? It is all lonesome, aimless, despairing ——"

Mouse looked at her anklet watch to break the tension.

"Poor Telfain! Waiting at the club."

Cabana straightened himself with an effort.

"You have named the sentence: First, I tell your husband I do not wish his company. Second, I go to find Serna's husband and let them rest together." He pulled the sapphire ring from his finger; it was a curious thing, made in scarab shape. "This was her betrothal ring—so I fancied. Will you take a bauble, since I cannot offer you a soul?"

Mouse slipped it on her two middle fingers, locking them together.

"What shall I tell Telfain?"

"Good people never ask annoying questions. It is you and I who would pry until we discovered what we had better not know."

They laughed—a trifle sadly.

"Then you will tell him and find Serna's husband—and then?"

"I'll go on to Argentina—alone. . . . I promise not to come back or annoy. But, before I go, would you kiss me—for Serna?"

Briefly pink lips brushed his cheek like a rosebud stirring in the breeze.

"Thank you, madame," he told her gravely. "I shall never scoff at love again."

She saw that he was white, and his lips quivered.

"May I kiss you for Telfain?" she added impulsively. "Strong men do not embrace. Take this kiss by proxy—the kiss of comradeship—a pledge that I shall not come between you; for Telfain loves you as he loves me—in spite of all our faults!"

She stood on tiptoes and her lips touched his forehead.

"Telfain!" Cabana whispered, the monocle dangling uselessly, like an armless sleeve. "May I be worthy of your trust!"

"I want to kiss you," she said suddenly; "me—Mouse!"

"That kiss shall I value most of all." His lips curved into a strange smile. "You have taught me that dreams may be realities—even if one finds them a trifle too late."

He bent his grizzled head; and Mouse, looking up frankly, let her lips meet his for half an instant. She turned away, amazed that she was crying. When she glanced back Cabana had gone as he had come—like a strange comet, visible only once in a life.

Mouse dropped down at Telfain's desk and sat for a long time looking at the blue scarab ring. By and by she began to write on Telfain's most treasured letterhead paper:

"*Dear Mr. Essenwein:* My husband refuses to let me appear in Hoop-La. Ask my nephew, Lafayette Hoyt De Weese, whom he would suggest. She is sure to resemble me. "MOUSE TOBIN."

Telfain had come in, Bebe said, and was waiting for her. She slipped the letter into one of the folds of smoky chiffon.

"Telfain, shall I pack the big trunk first?" she asked sadly.

"You'll have to put up with me all during your season—unless I go alone. Cabana was devilish late; he came in quite perturbed. Seems he has a young Frenchman he wants to take, instead; of course there was nothing to say. Besides, he has a commission in Egypt first—was quite mysterious about it."

"But you can go on another expedition, Telfain ——"

"I don't want to go," he said testily, laying down his things—"only that Hoop-La thing drives me off. I won't stay to see you dance in front of anyone who buys a ticket. I ——"

"Telfain! And you drove me to the stage by acting as you have! I hate going back—only I thought that you thought that I thought all along that ——"

"And I thought that you thought that I had ——"

"And we both thought the funniest thoughts ever thought by a pair incapable

(Concluded on Page 69)

Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of your automobile engine. This heat ranges from 200° to 1,000°. A large volume of black sediment is formed. Dynamometer tests show this sediment causes a loss of 4 to 5 H. P. The sediment also decreases gasoline and oil mileage.

The upper bottle contains ordinary oil. The lower bottle contains Veedol. Notice that Veedol reduces sediment by 86%.

More than 350,000 Motorists now profit by this Discovery

Until recently, no motorist knew the true facts about automobile oils.

No one, not even the automobile experts, could tell how much sediment was formed in ordinary oil.

And the motoring public and the experts were both in the dark as to the amount of friction caused by the sediment in ordinary oil.

The first real facts

In 1916, the real facts about automobile oil and the science of lubrication were first given out to the motorists of the United States.

In its announcements to the public, the Platt & Washburn Refining Company disclosed the sediment test and showed that Veedol, the new lubricant that resists heat, reduces sediment by 86%. That means a wonderful saving in friction, wear and operating expense.

A new era in motor lubrication

Since Veedol was announced to the public about a year ago, the demand has been enormous. Orders for Veedol have far exceeded the output of the refinery.

Today, more than 350,000 motorists are using it. They find that with Veedol they get maximum power and efficiency. The capacity of the Veedol refinery is now being increased for the second time to meet the nation-wide demand.

The magnifying glass shows the bearing as it really is. There are thousands of minute teeth where your naked eye can see only a smooth metal surface. The sediment formed in oil breaks the oil film that should separate the bearing surfaces. Then the metal teeth grind together. Veedol saves this excess friction and wear.

The discovery of Veedol and the sediment test has actually revolutionized the science of automobile lubrication. The U. S. Bureau of Standards now uses the sediment test to determine oil-quality. The U. S. Quartermaster's Department uses Veedol for the Army Motor Trucks. The Navy also uses Veedol. Scientists everywhere now recognize the fact that absence of sediment is the best test of an automobile lubricant's efficiency.

How sediment in ordinary oil causes permanent damage

Oil that contains sediment increases metal to metal friction because the sediment takes the place of a large part of the liquid oil.

Then the metal surfaces are pressed into each other and the microscopic teeth grab and cut in. That means friction, wear and expense.

The damage caused by sediment cannot be repaired. Eventually the worn parts must be thrown away and new parts purchased and installed.

How to reduce sediment 86%

The two bottles in the illustration (shown at the right) show the results of the sediment test.

Notice that ordinary oil in the left-hand bottle contains fully seven times as much sediment as Veedol. Both bottles contain specimens taken after 500 miles of running. Notice that Veedol reduces sediment by 86%.

Veedol is unlike ordinary oil because it is made by the Faulkner Process—a recent discovery used exclusively by this Company. Ordinary oil *cannot* have the same heat-resisting and wear-resisting qualities as Veedol.

Make this road test today

Clean out your crank-case. Fill up with kerosene. Run your motor about thirty seconds under its own power. Draw out all the kerosene and refill with Veedol. Then make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability. It will vibrate less. It will be more silent than before. It will give greater gasoline mileage. That is all due to saving of friction and wear made possible by Veedol.

Users of Veedol find that their car not only runs better than ever before, but the cost of upkeep is reduced $50 to $115 a year.

Ordinary Oil after use *Veedol after use*

Buy Veedol today

Veedol is distributed through the accessory jobbers and dealers. Over 12,000 dealers sell Veedol.

Each dealer has a Veedol Lubrication Chart which specifies the correct grade of Veedol for your car or tractor for both summer and winter use.

If you cannot get Veedol, write for the name of the dealer who can supply you.

Buy a can of Veedol today—begin now to get the full efficiency from your car.

Send 10c for 80-page book

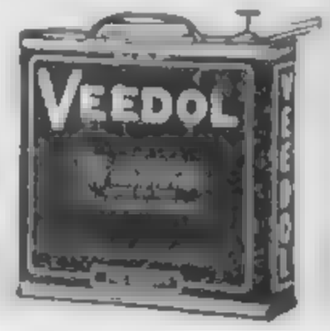
Send 10c for our new 80 page book on the construction and lubrication of automobiles, motor boats, tractors and stationary engines. No other book at any price contains so much information on this subject.

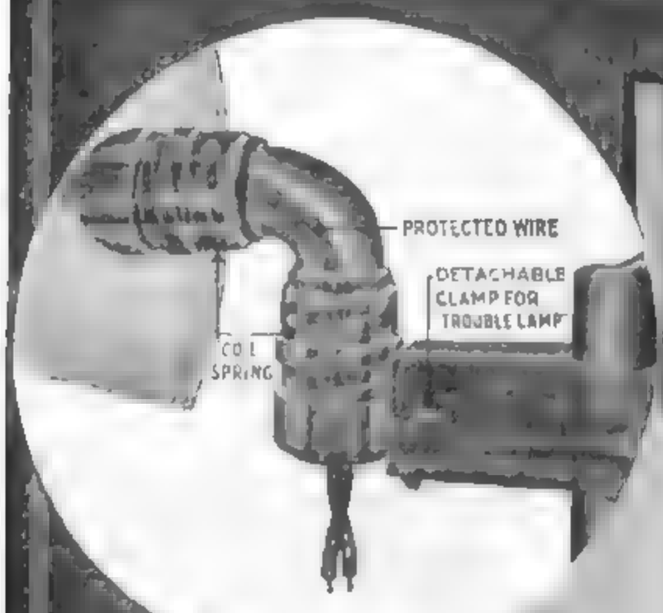
Platt & Washburn Refining Co.
1809 Bowling Green Building
New York, N. Y.

Branch Offices:
Boston Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco

Use Grease of Tested Quality

The sediment test shows you how far Veedol excels ordinary oil. Veedol Grease is equally superior to ordinary grease. There is a special grade of Veedol Grease for every purpose.





HOWE Searchlight

The Spotlight with the Wonderful Bracket

Howe Searchlight No. 9—$8 with 4-in. Rear View Mirror

Here's the truly *one hand* spotlight!

You operate it as you drive. It turns as easily as you point your finger to throw its powerful spot in front, to the right or left, down, up or *behind* you—*any* angle, anywhere

In Canada, $12

This straight-to the spot, one-way turn is permitted by the UNIVERSAL SPRING CONTROLLED BRACKET. Both joints move at the same time. *An exclusive Howe feature.*

The Howe Spotlight gives light where you want it—quick—then *holds* its position, *stays put*, regardless of vibration and jars. Never works loose, or becomes wobbly, no matter how long in use. THE COILED SPRINGS WON'T TIRE IT. They exert a firm permanent pressure on the turning joints—take up all loose motion, all wear.

No spotlight is better than its bracket. Get the Howe—with the *wonderful bracket*. In every other way it is as good as the best. Some of the other good features are suggested at the left. Read them—then

12 out of 100 Reasons Why Your Spotlight Should Be a Howe

1—The Wonderful "Spring-Controlled" Exclusive Howe Bracket.

2—A "one-way-turn" Universal Joint that turns instantly to any spot.

3—Always "stays put"—never loosens or flops around.

4—Never sticks—never hard to turn.

5—On-and-off switch in knob works easy while turning lamp.

6—Reflector gives perfect spotlight at all distances.

7—A special clamp to fit each different style of windshield post, round, square or oval.

8—Hollow bracket conceals and protects wire. Prevents wear, short circuits.

9—Quickly detached for trouble lamp.

10—Light weight—perfect streamline body—finish equal to your car.

11—National Mazda Nitrogen gas-filled 21 candle-power lamp.

12—100% light efficiency without danger of glare.

Tell Your Dealer You Want a Howe

If he hasn't the Howe in stock *write us his name* and address at once for the model you want. We will ship it prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DEALERS: Again, we say, *order quick*. The public is spotlight-wise this year. The big demand is for the Howe—the one hand, any-angle spotlight with the wonderful bracket. Drop us a line on your letter head. Ask for window stand offer.

Howe Manufacturing Co.
1732-36 South Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Howe Searchlight No. 7—$7.50

In Canada $11.00

Howe Searchlight No. 8—$8.00 with 4-in. Rear View Mirror Over Door

In Canada $12.00

The Howe Junior No. 11 is a single shell with the same bracket and two-piece detachable clamp as the Standard Howe, $4.00 with mirror $4.75. In Canada $5 and $7.50

(Concluded from Page 66)

of thinking," Mouse finished radiantly. "My hat! Telfain, get your roadster after lunch. I've an idea. Let's find a house and go to housekeeping. A queer, haunted old spot, with a sundial and a rose garden and peacocks and a lily pool—with funny old rooms and funny old servants; and we'll wear funny old clothes and be funny old things. Why-ee—I've got it! What do you suppose has been the matter?"

"For heaven's sake tell me—quick! I'm going fast."

"The honeymoon is ended! We didn't know. Just like riding on a street car and when the end of the line was reached staying on and wondering why no telegraph poles flashed by! So we each decided to get out and walk, when all we need to do is to transfer! We must settle down and you must get into something regular ——"

"Greengrocer?"

"If you like. Greengrocer or clerk of the scales or anything that is nice and respectable. Because, Telfain, I've two hard tasks ahead. I must find a fault in you—now the honeymoon is ended. After that, using it as a crutch, I must make the women like me! All my 'heart-keys' are of one gender. For your sake and mine, real people must want to come to see us." Mouse's eyes were misty. "It has been simmering some time, but I hated to acknowledge it. All this rose tulle and dancing and young things rushing me about is not what you were intended for. I want to know gentlewomen—Sunday-night suppers, with homemade things; and lavender-scented linen, sane pleasures, quiet joys—things—real things, Telfain! That's why I must go to housekeeping. That's why I must find a fault in you—you wouldn't be real unless it were so."

She stretched out her hand to touch his coat.

"Coventry's ring!" Telfain grasped her hand. His face darkened. "When did he give it to you? Why, that is Serna's ring—the old chap's big daydream—her betrothal ring!"

"He said good people would never ask annoying questions!"

"When did he give it to you?"

"While you waited at the club," Mouse murmured.

"Then he wasn't looking up his new partner; he was here—with you! And you deliberately lied to me—both of you! You got him to give me up!"

Unexpectedly Telfain shook her.

"No; he—gave—me—up!" Mouse insisted during the shaking. "Because—why Telfain-duck, you're jealous! I've found the fault!" She dimpled her prettiest.

"Because why?" insisted Telfain.

"Because I loved you so much; and he—you see, the Egyptian dance reminded him of Serna, and he gave me the ring; and—I can't explain, because you know you were holding on to the kite string, so I could soar all I pleased. I did kiss him three times!" Mouse hung her head. "And I shan't wear the ring regularly. Only on rainy Monday mornings—it is so terrible to live on rainy Monday mornings! I think the ring will help. Telfain, are you very, very angry?"

"I ought to beat you a little!" Telfain hesitated; then the tender look of understanding crept back into his face. "Even Coventry—you Total Bewitcher! As for Coventry, I only pity him for what he can never have. But, as master of the house—so called, at least, by the janitor—shall I ever know all that took place here in my own brain cell?"

"Not quite all. I'll explain the kisses; that's only fair. I kissed him once for Serna, because I understand about dreams. And once for you, because you are his comrade. And once for myself, because—because I'm Mouse!"

"I keep forgetting that tender invisible beings adopted you at birth, and I cannot judge you as if prosaic godparents stood sponsors. Mouse, let's do what you said—form a partnership—Benedict & Company!"

"Ah, but—as once before—I come empty-handed! It's not fair or true to say Benedict & Company."

Tears lay frankly in the dove-colored eyes.

"Empty-handed, Mouse? When you bring the keystone of the partnership—beauty! Don't you know that is God's promise of immortality?"

THE KAISER AND THE BLACKBIRD

(Continued from Page 20)

He proposed new ambassadors on both sides, and said there were many people in the United States who believed there would be a better understanding between the two nations if there was a change in envoys.

Herr Erzberger went to Von Bethmann-Hollweg, who was so impressed by the arguments that he ordered the Foreign Office to look into the matter. When this was done some influential members of the Reichstag who were friendly to Ambassador Gerard heard of the proposal and nipped it in the bud.

The hotbed of anti-Wilsonism in Berlin was the home of the American-born wife of a certain German department official. Her animosity dated from the arrival of the Gerards in Berlin, in 1913. She was not invited to the official Embassy reception, and it made her distinctly anti-Gerard and anti-Administration. The little band of intriguers and knockers that gathered at her home did more than anything else to keep alive anti-American feeling in government circles, because this woman, with the aristocratic status of her husband, had the entrée into the homes of all high officials. Her influence at times was so great that the texts for some of Germany's replies to President Wilson's submarine protests were written in her library.

These incidents behind the scenes of Imperial Germany will show what Mr. Gerard, as the official representative of the American people, encountered in Berlin.

Count Ernst zu Reventlow, the naval critic of the Deutsche Tageszeitung, was introduced to Ambassador Gerard one evening at a reception. It was at a time when Count Reventlow was vigorously pushing the anti-American campaign.

"*Bon soir, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur!*" said Reventlow.

"*Bon soir, Monsieur le Comte!*" replied Mr. Gerard.

Reventlow was astonished to hear the Ambassador reply in French. When Mr. Gerard was asked why he did not speak German or English, he smiled but made no reply. The Ambassador remarked that he appreciated the fact that Reventlow did not attack him in his articles. Whereupon the Count replied:

"But it is not too late yet, Mr. Ambassador."

James Watson Gerard resembles Colonel Roosevelt not only in his uncompromising bluntness; but as an athlete and sportsman he rivals the ex-President. Mr. Roosevelt may have made records while hunting wild game, but I never heard of his killing two beasts with one shot. Twice last winter, when meat was scarce—and powder, too—Mr. Gerard bagged two roebucks with one bullet. Every week he went hunting on his game preserve near Berlin and brought back enough hare, ducks, rabbits and young deer to keep the Embassy and many of his friends from forgetting how a healthy meat meal tasted.

The Ambassador is the holder of championship medals in tennis and fencing. He had a tennis cabinet in Berlin, and when it came to fencing there was only one man who could meet him. That was Prince Hohenlohe, the Austrian Ambassador, who was the best fencer in the Dual Monarchy. A championship meet between the two was staged for this year; but this, like so many other things, went by the board with the severance of diplomatic relations.

It would require a State Department file to tell all the things the Ambassador did during the war—from loaning money to stranded Americans, getting young singers out of jail, writing ninety-two notes to the Foreign Office in one day—some authorized by Washington and some unsanctioned—to the telling of Americans to get out of Germany unless they had business there. In fact it was this latter activity that made so many Americans angry with Mr. Gerard. He was always urging everyone to leave who did not need to stay. But the struggling musicians and artists, who had been studying from five to twenty

Your Casings Deserve Good Tubes

A good casing with a poor inner tube inside it is like a fine motor equipped with faulty spark plugs.

The casing depends for its efficiency and usefulness more upon the tube than upon any other one thing.

If the tube serves properly—if it *holds air* unfailingly, and keeps pressure *up*—the casing is supported in all its work, and is protected against every shock and strain.

But if the tube serves improperly—if it leaks air, and permits the slightest underinflation—the casing is bound to suffer.

Your casings deserve good tubes—equip them with Goodyear Tubes. Lower tire bills will justify your judgment.

Your casings *require* good tubes—equip them with Goodyear Tubes. They do not leak, seep or creep.

They are built up from many paper-thin sheets of fine rubber, laid layer on layer and vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

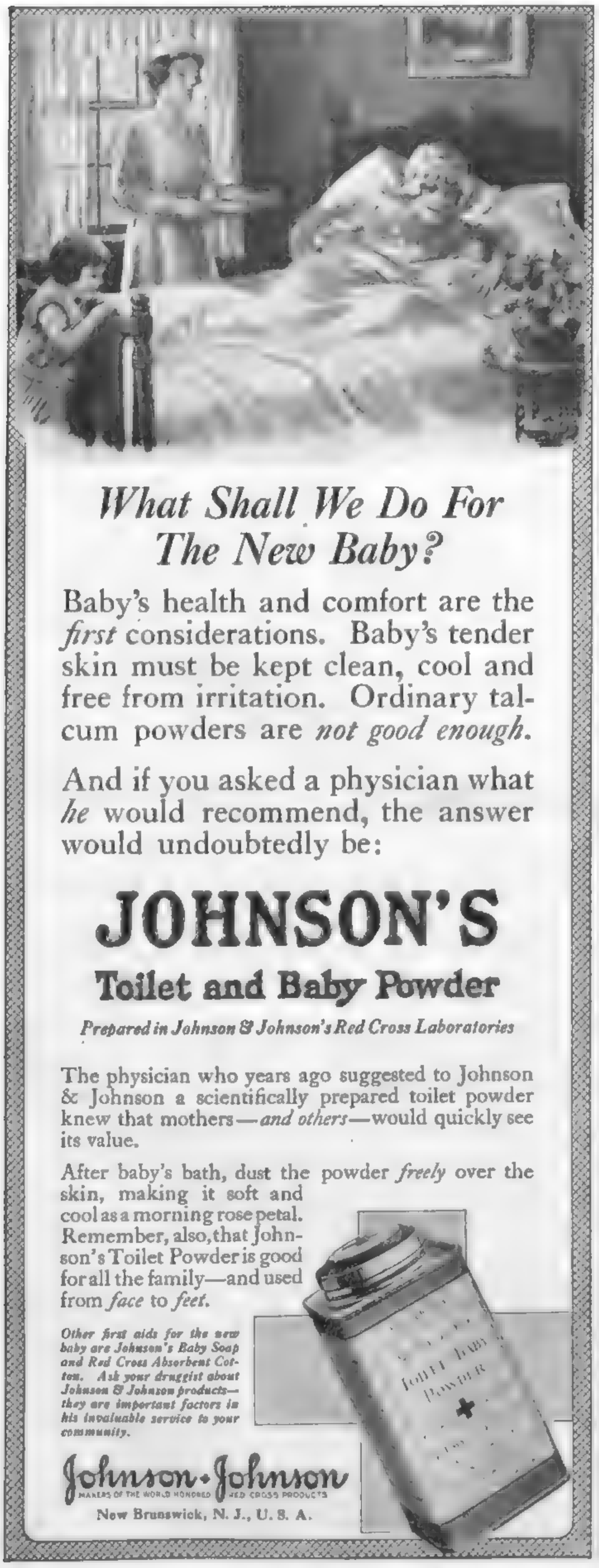
Even their valve-patches are vulcanized *in*, not stuck *on*—and the tubes as a whole are *thicker* than the rule.

For severe and sustained service we particularly recommend the Heavy Tourist type. They are especially thick and vigorous, slightly higher-priced than other tubes—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

GOODYEAR
AKRON



What Shall We Do For The New Baby?

Baby's health and comfort are the *first* considerations. Baby's tender skin must be kept clean, cool and free from irritation. Ordinary talcum powders are *not good enough.*

And if you asked a physician what *he* would recommend, the answer would undoubtedly be:

JOHNSON'S

Toilet and Baby Powder

Prepared in Johnson & Johnson's Red Cross Laboratories

The physician who years ago suggested to Johnson & Johnson a scientifically prepared toilet powder knew that mothers—*and others*—would quickly see its value.

After baby's bath, dust the powder *freely* over the skin, making it soft and cool as a morning rose petal. Remember, also, that Johnson's Toilet Powder is good for all the family—and used from *face* to *feet.*

Other first aids for the new baby are Johnson's Baby Soap and Red Cross Absorbent Cotton. Ask your druggist about Johnson & Johnson products—they are important factors in his invaluable service to your community.

Johnson & Johnson

MAKERS OF THE WORLD HONORED RED CROSS PRODUCTS

New Brunswick, N. J., U. S. A.

years in order to have a career in the United States, took this as an insult, and every time they met each other they remarked:

"Oh, has Mr. Gerard asked you to leave too?"

Every time there was a submarine crisis Ambassador Gerard was held up to ridicule by the super-envoys, who were counseling the Foreign Office not to regard the American Administration's notes seriously. These pro-German holders of American passports were so successful in spreading the Gospel of American Bluff in Germany that, on the anniversary of the sinking of the Lusitania, Herr Ellegaard Ellerbeck published a book entitled President Bluff, which ridiculed everything Mr. Wilson had done during the war.

Mr. Gerard referred to this when he addressed the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York, in April. Speaking about the super-ambassadors, he said: "They proceeded to inform the German Government that it must not believe me, that it must not believe the President, that it must not believe the American people—but believe these people. And, to a great extent, this war is due to the fact that these pro-German Americans—a certain number of them—misinformed the German Government."

Many German-Americans tried to prevent war with the United States by belittling what the Administration did; but they continued their insidious work so long that they finally accomplished what they tried to hinder. While the Germans spread misinformation about Germany in the United States, these people peddled biased accounts of the weakness of Mr. Wilson among the American people to the Imperial Government; and the latter, always seeking to evade issues, regarded American protests lightly.

When I state that misinformation was sent to this country I mean that, during every submarine crisis, the American correspondents were prevented from telegraphing their accurate reports. Only those telegrams which reflected the government's viewpoint were passed; and after the Sussex ultimatum was answered no correspondent was permitted to telegraph the growth of anti-American feeling and hatred in the army and among the people.

But Mr. Gerard, who could telegraph in code to the State Department, advised official Washington; and as early as last September he notified Secretary of State Lansing that a ruthless submarine war could be expected before the spring of 1917 unless peace was made.

It was in this work that Mr. Gerard and his first assistant, Mr. Joseph Clark Grew, secretary of the Embassy, differed from other diplomats. Judge Gerard—many of his old friends still call him by his former New York title—considered himself a correspondent for the United States Government in Germany, and wrote telegrams and articles for the State Department as regularly as any newspaper representative in Berlin.

Altogether, Mr. Gerard was about the most unusual ambassador ever accredited to the Prussian court. At the very beginning of his diplomatic career, by not addressing Excellencies in the third person, and by receiving all kinds and types of German citizens, he put himself out of the old school of diplomacy.

They say there are about fifty kinds of *rats*—pronounced *r-a-a-t-s*—in Germany. There are the *Legations-rat, Geheimer-Justice-rat, Wirklicher Geheimrat*—and many more. Everyone aspires to be a *-rat* of some kind—*rat* meaning "councilor." Ambassador Gerard saw all of them if they called at the Embassy; and this was not true Prussian custom, for in olden times the only people an ambassador could respectably associate with were the *Wirklicher Geheimrat*—literally, Real Privy Councilors.

Some day, when historians or governments begin to fix the responsibility for this war, a colossal burden will be placed upon the consciences of men who misinformed ruling statesmen. Germany maintains today that she was misinformed about England.

Someone was responsible for that. Germany was misinformed about the United States. Some super-American envoys are responsible for this.

The human dead in their coffinless mudhole graves on the battlefields of Europe are going to cry for an accounting when the war is over.

The world will find that there were many traitors; that there was more than one Roger Casement; that traitors in Serbia, Rumania, Russia, England, Belgium and the United States helped Germany. But when historians wade through the confused, biased records of this war they will also find many men who warned their governments of impending dangers. When that time comes there will not be much difficulty in separating the Just from the Unjust. The war makers of Berlin will not all be German.

Before the war—it was only a few weeks after Mr. Gerard arrived in Berlin—he and Colonel E. M. House were invited to the Kaiser's hunting lodge for the *Schrippen Fest.*

Though it was held in the morning, the two Americans had to dress in the prescribed Yankee court costume—the somber dress suit. When Colonel House and Mr. Gerard met the Emperor they found him surrounded by officers and friends in gala hunting attire. At breakfast the Ambassador sat across from His Majesty, and Colonel House at His Majesty's right. When all were seated the Kaiser exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Mr. Gerard, you and Colonel House look like two blackbirds! You spoil my picture."

Perhaps if William the Second were to recall his remark to-day, he might realize that the Ambassador was, after all, a blackbird; and that simple American clothes do spoil imperial functions—just as plain democracy may spoil imperial governments before the war ends.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. Ackerman.

The Aristocratic Potato

HOW dear to my heart are the dreams of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The ax and the sawbuck, the great cord of piled wood
I looked at with horror—that I must saw through,
The jam jars, the apples, the shellbarks, the bacon
That hung in the cellar in slabs long and thin—
What wonderful dreams at this time they awaken;
The old fall potatoes we dumped in the bin.

The plain old potatoes,
The cheap fall potatoes,
The big smooth potatoes
We dumped in the bin.

We bought them by bushels—some fifteen or twenty—
And had them boiled, baked, creamed, sliced, diced, stewed and fried.
The pies might be few, but of spuds there were plenty
For all of us boys and the neighbors beside.
We called them but spuds—'twas no honor to be one;
And some called them murphies, so common they were,
But now I take off my tall hat when I see one,
And greet it with pleasure and always say, Sir.

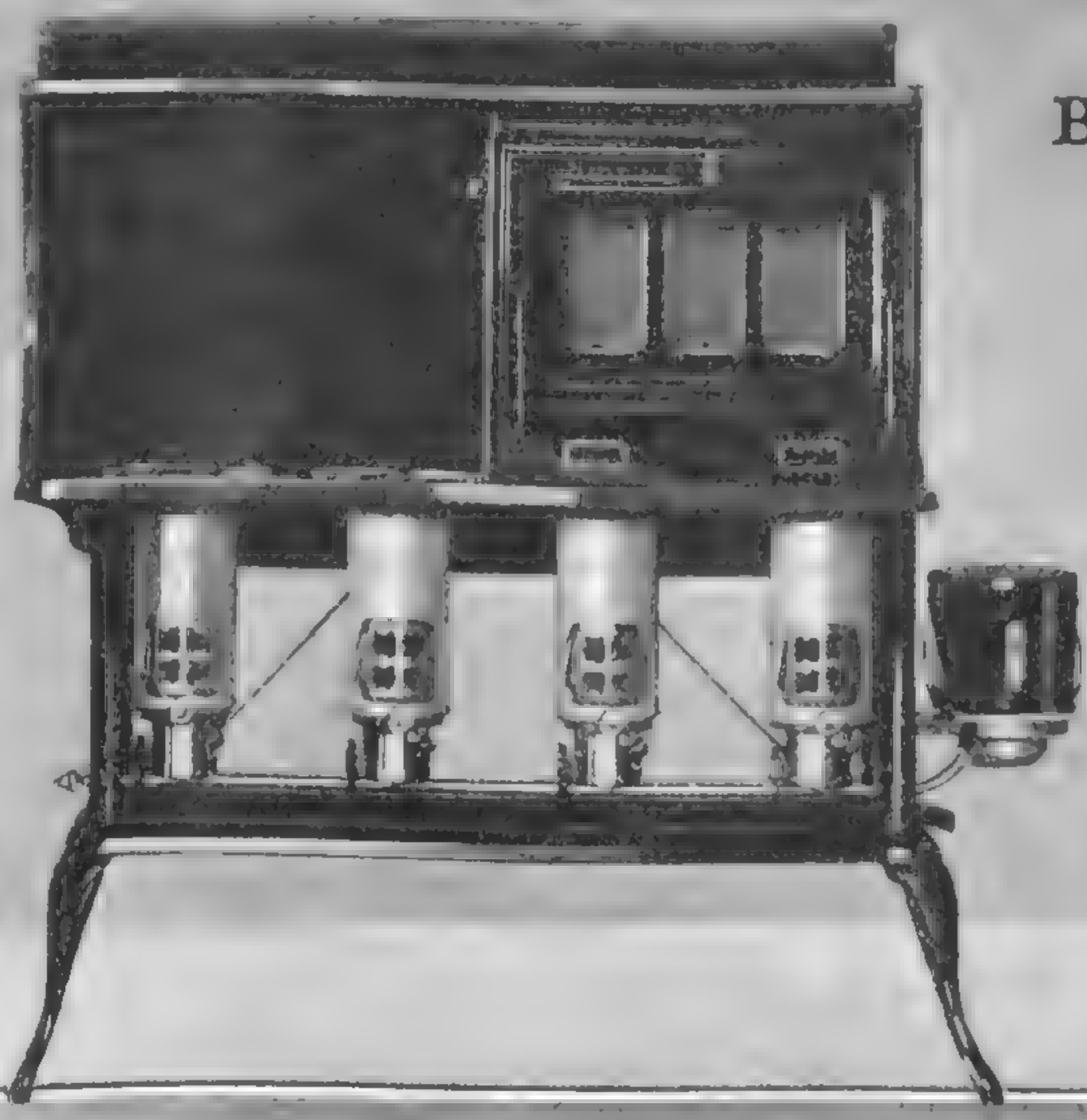
The much-sought potato,
The ten-cent potato,
The high-priced potato
I always call Sir.

How old Farmer Si, with his boots and tucked trousers,
Came creaking and swaying upon the highroad,
With bushels of spuds that were certainly rousers
For size, shape and flavor, and sold the whole load
For three or four dollars; and Hod Griggs, the grocer,
Gave Si half in cash and he traded the rest.
I bought me a dollar's worth yesterday. Oh, Sir!
I lost both of them through a hole in my vest.

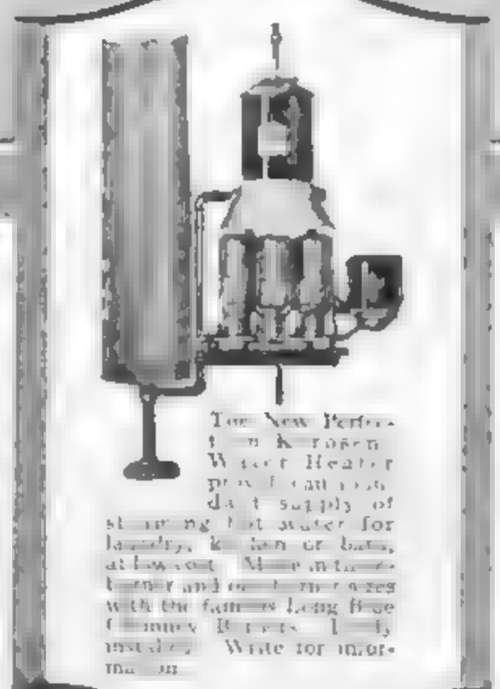
The precious potato,
One-carat potato,
Gem-studded potato—
And that is no jest.

—James W. Foley.

NEW PERFECTION
OIL COOK STOVE



THE LONG BLUE CHIMNEY OIL STOVE



THE STOVE *of* STEADY HABITS

Summer or winter—year in—year out, it's the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove. Perfect combustion and complete flame control—that's the secret. Gives abundant heat—always ready—like gas. Set the flame—high, medium or low—there it stays. No soot, no odors—all the oil turned into heat.

A new and exclusive feature, the reversible glass reservoir, makes the New Perfection better than ever. Saves time—saves spilling oil. Ask about it.

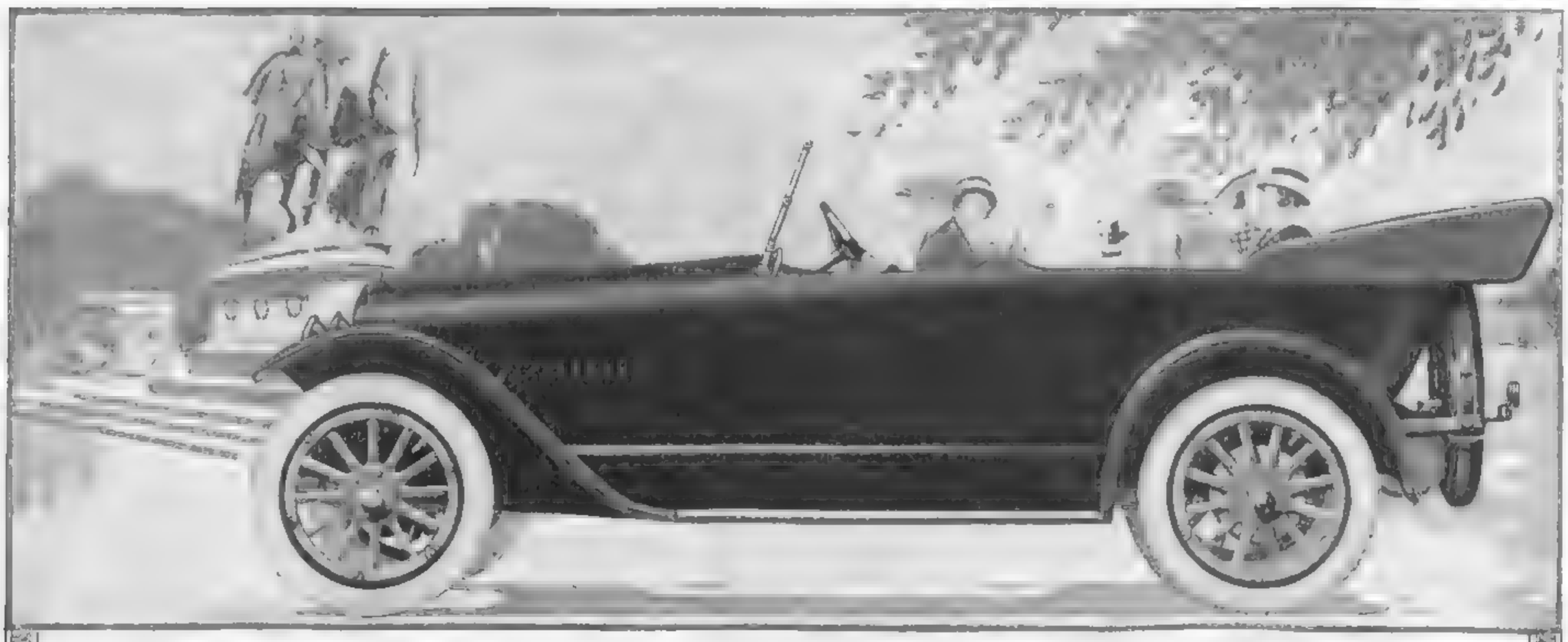
In use in more than 2,500,000 homes. Ask any good hardware or house-furnishing store, or write us for illustrated catalogues.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY

Successors to THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY

7302 Platt Avenue • Cleveland, Ohio

Also made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Company, Ltd., Sarnia, Ont



My Idea of a Car

By John W. Bate of the Mitchell

I have stood for three things in particular in all of my work for the Mitchell:

1—Factory efficiency—
2—Lifetime service—
3—Every possible attraction.

Factory efficiency comes first. Without it, the other things are impossible at any modest price. We are saving $4,000,000 on yearly production cost in this mammoth model plant. And that alone enables us to offer such cars at Mitchell prices.

All-Enduring Parts

Three years ago we changed our standard from 50 per cent over-strength to 100 per cent over-strength. Some call this new margin needless and extreme. It means many over-size parts. In these days it means very costly materials.

But it also means, in my opinion, average lifetime service. Two of our cars that we know of have already run over 200,000 miles each. The average repair cost has been reduced to a trifle.

I have watched some 70,000 Mitchells. Every fault, every weakness, has come to my attention. Our cars of today represent an evolution, wrought by world-wide experience.

They have long been marvels of endurance. But, despite that fact, we have in three years doubled our margins of safety. That to make our vital parts almost all-enduring.

Two Major Problems

Our two greatest problems have been the motor and the springs. To combine perfect performance with economy of fuel. To build an engine which would keep its newness, its silence and its power. We have certainly accomplished that.

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes

Mitchell—a roomy 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

$1460

Four-passenger Roadster, $1495. Sedan, $2175. Cabriolet, $1895. Coupé, $1995.
Also Town Car and Limousine.

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor. ¼-inch smaller bore.

$1195

All Prices f. o. b. Racine

Then to build a perfect shock-absorbing cantilever spring. A spring to make motoring about as comfortable as sailing. A spring that needed no shock absorbers, no snubbers, no rebound straps.

We accomplished that two years ago in the Bate cantilever springs. They make the Mitchell, I believe, the most comfortable car in the world. And in those two years not one of these springs has broken.

The Mitchell Extras

When we attained a lifetime car we wanted it complete. So we studied all cars in Europe and America for beauties, conveniences and luxuries. We have now in the Mitchell 31 wanted features which nearly all cars omit. We have added in the past year 24 per cent to the cost of luxury and finish. We have created eight new styles of bodies which combine all the attractions we found in 257 new models.

And this year we build two sizes, so that people who want a five-passenger car need not pay for a too-big chassis.

So the Mitchells today, in all these ways, typify my ideals. I know they excel all other cars in their class. And any Mitchell dealer can in five minutes prove that in many different ways.

If I bought a car, after all I know, I should want it built like this.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

THE FIRST TEN THOUSAND

(Continued from Page 4)

The men were marched up to the camp hospitals by half companies and they stood about at ease or squatted on the ground until their turn came to enter. Four or five were taken in at a time. First they were stripped to the skin and then a small patch was painted on their arms with iodine. That done, a needle was inserted under the skin and a dose of typhoid serum was shot into them.

The majority did not appear to mind it. Anticipation was much worse than the reality. We had chaps in our company who were scared stiff before entering and got over it completely at sight of the performance.

A few took it hard, however. Several fainted. One big husky dropped like a log before ever the needle touched him. He had often gone to the ground in a football game with about eight of the opposing team attached to his neck and ribs, without suffering hurt; but his imagination obtained the upper hand the minute he glimpsed the instruments and smelled the odor of disinfectants—and over he went.

Next, the applicant entered another room, where a doctor ordered him to place his hands on the hips and bend from the knees. Then he had to spring violently upward several times. After that he was made to touch the floor with his fingers, and wave his arms about and twiddle his digits to prove their suppleness; he had to raise each leg to a horizontal position from the hip; he had to follow the quickly changing positions the doctor assumed.

Then they made him bend sidewise and revolve his head and turn round, to show his agility.

The way those surgeons looked an applicant over was like nothing so much as the methods of an Arkansas trader testing a horse. They examined his teeth and his ears; peered under his eyelids; prodded him in the back to ascertain whether his kidneys were intact. They applied a stethoscope to sound his heart; and, when that was done, slapped him onto the scales to get his weight.

The final proceeding was to test his sight and hearing. The applicant turned his face to the wall and an assistant to the surgeon placed a hand over one ear. Then another assistant at the opposite side of the room whispered numbers and the recruit had to call them.

Sons of Fighting Families

If he did that successfully he was faced about and made to gaze at a large card fifteen feet distant on which were letters of varying sizes—the same sort of cards one finds in the office of every optician. One eye was shielded during this stunt and the applicant had to name the letters without hesitation.

The blood test was not taken at this first examination.

"You'll do," said the major if the applicant met all requirements.

In case of rejection he received a slip signed by the officer commanding. It ran:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that ——— enrolled as a student at this camp. Upon being physically examined it developed that he had the following physical defects —— He was relieved from duty at this camp for the above reason."

Men who were turned down have been arguing that this certificate will exempt them from future service under the selective draft. It is not so certain. That question has still to be settled.

Quite a number of applicants who had passed examination by physicians at the points where they enrolled were declared unfit by the army surgeons. The rejections ran from ten to thirty a day at each camp, or about twelve per cent of the total. Jimmie Hare, who was present at an examination, remarked that the tests seemed more rigid than those he had witnessed in England.

A striking feature of the enlistments is the persistence of the fighting strain in families. Just as there are breeds of gamecocks which take to the spur better than others, so there are breeds of men in whom the military spirit in time of stress flames unquenchably. We have had instances of three and four brothers offering their services. Again, it is a chap whose father served in the Spanish-American War and his grandfather in the Civil War, and so on down the line.

One man left his wife and four small children to enlist. As he was of German descent, I was curious about his case.

"Well, I'm American now, and don't you forget it! Besides, my wife told me she'd be shamed if I didn't go. Her father was an army officer, her grandfather fought for the Confederacy, and her great-great-grandfather was with Washington."

And there you have it.

A valuable type of recruit is the one who is always joking, yet takes the real work seriously. Sometimes a casual spectator might surmise from his exuberant spirits that duties sit lightly on his mind; but that would be a mistake. My observation has been that the chaps who keep the barracks in best spirits, and turn every discomfort and lack into a laugh, also get to the head of their squads. They are an important factor in sustaining the morale of their companies, and officers beam kindly on them.

A case in point was a boy who would have been exempt under the selective-draft plan, because his people own some large farms and he could be technically classed as a farmer. But, as a matter of actual fact, they could get along quite well without him, and he knew it. Therefore he drove into the city and enrolled.

A Joke Carried Too Far

Mike had no illusions concerning what was in store for him. No sooner had he signed the application than the gravity of the step threw him into a sort of panic.

"They've got me now, hand and foot," he mourned. "I'm no longer my own boss; they can do what they like with me—tell me to go anywhere—and I go. Wow! I don't want to be a hero. I can see poor old Mike stretched out on a slab. And here I might be home, exempt—Mike Freeman, farmer, R. F. D. Number Three. Well, I reckon I'd better go and see the doc."

He was still in low spirits when he went in for the preliminary physical examination and stood so dejectedly that the doctor remarked it.

"Cheer up, Mike!" he said. "Think how bully it'll be when you come marching home, with all the girls on the sidewalk saying 'My, doesn't Mike look simply grand!'"

"Fine and dandy, doc!" replied the shivering applicant. "But what scares me is that they'll be saying 'My, doesn't Mike look natural!'"

And then Mike found himself in the batch of rejected ones—they turned back several hundred at the outset because there was no room for them—and he began to bawl like a weaner.

"A joke's a joke," he argued heatedly; "but this is going too far. I've just got to get in; there's no two ways about it. And I'm a hundred per cent volunteer, if that counts for anything. I was one of the first to apply."

Another came in order to relieve his son of the duty which his conscience told him the family owed. He was forty-four years old and the boy barely nineteen.

"One of us had to do it, and I wanted the kid to finish in college," he explained. "So I turned over the business to my partner and came along. If we're still at it when he's of age he'll go cheerfully with the draft. Got a match?"

Whoever selected the camp staffs and company commanders did a fine job. Extraordinary care was necessary in order to obtain the best results. The average civilian is timid about going under the command of an officer of the regular army. He doesn't know him; the recruit feels that he has lost his identity and is only an insignificant cog in a vast machine—which is discouraging.

Both he and his parents would prefer to see him under an officer from the home town, one they have known all their lives and to whom they could look for a special personal interest. That feeling prevails throughout the length and breadth of the United States and has shown in the recruiting figures.

So there was plenty of opportunity for mistakes in naming the regular officers. Stern discipline was a necessity for the intensive training ahead, and yet to have

The
tire that
keeps
our word
THE
GENERAL
TIRE
We're almost sorry that tire guarantees ever became fashionable; because car owners are all too prone to buy guaranteed mileage instead of tire service. Guaranteed mileage may eliminate pocket-book worry but it takes tire service to eliminate tire worry. The usual guarantee is a bet the maker makes the user that the tire will serve as it should. A bet is a confession of uncertainty. Tires should be so staunchly, unvaryingly and exactly constructed that there could be no uncertainty about performance.
The General Tire will hold your esteem by "standing up." Because guarantees are customary, we guarantee The General Tire for 5,000 miles. But we want you to forget about the guarantee and judge of how it serves you as a tire. We look on our guarantee as our word and not as a bet with you. You will find, just as have dealers, distributors and other users, that The General Tire keeps our word.
Owners of The General don't worry about their tires.
Look up The General Tire dealer in your city and be surprised at the moderate price.
THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio

"Pull"—Bang—"Smash"

That's the country-wide noise of the hour!

Today, out at the country clubs, instead of the old familiar "Fore" of the golfer and the "Whack" of his driver, you hear the "Pull"—Bang—"Smash" of the trapshooters—for they are the sportsmen of the hour.

There's no need to give up all sport this year. But now's your chance to get in on a sport that's timely and really vital. Hang up your golf bag this summer and get a gun—join the big army of trapshooters.

Easy to "get onto"

At the traps you always find an "old hand" glad to stand by and coach you while you shoot your first string. You will soon "get onto" the flying targets. In trapshooting you don't aim as you do in shooting at a fixed target. You just keep your eye on that little flying "bird" and your gun instinctively follows into line.

Once you fit a gunstock to your shoulder and "get onto" the flying target, you are a confirmed trapshooter. The fascination of the sport has "got" you. You will be surprised, too, at the amount of fun you can get for the money.

People are daily coming to realize the genuine recreation that trapshooting offers. Every day new trapshooting clubs are springing up all over the country.

There is undoubtedly a club in your own neighborhood where you can start right in. But if the trapshooters in your neighborhood haven't organized yet, write to us and we will help get the club started. While you are making arrangements for a permanent club you can use a hand-trap to practice up with—inexpensive but good sport.

Starting the sport right—the gun to use

To start trapshooting right it is most important to get the right sort of gun.

To handle well, and permit quick and accurate pointing, a gun must be properly balanced. It must not be muzzle-heavy or have too much of its weight in the breech or in the stock.

The choice of those who know

On account of its safety, strength, lightness and balance, the beauty of its lines, the mechanical correctness of its design, the Winchester shotgun has been classed by critical experts "The Perfect Gun." It is the choice of trapshooters the country over. Its action is smooth and sure and its ejection positive.

The Winchester shotgun is made in both the hammer and hammerless models. The Model 12, hammerless, is made in the standard 12 gauge and also in the lighter 20 gauge—more popular with women and new shooters because of its lightness and very slight recoil. The ammunition for the 20 gauge gun costs less.

The Model 97, 12 and 16 gauge, is made for those who prefer a pump gun with a hammer. It is practically the same as the Model 12 but with hammer action.

What the name "Winchester" means

The Winchester Company is the greatest organization of its kind in the world. It makes a gun that cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch from a straight line, or one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. Winchester craftsmanship is based on fine watchmakers' standards.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired over fifty times with excess loads for strength, smooth action and accuracy.

All Winchester barrels are finished by the Bennett Process which gives the barrel a finish that lasts a lifetime, hard to scratch and resists rust. All the color and gloss is in the metal itself—there is no artificial coating used.

This care in manufacturing explains why more Winchesters are used by expert shooters than all other small arms combined.

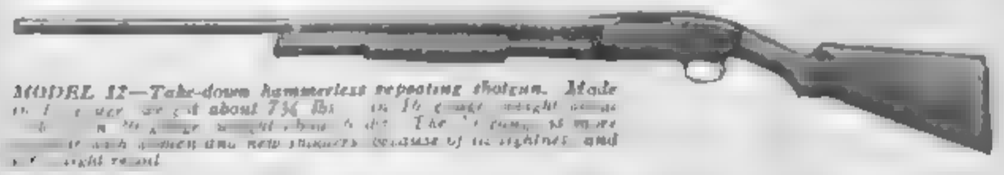
Write for the Winchester Catalog

For more detailed description of these guns ask your dealer for the new 1917 Winchester catalog, or send direct to us for it.

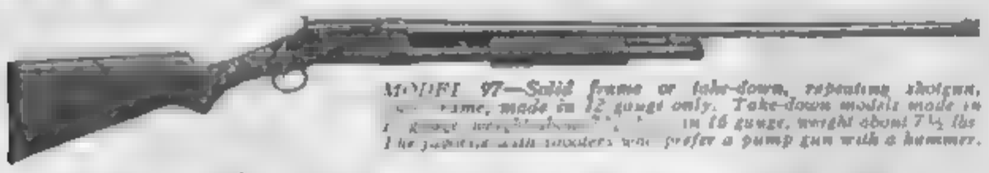
We have prepared an interesting Illustrated booklet on the Sport of Trapshooting. Your dealer can supply you with one, or we will send you a copy free upon request.

Find out about trapshooting at once. Go out to the club next Saturday and get started.

Winchester Repeating Arms Company
Dept. 31 New Haven, Conn.



MODEL 12—Take-down hammerless repeating shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weighs about 7¾ lbs.; in 16 gauge weight about 7½ lbs. The 20 gauge is more popular with women and new shooters because of its lightness and very slight recoil.



MODEL 97—Solid frame or take-down, repeating shotgun, solid frame, made in 12 gauge only. Take-down models made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¾ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. The popular gun with shooters who prefer a pump gun with a hammer.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Arms and Ammunition

gone at the applicants for the Officers' Reserve Corps in the same manner that a bunch of rookies would be put through must inevitably have produced hot resentment, diminished ardor, surliness and a general lowering of morale. A poor commander or a fathead sergeant can play the devil with his men before they ever smell powder.

Consequently we watched with a measure of anxiety what sort of captains we should draw. Would they be swelled up with their own importance? Would they be disagreeable, or run it over us with the scorn a professional usually feels for an awkward amateur? And would they be efficient? Really on to their jobs?

All doubts were speedily dispelled. The bulk of the company commanders are thoroughbreds. Their men soon realized that a regular-army officer is a person, in uniform, much like themselves, and that his specialized training has not killed the human touch in him.

On their side the company commanders went at their work admirably. Their discipline is rigid, but always tempered with justice—and a fellow can't ask more than that; in fact, the stricter the discipline the better will be the spirit of the men. Laxity and idleness always breed laziness and grumbling. There is nothing of the sort in the training camps. The regulars work them as hard as is good for normal men and enforce the regulations every minute of the twenty-four hours. All of which was sadly needed among us.

They wasted no time in letting us know precisely where we got off.

"I want you gentlemen to realize," said Captain R. G. Peck, by way of introduction, "that you are under discipline here—strict discipline—the only sort I know. Discipline is one of the hardest things for the average American to learn; but as you go along you will find out that it is absolutely essential to the work we have to do.

"When you receive a command from an officer, or sergeant, or corporal, go at it with a snap. Don't stop to figure that possibly you know better what ought to be done than he does, but carry out orders. You may have been at school with him or known him at your club, and you may be persuaded that you have the edge on him in ability and initiative; but if he has been selected to give orders to you here, you must obey them. Only in that way can all the parts of the machine be coördinated.

"There will be no gambling or drinking in the camp. No liquor is to be brought into barracks. Any of you gentlemen who break this rule will pay the penalty without an instant's delay. And remember this—there is no appeal from the orders of the officer commanding. When Colonel Scott makes a ruling it is to be obeyed implicitly. If you fail to do this there is no relief for you from punishment—from any source whatever. I want that understood. That is military discipline.

"Watch your health. The majority of you are unaccustomed to outdoor life; and there is danger, especially just now, of catching colds and contracting intestinal trouble if you stand round in the open without sufficient clothing or in wet shoes."

The Crack Crap Company

"I would particularly urge upon you the care of the feet. An infantryman is only as good as his feet. When they go back on him he becomes not only of no present value but an actual burden. Later you will receive instruction along these lines—how to forestall blisters by powder and adhesive tape the instant you feel an irritation of the foot or perceive a spot where your shoe or stocking has rubbed. On the march sergeants and corporals will carry a supply of both, and they are instructed to watch the condition of their squads' feet with the utmost care. But we will take all that up later in detail."

If that isn't sound horse sense I never heard any. Then he came along between the lines of beds and showed us the regulation manner of making them up; and we saw that he knew his business, and were content.

Our company was no great shakes at drill and possibly fell short of a hundred per cent efficiency in the higher forms of military strategy; but we were far and away the best crap shooters in camp until the arrival of the captain and the issuing of an order by the officer commanding that there should be no gambling of any description. If only that order had come twenty-four hours earlier! But it surely did catch me at the wrong time.

The beneficial effect of the rule became instantly apparent. The boys turned out more promptly for every assembly. They took better care of their appearance and a decidedly greater interest in maintaining clean barracks. It also gave the more serious-minded undisturbed opportunities for study, and turned the seething energy of the crap shooters into the channels of work.

They permit any manner of game that is free from the taint of money. So we play dominoes and bridge and checkers. There are even some chess players in our midst; but they are mostly chaps who intend to be generals or company clerks.

Any bonehead who might still have the temerity to maintain the right of every freeborn citizen to take a drink when he feels like it, in times such as these, would be converted to the sawdust trail by the object lesson the training camps afford. There is absolutely no comparison between the efficiency and morale of these dry military camps and others, where booze has been permitted.

In other days a majority of volunteers went to war with a whoop and half a bottle under their belts. And they had muddled intervals throughout the whole period of mobilization. Any veteran of former campaigns can tell you of the fearful mistakes and confusion that resulted.

Victuals and Drink

There is none of that sort of thing in this business. The boys did not come in a hurrah spirit. More than two hundred traveled on our train for Leon Springs two days before the camp was thrown open to them, and there was not a man in the crowd on high gear or with the forlorn aspect of the day after. They came soberly, with a cheerful earnestness of purpose free from jingoism, as men who fully realized the size and gravity of the job ahead, but with hearts stout to see it through.

Abstinence is no deprivation to men in that mood. The only comment you could hear among them when they learned of the ruling was: "Good business!"

It is one of the best of many excellent restrictions imposed for camp discipline. The effect has been increased capacity for work, a livelier sense of duty and the importance of application and better physical condition. In war absolute sobriety ought to be an essential of a soldier's calling, for mistakes are fatal.

This is especially true of officers. Give an experienced commander the choice between a sober dub and a dashing officer who has a tendency to fall by the wayside, and in a pinch he will take the dub every time. The average of the latter's mistakes may be higher than the brainy one's, but they will not be so serious and he will carry out orders.

Of course wails will go up about the food and the unspeakable hardships the embryonic officers are called upon to endure, and the lack of comforts—and even necessities. No military undertaking ever escaped that kind of criticism in this country. Last year the mobilization of the National Guard on the Border furnished some newspaper correspondents and kickers in the ranks the opportunity for lurid word pictures of their privations. And seventy per cent of the complaints were such as spoiled children might make.

What that species of critic expects is beyond me. For, though Uncle Sam may fall down badly on occasion in the matter of military equipment and ordnance, he is a wonder at feeding his boys and taking care of their bodies.

Personally my habit is to clamor for the best meals to be obtained; I'm one of those rotund persons who hate to slight their food; and I haven't a single kick at the chow they give us. Not many of them have. Some few displayed squeamishness the first day or two, and merely trifled with the "slum." They left the mess halls early and hit for the post exchange, where they proceeded to fill up on canned goods and soft drinks. Now for a fellow to load up on a diet of that kind for grueling work from dawn to dewy eve is sheer suicide. He is bound to fall victim to good old-fashioned tummy ache, if nothing worse.

Being fully aware of this, the company officers gave these dainty feeders a lot of wholesome advice. They told them to lay off the extras and stick to the camp fare,

(Concluded on Page 77)

$815 Complete

A Year to Pay

U.S. Government shows what storekeepers' delivery mistakes cost you

LAST year every man, woman and child in this country paid a tax of over $20 apiece to receive from the storekeeper the things the family eats, wears or uses.

Who got the money?

The storekeeper did not!

For every dollar you paid out, it cost the grocer 5c to deliver; it cost the milkman 12c; it cost the baker 20c; the laundry 21c; the iceman 46c; and the other dealers in proportion.

Nobody got the money. There is nothing to show for it. Half of it was wasted. And the waste amounted to over one billion dollars in 1916.

These figures are based upon a census report made at Washington, D. C.

These figures will be news to many storekeepers. Because the storekeeper, as a rule, does not know what delivery costs him.

He uses a horse and wagon and does not realize that his cost per package runs ten times as high as that of the other man in his business who uses a motor delivery car built especially for the purpose.

Or he uses a converted pleasure car which is not built for carrying dead weight loads; uses gasoline, oil and tires excessively; depreciates more rapidly than any other type of vehicle; has small second-hand value; and it is on the job an uncertain amount of time.

Your easy-going neighbor says you are no worse off than anybody else. High prices are high prices, and everybody has to pay them.

But he is wrong!

There are now about 23,000 storekeepers and others with delivery problems who are proving daily that delivery costs as given by the Government can be cut in half.

These merchants are delivering with the VIM Delivery Car. They know that the conclusions reached by the VIM organization after years of experience in the merchandise delivery field were correct.

That the VIM is the economical size for handling eighty per cent. of local deliveries made—and is the lightest car that can be operated under all conditions with the smallest depreciation.

At that, it has proven to be the most economical delivery unit in gas and oil consumption *under load* on the market.

If your storekeeper is delivering with a VIM you may be sure he is not cutting the quality of your goods in order to meet excessive delivery costs.

If he is *not*—the first step he can take to lower the cost of doing business is to visit the VIM dealer in your town and to get delivery on his VIM as soon as possible.

Write VIM for catalogue

VIM MOTOR TRUCK CO.
PHILADELPHIA

The largest exclusive producers of motor trucks in the world—Concentrated on one chassis only

Sales and Service Stations in 765 Cities of the United States

VIM

for the most efficient chassis for its work in the world—equipped with 5 lamps, electric and oil (all extras and improvements included as illustrated). Fitted with any one of twelve types of body—handsomely designed and strongly built—suitable for a hundred lines of business. Prices complete Open Express, $815; Closed Panel Body, $845. All prices F. O. B. Philadelphia.

DELIVERY CAR

Stewart

There is no Greater Success in the Motor Car Industry than the Stewart Magnetic Type Speedometer

Facts prove that the Stewart Magnetic Speedometer is the industry's greatest accessory success. It overshadows all others.

Time has more than vindicated every Stewart claim to dominance.

The combined experience of manufacturers, dealers and car owners overwhelmingly and irrefutably proves its superiority.

This speedometer principle has endured the test of time, consistently growing in favor and usage.

Many substitutes have been offered. Some have had temporary success. Others have come *and gone*, but the Stewart Magnetic type has constantly increased its margin of leadership.

It is the *one* that has lasted; and one that has proven efficient and reliable under *all* conditions; the one that is *always* accurate. Long ago it was found on 95% of the equipped automobiles. And today—this is the truly wonderful mark of distinction—it is used as standard equipment by 95% of all car manufacturers. Think what a signal achievement it is to continue year after year to pass all the rigid tests of the various automobile engineers—to hold its own as the volume of cars increases and standards rise.

One and only one thing is responsible and that is the sheer merit and quality found *only* in the Stewart Magnetic Speedometer. Car manufacturers have tried others—and discarded them. Only the Stewart is equal to their high standards of efficiency.

Manufacturers willingly pay the higher price which an instrument of the Stewart quality necessarily costs.

It is one of the ear marks of a car's quality.

See that the next car you buy has a Stewart—the magnetic type speedometer,—the type that has survived all tests, all competition, and is more popular today than ever before.

It is the one accessory motor car manufacturers agree on. You find Stewart Speedometers are preferred by builders of every grade of car.

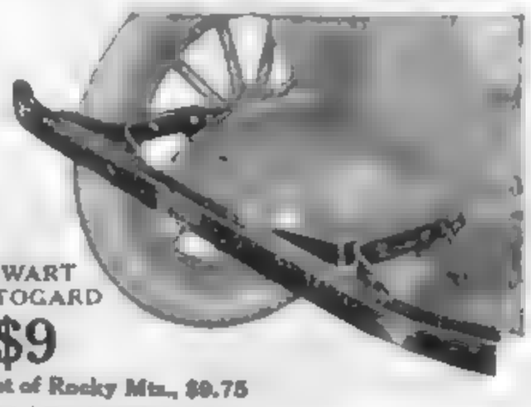
And now—a special model of the famous Stewart Magnetic Speedometer is also offered for Ford cars, at $10.00, or, in combination with a handsome instrument board for $11.25.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

Stewart Autogard

Protects your car, front and rear, from bumps and small accidents which insurance policies often do not cover.

It has a rigidity combined with springiness not found in common "bumpers". The universal brackets fit any car



STEWART AUTOGARD

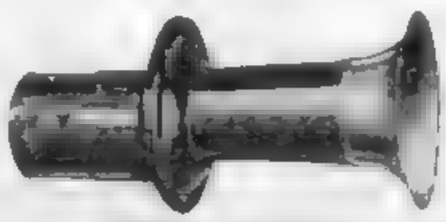
$9

West of Rocky Mts., $9.75

Special Ford Model, $7.50
West of Rocky Mts., $8.25

Stewart Warning Signals

Both hand-operated warning signal $3.50 and motor-driven type $6. A necessity on every car. No other sounds like it. Remarkably efficient, simple to operate, durable and reliable. For safety's sake, get a Stewart Warning Signal today.



STEWART WARNING SIGNAL

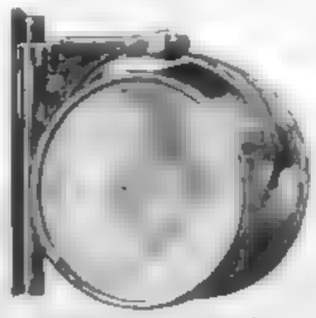
$6

Hand-operated type, $3.50

Stewart V-Ray Searchlight

In every sense a *searchlight*. A departure from the ordinary type of *spotlight*.

Cannot vibrate or jar out of position—easily moved to focus penetrating searchlight beam in any direction Moist proof and dust proof. Complete with reducing mirror, electric cord and bracket to fit any car, $5.



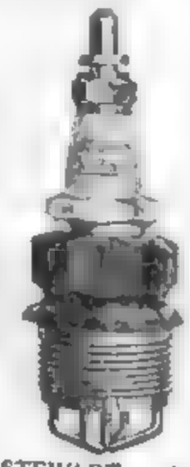
STEWART V-RAY SEARCHLIGHT

$5

West of Rocky Mountains, $5.50

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plugs

By all means, if you have not done so get a set of these wonderful V-Ray Spark Plugs. They have four sparking points—four times longer life—four times the dependability—emitting a big, healthy spark. Made to fit any motor.



STEWART V-RAY SPARK PLUG **$1**

(Concluded from Page 74)

which is selected with a view to fueling them adequately for each day's stint. And soon no warning was needed. About the third day they began to take hold. They sopped up their plates with bread and demanded feelingly of the waiters why the Sam Hill the cooks didn't send in more of that beef! Did the scoundrels intend to starve them to death?

It's a sight for sore eyes to watch the really hearty trenchermen square away to a meal after a morning at drill. The rules prevent them howling when the food comes in; but into their eyes comes a savage glint, and they don't waste a single breath in vain speech. A proposal was made to form a separate platoon of one individual who distinguished himself, and assign a mess hall to his personal use.

They were hardly prepared for us on arrival and the opening meal was rough. We passed along in line for our plate, knife, fork, spoon and cup; then the food was dished out to us, one by one, as we passed by the pots. After the meal each recruit washed his own dishes.

Now we have waiters and there are men to clean up after us. The mess halls are open at the sides and well screened. Each company has two of them, and when the platoon enters every man remains on his feet until the officer in charge orders: "Be seated." He can leave when he likes or remain until thrown out.

No matter what he eats, there is only one plate for him—he gets no more than one knife, one fork and one spoon. It simplifies table manners amazingly.

One of the stand-bys of army chow is slum. It is a sort of stew made of beef, potatoes, corn, onions, tomatoes, beans, and any odds and ends left over from the previous day. There are lots worse dishes than slum; a fellow could go far and fare worse.

Calories Enough for All

Here is a day's menu for Number Four Company at Camp Funston, taken at random. It is not so good as some other days' and perhaps excels a few. Even considered as an average, it will prove that the training camps get plenty to eat.

Breakfast: Oatmeal, milk, creamed beef, fried potatoes, bread, coffee. Dinner: Macaroni-tomato soup, roast beef, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, creamed corn, fruit pudding, bread, ice water. Supper: Beef stew, hot biscuits, stewed prunes and apricots, bread, hot tea.

You will notice that beef seems to be a fixture in the bill of fare; and it is. Occasionally they vary it with bacon and beans, but for hard outdoor work nothing can equal a beef diet; and another beauty of it is that men can live on it for months without losing their appetite for it.

At the post exchange you can buy ham-and-egg sandwiches, all sorts of canned stuff, tobacco and cigarettes, and soft drinks. They have been doing a rushing business. The profits of a post exchange at one of these training camps exceeds twelve hundred dollars a day, which goes to swell the boys' mess fund. As the Government allowance is only fifty cents a day to feed each man, the post-exchange contribution is important.

After a couple of days' drill I grew strong for the man who barks at you. There is nothing in a considerate, conversational tone at all when it comes to soldiering. That only balls things up. It takes a command like the crack of a whip to give snap to drill.

There were corporals and sergeants who got out in front of their squads, grinned at them, gazed round at the scenery, and muttered something in an apologetic tone that sounded like "Attention!" Then they seemed to reflect, and presently came another command, with a note of such uncertainty in it that the resulting movement was marked by indecision and bungling. Every order they gave provoked doubt; every movement showed awkwardness and mistake.

I was in such a squad one morning. We had been reduced to a state of perspiring hopelessness. Our instructor could not give his commands above a monotone and some of us were seriously debating the wisdom of deserting and taking a chance of getting shot at sunrise, when along came a slip of a boy about as wide as a lath, who had been drilling his fellow students at some university or other.

He took charge of the squad, measuring us with a cold eye; and then he barked! Where that kid kept his voice when not in use remains a puzzle to me. It was a fine rolling bass and he had a kick in every command. Presently we were stepping to it altogether and with dash, and glorying in the work.

Therefore, fond mothers and proud sires, when next you visit a training camp and behold your Jimmie sweating healthfully at the word of another boy who spits out his orders like a machine gun, don't go away with the notion that Jimmie is being abused and subjected to harsh treatment. Instead, go home and remember his good fortune in your prayers; for they are making a soldier of him.

We did not draw uniforms or shoes for several days, but wallowed round in the mud in low-quarter footgear and ruined some perfectly good spring suits. Once the uniforms were in camp, however, the quartermaster's department issued them in short order; they outfitted sixty-six men in thirty-five minutes one morning.

Each man drew two pairs of breeches, a coat, two shirts, a pair of leggings, a pair of shoes, a hat and a poncho. The last named is a waterproof garment that falls over the shoulders almost to the knees; you stick your head through a hole in it.

A man never drew on a more comfortable shoe than the army shoe. They cost the Government about four dollars and a half a pair this year; and, as the Government issues extra pairs to recruits for two dollars and eighty-one cents a pair, it would seem good business to stock up; and most of us intend doing so. We are also at liberty to buy as many extra shirts and breeches and coats and hats as we may need and can afford.

If you were called upon to look over an assemblage of men and pick out those you thought would succeed in whatever business you follow in civil life, the task would be comparatively easy. But it doesn't work out that way in selecting likely material for an army.

The Stuff Soldiers are Made Of

A tremendous lot of things go to the making of a good officer; in fact, he is born and not made. You can train him, but the stuff has to be there before the training starts. Often a dub in everyday life will develop into a fine soldier. I know men who could never hold a job for any length of time and were never known to pay a bill, yet who forged to the front in wartime. That was because they liked the life and the work, and applied themselves.

The real stuff begins to-morrow. From that date we shall be on a ten-hour schedule—five hours in the morning, three in the afternoon and two devoted to study at night. This program holds good from Monday to Friday, inclusive. Saturdays are to be used in bringing up to requirements any work that has been interrupted by bad weather or other conditions.

Of course it is not intended to put in five hours steadily at drill. There will be frequent rests and talks; also, lectures on sanitation, guard duty, and the various duties of an officer. They are already emphasizing the need of acquiring the habit of authority. Some of us are altogether too diffident to lead men.

In fact, drill is only a small part of an officer's training. If the colonel nailed you in the street and bellowed: "All right! You've got a hundred men—Muster them!"—would you know how to go about it? Or should he suddenly inquire how much dinner was costing your company that day, could you tell him to a cent? Those are only two of a thousand and one things that a competent officer must have at his finger ends.

Later this week they will be shaking down the squads in order to get rid of the backward members. These latter will then be put together to receive special and intensive drilling, and their absence will permit the quick development of the squads whose progress they hindered.

They call such flounderers the Awkward Squad. And something tellsme—something tells me I'll be there.

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15¢ In the cream-colored moisture-proof tin

A richer smoke, a milder smoke—a BLEND

Harmony could not be both rich and mild if it contained only one kind of tobacco. But Harmony is a blend of *several* good tobaccos—pungently rich kinds blended with certain other tobaccos much sought after because of their uncommon delicacy.

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COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

OLD RED RAMBLER

(Continued from Page 30)

"I'm right glad, Kitty!" Milo smiled with a cheerfulness that was unreflected in her face. "I have no defense to make for the way he behaved. But young men are apt to make those slips, and you mustn't hold it against him too long."

"I don't want you to misunderstand me, Uncle Milo," she replied. "I shall never get over caring for Eldred. But I can't marry him. I love him too much to accept this—this horrible substitute for himself."

"Oh, come, Kitty!" Milo strove vainly to maintain his flight on an atmosphere too unsubstantial to support him. "You'll change your mind. This is only a passing phase with Eldred. I've sent him away to think it over and to—to straighten up. Kitty," he supplicated her suddenly, "don't desert Eldred—don't quit me! You're the one hope I've got for him. Kitty, you can reform him. He loves you; he'll do anything for you."

"I thought so once." She had leaned her small chin on her hand and sat regarding space. "But he won't do much for me—not much that counts. I've tried him out too often—and last night! My ears have been opened, too, and I've heard what everybody is saying."

"But you can marry him and ——"

"And be miserable! If he won't be decent for me now what chance has he when we're tied together? I love him only as the fine boy he used to be—as he is now, somewhere inside that awful shell that has covered him. But, Uncle Milo ——"

She sat pondering for a space of time; then went on very sadly:

"Uncle Milo, all decent women hate the idea of drink. They may take cocktails themselves, as a sort of counterirritant, and appear very gay and reckless. But it's instinctive for them to hate anything that destroys the breed."

"How like an old school-teacher you are talking!" exclaimed Milo Brant, attempting a laugh.

"I'm not so young as I used to be, Uncle Milo," she assured him bitterly. "I've gotten quite mature—waiting for Eldred to sober up."

"Kitty," said he, "I don't like to hear you talk this way. I've set my heart on your marrying Eldred, because I know what an incalculable blessing you would be to him. You're the only woman in the world with the angelic patience ——"

"I'm not patient any more."

"Listen to reason, Kitty," he urged. "Suppose I undertake to reform him. Suppose I succeed. Will you take him then?"

"Yes," she answered. "But there's only one way you can do it, and that's pretty uncomfortable."

"What do you mean?" He wondered if she had chosen this moment to make a joke of him.

"It's the atmosphere in which he is living that makes Eldred what he is."

"I see." Milo Brant was pitching his voice to a key of sarcasm. "You mean, I suppose, that I should sell out my business and go on the stump for Arlow Stannard?"

"Something like that," replied Kitty very earnestly. "A whisky mayor and a whisky city council, fighting with all their power to keep places like Al Gwynne's wide open and defying the law, are more or less responsible for Eldred and a city full of Eldreds! Uncle Milo, I have no right to speak this way to you, I suppose. You've been a mother and a father to me. But I hate to see you in the business that is killing your son. I hate whisky—I hate it!" She brought down her fist upon the heart of a sofa cushion and her small teeth clenched.

"Well, that's feminine enough!" grinned Milo Brant. "In view of the fact that you have about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars invested at six per cent in the hated stuff!"

"I don't care if I have!" She leaped to her feet and stood rigidly facing him. "Whisky has spoiled my life. Spoiled it! Spoiled it!"

She burst into terrible sobbing and crumpled among the pillows, where she lay crying hysterically, quite oblivious of the clumsy attempts at comfort from the hand of the man who loved her and had cared for her so long.

"There, there, my dear girl!" Milo said soothingly at last. "We're excited and unhappy to-day. I'll come round again pretty soon when we can talk it over—and arrange something."

He went away, doggedly following his faith in that Something which his years of wisdom and experience had never found for him.

At the curb in front of his house a stocky man, whose black hat, black necktie and black overcoat gave him a depressingly funereal air, stepped out and accosted him at the open door of his limousine. Milo knew him for a reporter from that Stannard sheet, the Record.

"The morning papers will print the news of the new Whisky Combine, of which you are the head, Mr. Brant," the reporter said rapidly, tagging along at the great man's elbow. "Mr. Stannard will make a speech to-night at the People's Tabernacle ——"

"Well," cut in Brant peevishly, "I'm not responsible for Mr. Stannard's speeches. What do you want with me?"

"You see, Mr. Stannard is going to base his talk on the vicious resorts in town. He is going to soak it pretty hard to such notorious proprietors as Al Gwynne."

"I didn't make Al Gwynne," interposed Mr. Brant.

"We're going to give you a chance to reply, Mr. Brant," persisted the man from the Record. "Mr. Stannard is going to accuse the whisky interests of maintaining a city government that winks at Al Gwynne and permits him to break practically all the statutes against illicit dance halls, all-night resorts, and so on. He is going to ask you what excuse there is for the protection of Al Gwynne's place, where half the crime in town is hatched and some of it executed. We thought it would be interesting to our readers if ——"

"If I told what I think about Al Gwynne's place?"

"Well, yes—what you think about the saloon in general."

"Come in," invited Milo shortly as a servant opened the door. "Step up to the library and I'll tell you what I think about the saloon in general."

As soon as they were seated, facing each other over the Jacobean table, and the funereal reporter had produced a wad of yellow paper and a short pencil, Milo Brant half closed his eyes, folded his hands across his breast, and began:

"If you close the saloon you take away from the workingman his only meeting place. The saloon is the poor man's club; his place of recreation. If places like Al Gwynne's sometimes exceed their rights it is the fault of the city government. But you'll have to prove to me that Gwynne has exceeded his rights."

The pose of Milo Brant's handsome gray head, haloed under the rays of a reading lamp, was dignified, scholarly, almost saintly, as he summed up, point by point, his defense of the saloon as a social center for the tired workingman.

II

WHEN election night came to Collinsburg it was the wildest of her wild record; for at night, when the saloons were again opening their eyes against a late and exciting vigil, it was known all over town that the Wets had carried the state by a safe margin. Only two or three minor townships had stood out for Stannard, and sterile stretches in the back country had made a wavering fight. By seven o'clock the bulletin screens in front of the News flashed the splendid Davissen majorities from several counties. At each announcement great crowds, elbowed together, faces upturned under the electric lights, sent up a victorious roar, broken almost inaudibly by groans of disgruntled Stannard supporters, drearily awaiting the last returns.

The crowd surged through the streets, braying the news through red-white-and-blue tin horns as they tickled the necks of pretty girls with apparatus sold on street corners for that coy purpose. Pan raged through the streets, bumping into Silenus as he swayed toward the swinging door, where Ganymede sweated between the cash register and the bar.

Milo Brant stood in the window of his big office, overlooking the News bulletin screen. It was like a stage box spectacularly prepared for the man who had made the pageant a possibility. He looked tired and unusually untidy as he leaned there munching a sandwich; for it had been a grinding two weeks for Milo Brant. Governor Davissen had done the talking and

(Continued on Page 81)

"WHAT WOULD MAKE ME USE A BETTER MOTOR OIL?"

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"The knowledge that I *could* get an oil of greater lubricating efficiency—a Better Motor Oil—than the one I am now using."

Here Is That Knowledge—Act On It!

In its manufacture, **EN-AR-CO National Motor Oil** is heated three times to a temperature of over 600° F., and once cooled down to zero.

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Thus producing an oil marvelous for its lubricating efficiency and freedom from residue.

Were you to buy distilled water, and be offered a muddy concoction, you would refuse to accept it.

Why?—because you could see that the impurities in the water *had not been* removed.

Were you unable to secure distilled water, you would probably boil the water—and after doing this, would you use the impurities left? Certainly not!

Here is the comparison between pure and impure water and Motor Oil.

You can see the impurities in undistilled water, but cannot see the impurities in Motor Oil—and therefore buy any kind—with the thought that oil is oil.

Yet you want in a Motor Oil "one that will best prevent friction without carbonization."

The oil that does that most effectively is **EN-AR-CO National Motor Oil.** The "why" is in our process of making.

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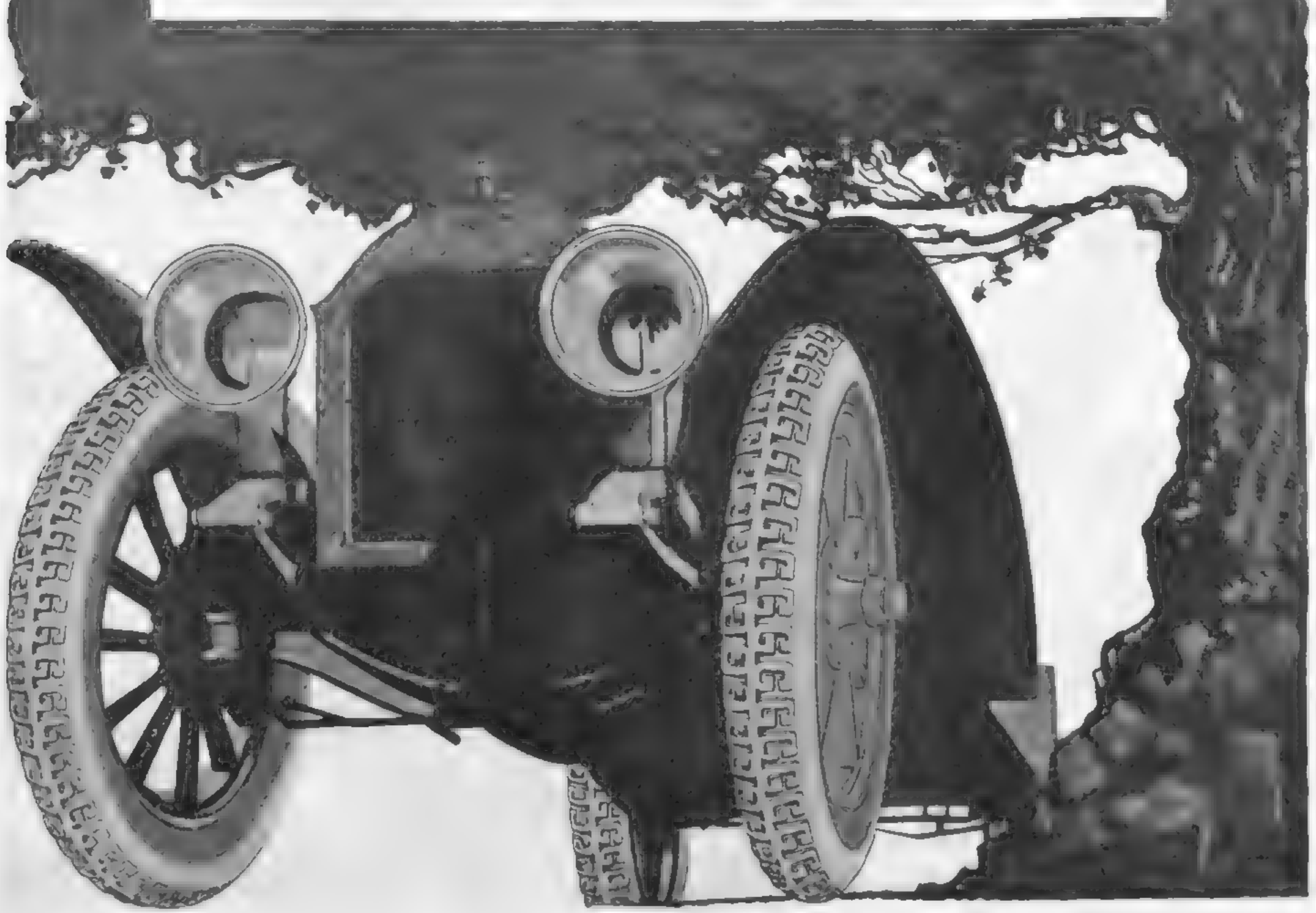

(Continued from Page 78)

Milo Brant had done the spending, which had taken them from one corner of the state to the other.

A series of religious revivals, inspired by the Stannard sentiments, had made things harder for him in his campaign among the negroes and the poor whites. It had taken a dollar this year where fifty cents had sufficed before; but the diligent Euberg had opened the bag freely. It had been a tight squeeze, and the owner of the enlarged, beautified and evergrowing Old Red Rambler felt his age to-night as he stood there reviewing the crowd below—his crowd—weaving in and out in the antics of victory.

On the big mahogany table in the center of the room servants from his house had spread a buffet supper. There was champagne; so little Tommy Breene was there, of course. Euberg, too, was draining a well-deserved glass as he came forward toward the window and gave his superior a congratulatory smile.

"This is our big night!" crowed Euberg jubilantly.

"Our big night!" chimed Milo in a duller key.

"It's plain enough to see what this town wants," Euberg grinned, waving jauntily toward the surging, shoving, roaring throng below.

"I told you we couldn't lose," Brant reminded him solemnly.

"Right too!" agreed his henchman. "But I thought for a while they had us going. That fanatic, Stannard, when he began playing ——"

Milo Brant turned nervously. Andrew, his discreet mulatto butler, was standing at his elbow.

"What's the matter, Andrew?" asked Brant sharply. "I thought I told you to stay at the house."

"Yassa," agreed Andrew. "But I done brought a message, Mistah Brant, suh."

Something seriously compelling in the freckled yellow face caused Milo Brant to step aside, out of the hearing of his too keen assistant.

"What is it, Andrew?"

"Mistah Eldred done escape'!" announced Andrew bluntly.

"Escaped? When? How?"

"Dunno, Mistah Brant, suh. 'Bout noon they call by telephone and say tell you Mistah Eldred done escape'."

"This is a pretty time to tell me!" thundered the master.

"Yassa. You wasn't nowhere to be found all day. I reckon you out 'lectioneerin'. So I been seekin' all ovah town ——"

Milo Brant hurried to an inner office and got the ear of the switchboard. They were an interminable time connecting him with the sanitarium. Milo Brant paced the floor and chewed on his cigar; an unreasoning fear for Eldred and his inevitable contact with the roaring, intemperate crowd out there shook his threadbare nerves. The temptation had been too great for the prodigal, he knew. He had heard the Bacchic cry of election night and broken from his cell.

"This is Brant," he announced when the bell rang. "I want to talk to the doctor."

"The doctor is in Collinsburg," announced a feminine voice at the other end.

"I am asking after my son," the father persisted. "Is he there?"

"I can't tell you, Mr. Brant," replied the dead voice.

"I have a right to ask. If he is there let me talk to him, please."

"I'm sorry. You'll have to get the consent of the doctor. He's in town at present."

Milo Brant slammed up the receiver and sat stupidly for a long time. A polite tapping on the closed door brought him back to the world.

"Come in!" shouted Milo Brant.

Curruthers, his secretary, opened it and stood in the doorway.

"There's a call for you on the Home phone, Mr. Brant," said Curruthers, holding the door suggestively open.

There was a Home telephone booth in the little hall outside. Milo glued the unhooked receiver to his ear and heard another woman's voice, deeper, harsher than the one that had just replied so aimlessly.

"Hello! Say, this Brant? It ain't nobody's business who I am. But, say, I'll give you a tip! Come round quick and git your boy."

"Who are you?" asked Brant, unable to focus his mind on this emergency.

"Never mind! I'm just telling you. He's been burning up the town all day; and if you want to find him he'll be asleep in a lodging house—Cain Street—dead to the world. But there ain't no tellin' when he'll rouse up again. He's dangerous, Mr. Brant! This afternoon he was over to Al Gwynne's place ——"

"I'll go at once," Milo assured her, and hung up the receiver.

In the main office he found the buffet supper going well. Several of his guests were gathered at the window, humorously gloating over the dramatic points in the crowd below as they indulged in Milo Brant's wine. Little Breene was quite drunk, his clay-colored face placidly smiling, like a mask.

"Martin," whispered Milo to his familiar, "Eldred's loose! Come on!"

His close-mouthed confidant asked no questions, but smuggled his hat and overcoat out into the hall and quietly followed to the elevator. The mob was so closely crowded on the sidewalk that they must needs elbow their way several blocks up a side street, where the Brant car was waiting by appointment.

The adaptable Euberg helped his master into the car and pulled the door to after them. Milo Brant scarcely saw him through the gray fog of his thoughts, but he was vaguely grateful for the presence of this little, capable handy man. The night seemed horribly cold. He latched his fur collar tighter round his chin and gazed out of the window upon the muddy, tawdry, sloppy section of the town, through which they were jolting. White globes of light glowered over sinister fronts of cheap blue, behind which mechanical pianos rattled perpetual ragtime. Shreds of wild laughter fluttered on the air. Milo Brant hated this section of town. His naturally fastidious taste rebelled against it. Deposits like these, his philosophy told him, were necessary to the stream of life; but it was an outrage that the smooth-feathered swans, bred to graceful play on rippling surfaces, should be forced into contact with such mud. "Mud!" he called it to-night. Only last week, in the heat of debate, he had referred to it as "Valuable alluvium, destined to enrich our soil." Milo Brant, being human, was curiously made.

At last the great car, disdainfully spurning the standing pools of the neighborhood, pulled up opposite their objective. A pallid, square kerosene-lit transparency announced Lodgings over the door of a gaunt structure that leaned in a drunken torpor between a warehouse and a livery stable.

Euberg was the first to clamber out. Milo found him craning up the rickety staircase, debating with a scarecrow of a fat woman who leaned over the rail of the landing above. Her face was dropsical, and she spoke with a disagreeable lisp, which was due to the absence of several front teeth.

"He's went, I told you!" she was screaming at the top of her lungs.

"She says Eldred's gone," announced Mr. Euberg, interpreting.

"Gone! Where?" demanded Milo blankly.

"Search me!" the woman replied sulkily. "He must 'a' lit out while I was telephonin'. He's off his bean, Mr. Brant." She addressed all her remarks to Euberg. "You'd better git that boy or he'll git Al Gwynne, sure as shootin'! He went round there this mornin'; and if the saloon hadn't been closed, 'count of election ——"

"What in the world does he want of Gwynne?" asked Brant.

"They're both of 'em plumb nutty over that Corrigan gal. Eldred didn't have no gun this mornin', but he bought one offen the nigger that sold him the booze ——"

"Come on!"

Milo Brant was dragging Euberg after him toward the car. Like a shot they were off for Al Gwynne's. White and red lights, mechanical pianos and swinging doors seemed to increase with their progress toward the common center of local disturbance. It came glaring into view, low-crouching, its many eyes shining into the dark, like a great night spider out hunting. This was the palace from which the reliable, energetic czar of the Fifth extended his rule over a congressional district, offering moderate credit at the bar in front, short-changing casual tourists in the dance hall out back, and breaking such municipal laws as interfered with his business; while his celebrated band, shouting African madness to all-night tangoists, turned municipal ordinances into a ragtime medley that stopped only when the crowd went home.

But it was the silence of Al Gwynne's to-night that struck the worried father in the automobile with a wondering terror.

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"Because the peanut butter would not then have the *Beech-Nut flavor*," was our answer.

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Beech-Nut flavor comes from the roasting under steady North light always to the precise color that indicates correct roasting.

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It comes from the crushing in a wonderful machine which, with more than human preciseness, seasons the peanuts with salt, and produces a butter of exceptional smoothness.

It comes from the feeding into thoroughly sterilized glass jars, *from the bottom first* to insure absence of air. And the final vacuum-sealing which keeps all this Beech-Nut flavor fresh and sweet. It is never rancid.

That is why we say to housewives:

"Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is *different* from any other. Give it to your children, in place of too many sweets. They love it. And it *nourishes*. For a sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter provides the same *Strength*, *Heat* and *Energy* as a glass of full cream milk.

Give it to the grown-ups, too. Some like it even better than the children do. Have Beech-Nut Peanut Butter always on your table—as you do dairy butter."

HOW ARE *YOU* USING PEANUT BUTTER?

Almost everyone knows how good Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread on bread or crackers tastes. But did you ever try it in *soups*? Or in cake fillings, muffins, fudge or stuffed dates? Housewives everywhere are finding appetizing new uses. Have *you* found any new ones? We'll gladly pay for *original*, thoroughly *practical* recipes. Let us hear from you.

N. B. Some housewives fancy that the family "does not care for peanut butter." This is because they have never tasted Beech-Nut. If *you* are one of those housewives give yourself the real pleasure of correcting a mistake—order a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter today.

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City State

Surely election night—and such an election night!—was no occasion for the enterprising Al to leave his resort deserted, all lights glaring into the sickly dark! The place was as quiet as a painted house upon a painted landscape.

"It's funny!" Milo was saying to Euberg.

"They all seem to be gathered round the side door," explained Euberg, reflecting his patron's puzzled tone.

And so it was. Under the cold arc light a tangled group of humanity was observable; and as Milo Brant ran furiously forward he could advance only by force of shoulder and elbow, so close was their formation. A woman in shabby décolleté was clinging to a big man, crying hysterically. A squeaky treble shrilled "Leave him in!" as Brant shoved by.

"What's happened?" he asked a fat man, with the face of a pig, who leered up at him from the mass.

The fat man grunted and turned his relentless yellow eyes toward the center of disturbance.

"Git back there!"

The top of a policeman's hat was visible above the crush that jammed against Milo Brant as he held his ground angrily and thrust forward through the receding tide.

In a cleared space by the boxed-in door he beheld the rough, square face of Police Lieutenant Holrein, commanding the drive.

"Lieutenant!"

Milo threw up his hand and Holrein's face lost its sternness in recognition of the man who was above the law.

"Ah, Mr. Brant!"

The crowd seemed to melt away round him and the prehensile Euberg. Holrein had drawn the two under cover of the side entrance before he spoke again.

"I'm glad you came in time, Mr. Brant," said the lieutenant awkwardly. "We're waiting for the wagon, and ——"

"What's it all about? What in the world has happened?" gasped Milo, terribly afraid as he gaped up at the gigantic officer.

"Matter? Why, Mr. Brant—it can't be you don't know!"

"I haven't heard a word. I just came down, and ——"

Holrein paused irresolutely, his hand on the latch of the side door.

"Well, to make a long story short," he said gruffly, "I guess your boy's in for it good this time."

"What's he done? For God's sake ——"

Holrein gave several quick knocks on the ground glass of the door. It opened a crack and a blue-capped head was interposed.

"These gentlemen can go in," said the lieutenant authoritatively, and the three went in together.

The close-packed tables were still burdened with bottles, food, half-empty beer glasses—just as the crowd had left them when they rushed pell-mell from the scene. At one corner of the little tawdry stage a mummylike figure, draped in a white tablecloth, lay across two tables. Two graceful little feet, incased in dirty satin slippers, were poked out from under the shroud. Three haggard chorus girls, wearing identical gowns of infantile pink, perched birdlike on the edge of the platform.

In a far corner a jumble of waiters, policemen, plain-clothes men and white-clad negro bandsmen were explaining volubly to a detective sergeant, who was taking notes.

"Who is it?" asked Milo breathlessly, pointing to the bier.

"Bonnie Corrigan!" shrilled the nearest of the pink dolls, her eyes glaring savagely through her blackened lashes. "She was settin' at that table, not doin' nothin'. He come up and shot her twicet. Shot her from behind! The dirty coward!"

There was another question he dared not ask as he hurried away toward the group in the corner. Al Gwynne, a hard-faced, rather handsome man, whose eyes matched his Maltese-gray hair, came forward, with the collected air of one who had met and weathered many tragedies of the Tenderloin.

"It's very unfort'nate, Mr. Brant," he protested smoothly. "I done everything I could to prevent it. I always try to keep an orderly place. Eldred hadn't no right to be jealous of me. Bonnie was just one of my employees, and as decent, hard-workin' a gal as ever ——"

It was at that moment Milo Brant saw his son, shriveled against the wall, while a detective sergeant snapped the handcuffs over his wrists. There was no recognition in the pasty, expressionless face or in the eyes that wandered wildly. He never turned his head as his father's trembling arm went passionately round his shoulders and a voice grown suddenly old cried brokenly:

"Eldred! Eldred, why did you do it?"

"Go'way!" demanded Eldred in a choking half whisper. "This isn't your funeral."

How little he knew whose funeral it was! For the hopes of a generation, for the honor of a proud man, for a cherished self-respect, the dead march was pounding along—a music without dignity.

Already they were leading Eldred Brant, chained to a policeman, toward the waiting wagon. He shuffled flat-footed, in his untidy clothes, his legs uncertain, his eyes fixed dully ahead.

"When he come in I sort o' knew he had a gun," Al Gwynne was explaining; "so I butted in and tried to grab it. Too late! He shot 'er twice. He hadn't no call to be that jealous. Wasn't my gal—not particularly."

"We'll get Halbroke right away. He's the best lawyer in the state," whispered the practical Euberg as they were passing the sheeted thing by the platform.

"Lawyer!" squawked the little pink shrew as she perched there. "Lawyers won't save his neck. He shot 'er in the back! The dirty coward!"

Al Gwynne scowled savagely at the offender and bowed the magnate to the door.

"Don't take it too hard, Mr. Brant," he said in a voice that was suddenly filled with rough kindness. "Eldred wouldn't 'a' done it if he'd been sober. It was the booze."

The crowd was thinning as they stepped out into the street. In the distance they could hear the clatter of the patrol receding. An unpleasant nausea overcame Milo Brant; and leaning against the side of the building he wiped the perspiration from his forehead in a puzzled sort of way—much as a man touches the blood from an unexpected wound.

Since Colonial days the Brants had been gentlemen . . . some of them had died on the dueling field, fighting for the honor of women . . . the Brants had been punctilious in such matters. . . .

"Hadn't we better be going?" asked Euberg at his elbow.

"What's that? Going? I think so."

Milo Brant made no effort to move. Of course they ought to be seeing Halbroke, or doing something. . . . What was there to do? That awful doll-dressed woman inside had said the truth. . . . A dirty coward! The splendid, manly, brilliant child he had raised so carefully, had inspired with family traditions!

Milo's hand fell from his damp forehead to his side; and in the gesture it touched something metallic, smooth, freezing-cold in the night air. Mechanically he turned and read the words engraved on the handsome brass plate by the side door:

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By PHILIP HALE.

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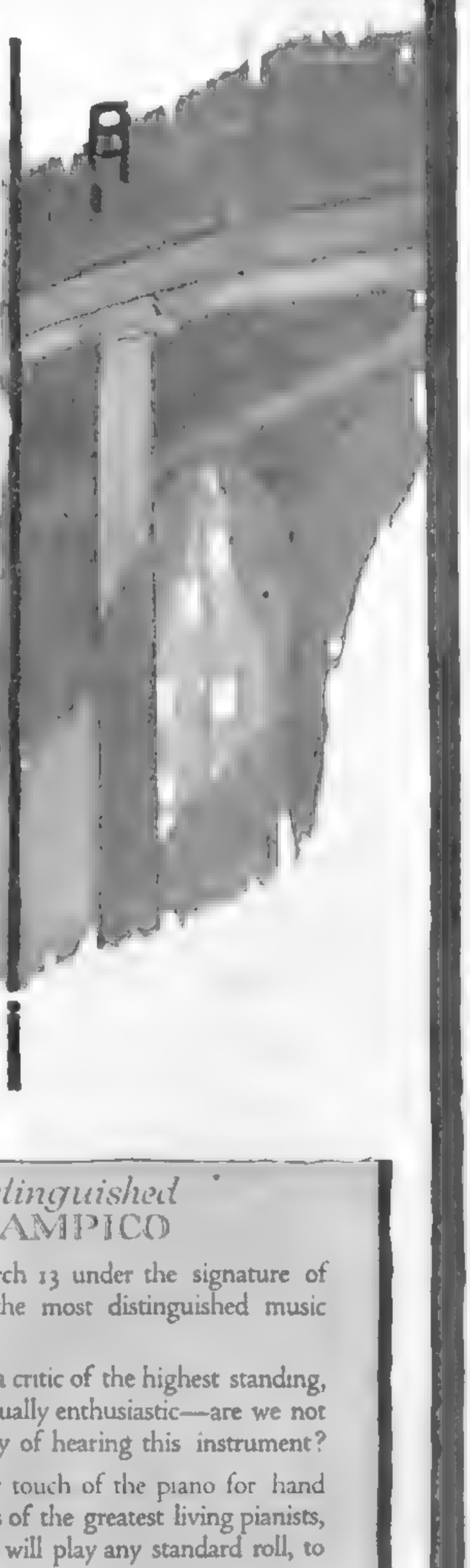

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YOUNG ELLSWORTH'S HAT SIZE

(Continued from Page 19)

plunged at once into the morning mail. In twenty-four hours his whole manner and bearing had changed. From an eager, high-strung, purposeful, talkative, boyish young man, he had become a person who said little, kept his lips rather too tightly pressed together, and studied callers with disconcertingly close attention.

"He's awful changed!" Miss Mulligan confided to a chum in another department. "Instead of acting promoted, he acts like he's got a grief!"

"He ain't got no grief," declared her friend, unconscious that she was aptly quoting an immortal line. "He's got cold feet—that's what he's got!"

This diagnosis, freely circulated through the building, was accepted by many of Ellsworth's associates, who were seeking some explanation of his changed manner. But after a day or two it had to be abandoned. It did not explain certain new phases of Ellsworth's business activities. He prepared for "the trade" a formal announcement of his assumption of his new duties, had this engraved, and sent through the mails hundreds of severely impressive, expensive cards. Not content with this effort, he spent some time in calling up busy men on the telephone.

"Good morning!" he would begin. "This is Ellsworth—Robert Ellsworth—sales manager of Best & Twombly, and one of the directors of the firm. I'd like to get in touch with your house, because I think we can do some business together."

Sometimes they did. Sometimes the conversation ended abruptly, to the surprise and pain of young Mr. Ellsworth. But the refrain sounded so often that the office boys and stenographers, always the first employees of a great establishment to detect a change in the atmosphere of that establishment, adopted it as a clan cry.

"Good morning!" one of them would facetiously greet another. "This is Ells—I mean Willie Jones, of Best & Twombly, the brightest little office boy in the bunch. I'd like to do some business with you this morning."

"Who is the ass in your shop that's calling us all up to tell us he's a director and manager?" a prominent man asked Old Twombly one day.

"Why—I don't know," Twombly stuttered. "Has someone done that?"

"He has; and he's still doing it," laughed the other. "He's keeping us up nights to tell us he's a director of your firm. Every head of your departments is a director, isn't he? But this chap seems to think he's got a unique distinction, and that it thrills the public. Thought I'd give you a tip, because—well, to tell you the truth, the whole town is laughing at him."

Twombly expressed the difficult appreciation that comes from an angry man under such conditions and hastened back to his office.

At the same moment a whispered conference was going on between two men in Ellsworth's department.

"Know what Ellsworth said to me this morning?" began one of them.

"Don't know what he said to you, but I can tell you what he said to me," admitted the other sourly.

"I called him 'Kid,'" continued the first speaker. "Force of habit, you know—always had called him that. Fond of the youngster, I was. Well, sir, what do you think he said?" He paused, to give his hearer the added effect of suspense. "He put down his pen, whirled in his chair, fixed his eyes on me, set his jaw, and said: 'Mr. McKnight, I want you to drop that. It doesn't go. I'm sorry to have to speak about it, but if your own common sense doesn't guide you I've got to.'"

McKnight's friend whistled softly.

"He said that?" he breathed. "To you!"

"He did," said McKnight grimly.

"What'd you do?"

"Took it like a good little boy being reproved by teacher," snapped McKnight. "What the hell else could I do?"

"It was you who brought him here, wasn't it, in the first place?—got him his job?"

"Yep."

"By Jove! Bet his hat bands have to be three inches bigger than they were a month ago."

McKnight sat down on a near-by desk and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, gazed with unseeing eyes at the floor. He was a big, florid man, a conscientious worker, but wholly without initiative—the type made to follow loyally all his life the lead of a master.

"It hurts, Curtis," he contributed simply. "I wouldn't have believed it of the k—of Ellsworth."

"Neither would I," mused Curtis. "He's been different to me lately; but I thought it was because he never liked me and was taking his chance now to come down on me. That'd be only human, I suppose. Say, what the deuce are you doing?"

McKnight had jerked open the drawers of his desk and was now feverishly emptying them.

"I'm going to get out!" he explained over his shoulder.

"Wh-what!"

"Yep. I've got a transfer to Brown's department. He's wanted me for six months, and we fixed it just now."

Curtis gasped.

"After—after the k—after Ellsworth called you down?"

"Yep. Brown went to Ellsworth and made a big spiel about how much he needed me, and Ellsworth O.K'd the transfer. I guess he knew why I was willing to go, all right."

Curtis whistled again.

"That ought to jolt the kid a bit," he mused.

McKnight went on with his packing.

"It won't," he muttered. "He's got past that point. I've never seen such a change in a man in my life! Even yet, I can't believe it is as bad as it seems."

"It's simple enough," contributed Curtis. "You can put it all in two words—'swelled head.'"

Back in the private office Twombly was unbosoming himself to his partner on the same subject. When he stopped, Best, twenty years his junior, and son of the dead founder of the house, nodded comprehendingly.

"I knew the whole office force was laughing at Ellsworth," he admitted. "I'm not exactly surprised to learn that the whole town is. That sort of thing spreads like a prairie fire."

"It's making us ridiculous," fumed Twombly.

Young Best shook his head.

"Oh, no," he said; "it's only making him ridiculous. It's just a question of enlarged hatband."

"But it will hurt the firm!" cried Twombly. "We can't afford to have one of our managers making a double-dyed donkey of himself."

Best pursed his lips.

"Perhaps it will," he conceded. "We must look out for that, of course. What I'm thinking of now is how much it's hurting a good man. At this rate, and within a year, his usefulness to us will be gone, and he'll be hated by every man who knows him. But he's still so young that there must be some way of curing him."

While the older man sat in frowning silence, Best restlessly paced the floor.

"Wish I could think of a remedy," he muttered. He stopped short in his tracks. "I hope you realize," he broke out, "that it's a crisis with the boy. I've seen men lose their heads before after a quick turn of the wheel; but I've never seen anything so sudden and complete as this. It's cataclysmic. I wonder what his wife thinks about it!" he ended reflectively.

What his wife thought was that her husband was on the verge of a breakdown, due to the strain of having upon his young shoulders the entire burden of the firm of Best & Twombly—for Ellsworth's home conversation had convinced her that he was bearing just this.

"But doesn't Mr. Best or Mr. Twombly do anything?" she asked pathetically on one occasion. "Why are they there if they don't?"

"They're there because they own the place!" snapped Ellsworth. "By George, it's well for 'em they do and that they've got the rest of us to work for 'em. We had a directors' meeting to-day, and practically every suggestion that came up was laid over. There was always some reason to 'postpone action.' I got so hot under the collar that finally I reminded 'em that neither a firm nor an individual can stand still. It's got to go forward or back, and I said it seemed to me time to dig our heels in the ground and stop slipping backward."

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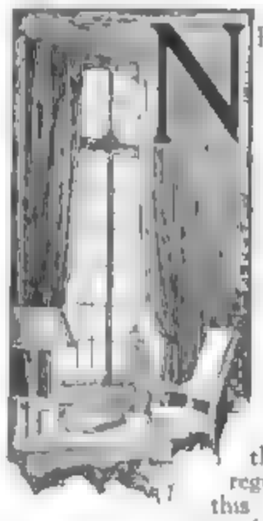

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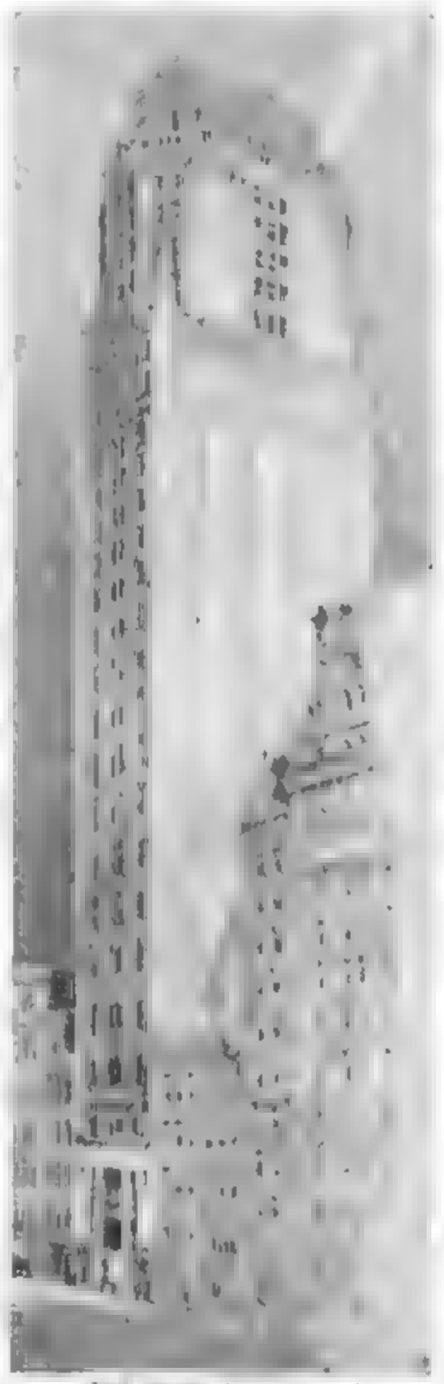

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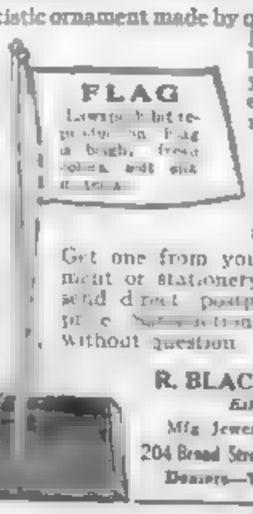

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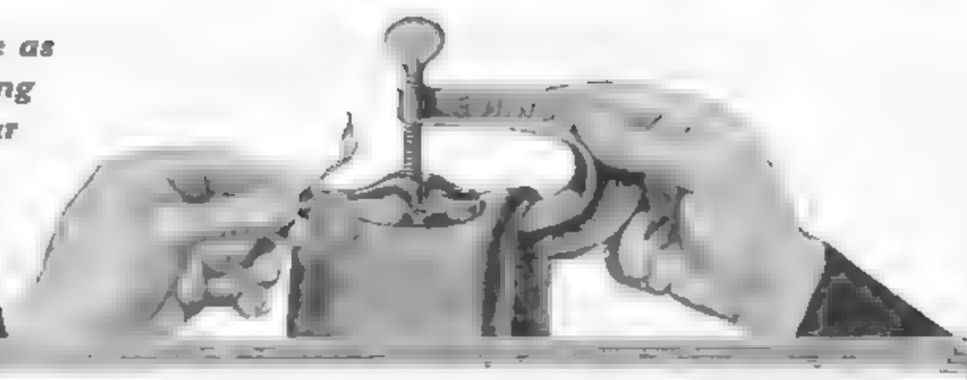

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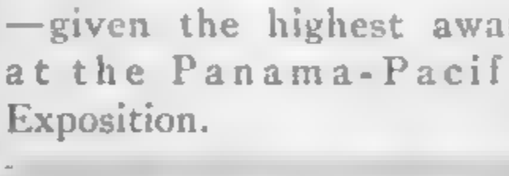

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"O-oh!" His wife had listened in awe. "What did they say?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"Nothing."

"Well, then, did they do anything after that?"

A cloud fell on young Robert's brow.

"Oh, yes, they did something," he conceded bitterly—"they laughed! And one of 'em said something about hats being worn larger this spring."

Young Mrs. Ellsworth looked thoughtful. She was not a fool. Her thoughts lingered on that laugh during the evening and returned to it the next morning. She realized vaguely that her husband's thoughts were on it too. He was moody and abstracted. Once or twice he flushed, as if over unpleasant memories.

He was the first man in his office the next morning, as he had formed the excellent habit of being; and as he hung his coat in the coat closet, being thereby concealed from view for a moment, he was privileged to overhear a greeting between two office boys—one of them his own boy—who had just arrived.

"Good mornin', James!" said the second boy kindly. "Have you heard, my child, that I am a d'rector here?"

"Shut up!" commanded Ellsworth's boy uncomfortably.

"I am also the new sales manager," continued the second boy suavely. "P'raps we kin do a little business t'gether ——"

When Ellsworth emerged from the coat closet both boys were on the floor, too violently engaged to observe his presence. He passed them with a flushed face. His fellow directors had laughed yesterday, and with a significance in the laughter that he had observed but not understood. Now the office boys were laughing at him. Something was going on. He would find out what it was.

He turned a narrowed gaze on the first man who entered his office that morning, who happened to be Curtis. It was the look he had practiced since his ascension to his small throne of power, the look of stern purpose which he thought befitted a young captain of industry. But Curtis did not seem to be impressed by it. He stated his errand quietly, with an odd effect of detachment from the man to whom he was talking. Ellsworth had a sudden desire to draw him closer.

"Curtis ——" he began.

"Yes."

"You know that—er—McKnight has been transferred?"

"Yes; I've heard of it."

"Can you take on his work?"

"I guess so."

"Guess so?" Ellsworth whirled on him. "Don't you know?" he demanded sharply.

Curtis smiled. It was not an open smile and it was not directed at Ellsworth. Indeed, he was gazing off in seeming reflection; but that smile made Ellsworth uncomfortable.

"See here, Curtis," he said suddenly, "I wish you'd help me out in this. I'd be in a hole if you didn't."

"Of course I'll help you. I'll be glad to."

Curtis responded promptly to the changed tone; but the response was merely direct and businesslike. There was no friendly ardor in it as—Ellsworth suddenly realized—there would have been a month before. And—Curtis had smiled oddly.

During the morning he saw a very similar smile on Miss Mulligan's features as he was dictating a somewhat flamboyant letter, in which he had stated that, "as a director of the firm," he felt ——

"Leave that out," he directed curtly; and the young lady, after indulging in her best baby stare, obediently struck the phrase from her notes.

Slowly, during that day, the eyes of Bob Ellsworth opened. But they might have closed again save for a jolt that propped them wide open in the afternoon. As a department head he had the privilege of dropping unannounced into the private office occupied by the two partners; and this he did about four o'clock. As he entered the small anteroom leading to the inner office he heard the voices of Best and Twombly raised in what seemed a warm discussion; and he stood still a moment, equally unwilling to interrupt or to retreat.

"But I tell you I won't stand it!" shouted Old Twombly. "Half a dozen men came up to me at the club last night to grin at me and say they'd heard we had a new director here! One of them asked me if it wasn't a new president; and another said he'd heard that you and I were going to turn over the business to Ellsworth. Meantime the fellow is antagonizing everybody in the shop by his airs. He's a hopeless ass!"

"But he's such a young ass!" Best reminded him impatiently. "And you know he's doing the work all right. Give him time and he may catch on to himself."

Ellsworth fled back to his department and got the full effect of a sudden silence that fell over it as he arrived. At the same moment McKnight passed him. Regardless of the eyes upon them both, Ellsworth caught the older man's arm.

"McKnight," he said, "I owe you an apology. How will you have it?"

McKnight stared for a moment at the again familiar, eager face. Then his own face softened.

"Won't have it at any price," he said with a grin, turning to leave.

Ellsworth held on to him.

"Get your stuff," he begged, "and come back. I'm awake now."

"Are you?"

McKnight was again staring at him.

"You bet I am! Come over to Brown's department and kiss him good-by," suggested Ellsworth airily, his spirits mounting as he saw the change in McKnight's expression.

"Brown won't like this backing and filling ——"

But McKnight was yielding to the propelling hand.

"Of course he won't. I'll have to eat crow till he comes round. But that's all right. I'd eat a crow a day for a year to get you back, old chap."

"All right, Bob. I guess we can fix it between us."

"There goes one of our directors," said an office boy to Ellsworth's boy as the two men passed him.

"Shut up, you fathead!" snarled James. "Mr. Ellsworth ain't spoke once about bein' a director the whole day."

In Ellsworth's department his men were exchanging significant glances.

"The boss is acting like himself again," was the general verdict; "and it's just about time he did it too."

Ellsworth's worst ordeal came that night, in an hour of soulful communion with the wife of his bosom.

"Noticed anything queer about me lately, May?" he began desperately. "Anything different in my manner or—the way I acted?"

"Why, Bobby—of course I have!"

"What was it? How did I impress you as taking my job? I want the exact truth." Mrs. Ellsworth hesitated. "It's vital to me to know," said her husband firmly.

"Well, then—why—you seemed —— Oh, Bobby, darling, I hate to say it—but rather—rather ——"

"What?"

"Conceited!"

The answer came in a whisper. Bob set his teeth.

"Then the diagnosis was right," he said slowly.

"The diagnosis? Bobby! What do you mean? Have you been ill? What is it?"

Bobby smiled at her. It was the old smile with which he had wooed and won her.

"Egotitis," he said solemnly. "Quite a serious case too."

"Oh, Bobby! And you never said a word to me! Have you been taking treatment?"

Bobby drew a deep breath, recalling the events of the day.

"You bet I have!" he assured her. "The only remedy is a jolt; and I got a dose of that at four o'clock this afternoon which simply par—— I mean, which cured me absolutely!"

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THE DOLLAR BILL

(Continued from Page 17)

What if she hadn't waited till he was dead? His knees giving way beneath him, Mr. Bope sat down again.

Through his brain suspicion rang like a shout. The way she had been acting of late was significant. It wasn't only the chicken broth—it was a lot of other things; and bit by bit Mr. Bope pieced it all together. Again a gasp escaped him. Again he struggled to his feet. Clinging to the chair-arm, he stood there, his head bent in an attitude of acute attention.

All was still, however; and a moment later, in nightgown and slippers, Mr. Bope opened the sick-room door and crept cautiously along the hall.

His wife's room was at the rear; and toward this he propelled himself. Downstairs he could hear Mrs. Bope—she was talking to the nurse; and, alert and active, he hurried. What his thoughts were one may surmise. However, strong as his suspicion was, hope still lingered—hope mixed with fear. He still could not believe it true. True or not, though, Mr. Bope now meant to make sure.

His wife's door he opened. His wife's room he entered swiftly. Across the floor was her dressing table, a battered walnut bureau, relic of her early married days; and toward this he made his way. Swaying weakly, he pulled out the upper drawer.

No cry escaped Mr. Bope. He did not even gasp. Some emotions, it would seem, are too vital, too paramount to voice themselves in sound; and, an effigy of dumb pain, he left the bureau and tottered to the closet in the corner.

Even yet the man had command of himself. The door he opened; but still he gave no cry. Another man—a man, at any rate, like him—might well have gasped; yet, in spite of that, in spite, too, of his shattered health, he still preserved both silence and an outward show of calm. Possibly he felt he could not do justice to the occasion; and closing the closet door he hobbled painfully back to his bedroom.

Just as he reached it he again heard Mrs. Bope downstairs.

Mrs. Bope was going out. Her voice rose flutelike and gay—she seemed not to have a care in the world; then the door slammed behind her. At once Mr. Bope tottered to the window. There, with unsteady, crawling fingers, he parted the curtains and peered down into the street.

Then Mr. Bope gave a cry. The cry, too, came from him as if wrenched from the depths of his heart.

Clad in a new spring gown, a rakish hat and a set of costly furs, Mrs. Bope was just stepping into a motor that stood at the curb.

The motor was a limousine. Its chauffeur was in livery; and as the man closed the door, touching his cap as he did so, Mrs. Bope sat back, luxuriously settling herself among the cushions. The next instant she was whirled away.

His knees again giving way beneath him, Mr. Bope again sat down.

Hours passed. As one by one they flitted on their way, his face grew grimmer and more set. He was waiting, evidently. True, the meter on the limousine told him the limousine was only hired; true, too, a minute examination of the gems in the bureau told him the gems were only imitation. The dresses were real, however. All, besides, were the latest spring and summer models. Then again, the fact that the gems were false made no difference. A woman who bought false gems was just as likely to buy real ones. Though the limousine was hired, she was just as likely to get one of her own.

Besides, she hadn't even waited till he was dead!

He must be calm, he told himself. To be calm was necessary not only for himself; it was necessary for her. The woman unquestionably must have lost her mind. No other explanation was, in fact, plausible. He must be calm and he must be kind; at the same time, though, he must be firm. Calm as he meant to be, however, Mr. Bope could not keep from being moist.

The turmoil of his mind was curious. In it hazily his thoughts strayed back over the causes that had led to so calamitous an effect. All, he saw now, was due to that one slight act of carelessness—the loss of the dollar bill. If he had not lost the dollar he would not have gone in search of it. If he had not searched for it he would not have perspired till he caught a chill. Without the chill he would not have had the fever that laid him on his back. And without the fever, the illness that had removed his strong hand from the helm, Mrs. Bope never would have done what she had; neither would he have been racked nearly to madness by the problem of what to do with his money.

By now it no longer was a question of what would happen when he died. That was the ghastliness of it. Mrs. Bope had not waited till he was dead!

The realization made him shake anew. If his wife had done this, what wouldn't others—if it were strangers who got his money—do with it when he was dead! The thought was devastating. The rancor, the venom he felt, made him forget even the money. In his mind's eye he pictured what these beneficiaries would do to his hoard. What difference was it who they'd be? A library, a hospital or a college might get the money; yet what of that! Whoever got it would spend it—spend it gayly. His millions would be spent gayly, freely; squandered with no thought of what it had cost him to pile them all together. Ducks and drakes was what they'd play with it; and at the thought of the joy, the fun they'd get out of it—the joy, the fun he'd never had—the rancor Mr. Bope felt against them welled anew, dripping into his heart like gall.

Mr. Bope had never hated anyone before. He was at heart mild—a bland, rather kindly person when the exigencies of business let him be. Now, however, the hatred he felt was Homeric. It was, in fact, so venomous that his one idea no longer was how he could keep his money intact; it was how he could circumvent those who lay in wait, ready to make use of it. If the money had been of no use to him, why should it be to them?

That was it! How could he beat them? How could he head them off? Before they laid hands on his millions, how—how ——

It was at this instant that, like a bomb, the solution burst upon Mr. Bope.

Five o'clock was striking. At five Mr. Bope heard a motor drive up to the door; then the doorbell rang. A moment later Mrs. Bope came up the stairs.

Mrs. Bope came stealthily too. A sardonic grin spread on Mr. Bope's face as he heard her sly, cautious footfalls. As he recalled, this was the way she frequently had climbed the stairs of late; and, guessing why now, he smiled still more cynically. Then, as she closed her bedroom door, he leaned back, his lips compressed, his hands laced together in his lap. It would be the last time she would fool him!

Ten minutes later, when the lady entered the sick room, he was still seated there, still waiting—watching with that same grim air of expectancy.

"Well, Roscoe!" bubbled Mrs. Bope.

Mr. Bope fixed her with a cold, fishy eye.

"Got on your Canton-flannel wrapper, I see," he said.

Mrs. Bope gave a start. The start was guilty.

"What say?" she inquired.

"Changed it, did you?" remarked Mr. Bope; and Mrs. Bope gave another start. "Thought you'd fool me again, eh?" suggested Mr. Bope.

The start she gave now was almost a jump.

"Pa!" cried Mrs. Bope.

Mr. Bope's grin grew more sardonic.

"Well, you didn't fool me!" he drawled deliberately, his tone as mocking as his face. "You fooled me when I was sick maybe; but now, no! I'm on to you, Mrs. Bope!" said Mr. Bope.

She gazed at him, agape.

"On to me?"

"Yep!" he replied.

But evidently this was just a beginning. Evidently Mr. Bope had much to say. Ere he could speak again, however, a sudden transformation swept over Mrs. Bope. Startled as she had seemed, she now abruptly drew herself up to her full five feet two.

"Is that so?" she retorted; and with that she began.

A flood of words poured from her; and the flood, to Mr. Bope's surprise, was neither a confession nor was it penitent. Of what she had done, the money she had squandered, Mrs. Bope said nothing; instead, the deluge of speech that burst from her dealt only with Mr. Bope. That gentleman, to his wonder, found himself the accused.

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The topic of the chicken broth was what she began upon.

"Roscoe Bope," cried Mrs. Bope, "are you a man or are you just a bag of pennies? Here you are, one of the richest men in Wall Street—one of the richest in the world—yet you shame me for a plate of soup! What if it did cost a dollar! What if it did? I ask."

Mr. Bope hurriedly defended himself.

"A dollar and a quarter," he corrected; and Mrs. Bope emitted another cry.

"A dollar and a quarter, either! You have millions—millions! Yet for a dollar-twenty-five, Roscoe Bope, you'd wreck what little joy I have! Think of it! All the years we've lived together I've toiled and drudged for you—drudged willingly, too—hoping you might get your wish; and yet, after all, after all this drudgery and toil, what good has it been to me? . . . Oh, Roscoe! Oh, pa!" wailed Mrs. Bope. "Think of it! I haven't even a child!"

Mr. Bope tried wildly to check her.

"I didn't say you couldn't," he protested.

"No," said Mrs. Bope; "but you said shoes cost four dollars a pair!"

Well, that was true. Shoes did cost four dollars a pair; but, though they did, Mr. Bope seemed flabbergasted at the turn the talk was taking. Evidently he still had much to say; yet still Mrs. Bope gave him no chance to say it.

"We haven't children; we haven't even friends!" she wailed. "All we've ever had was just dollars!" Then a fresh conviction seemed to hit her.

"Oh, Roscoe," she wept, "we haven't even a relative!"

The fact seemed to affect Mr. Bope only negatively, if at all. It always had been with him a cause for gratification, not regret. Now, instead of protesting this, he made another effort to silence her.

But Mrs. Bope, far from being silenced, raised her voice more tempestuously. She had not ceased to weep. That want, her lack of relatives, seemed to feed her hysteria afresh.

"Oh, if only you knew how lonely I was! The money, those millions of yours, they're company enough for you; but, Roscoe, think of me! When they brought you home delirious—as I thought, dying—you don't know how I felt. Day after day—nights, too—I sat here by your bed praying for you to come back to me. Then, one day, they told me you were better, that you would live; and oh, my joy! How happy I was!" wept Mrs. Bope. "How joyed I felt! How happy I was, too, when you woke, when your fever went, when again you knew me! . . . And now it's all gone; ruined," wailed Mrs. Bope—"ruined for a plate of soup!"

Mr. Bope was touched. To think she loved him so affected him sincerely; and reaching over he laid a hand on hers.

At the touch a fresh storm of sobs afflicted her.

"Ruined! Just for a plate of chicken soup!"

"I know," murmured Mr. Bope regretfully; "too bad it wasn't beef."

Mrs. Bope sat up with a jerk.

"Roscoe Bope!" she cried, her tone horrified.

But Mr. Bope did not appear either to hear the exclamation or to heed the scorn in its tone. He was gazing reflectively at the ceiling. Mrs. Bope got her breath afresh.

"You ought to be ashamed! All the world says you're nothing but an old skinflint; and now I begin to believe them! Your money's no good to you; it's no good to anyone else.

"You might just as well be collecting pebbles—that or bits of glass. . . . And all for what?" shrilled Mrs. Bope. "Tell me, if you can! All for what? Tell me!"

But, without waiting to be told, Mrs. Bope told it herself: "Just for someone else to spend, once you are dead!"

At a jump, Mr. Bope's eyes came back from the ceiling.

"What?"

"Just what I say," repeated Mrs. Bope—"someone else to spend!"

But that was too much. His face grim, Mr. Bope leveled a finger at Mrs. Bope.

"Who bought those flowers—the roses you brought me?" he demanded.

"I did," Mrs. Bope replied defiantly; "I took the money out of the butter and eggs!"

"Why?" persisted Mr. Bope.

"Because I was happy," she returned.

Resolutely Mr. Bope continued the cross-examination:

"Is that why you bought the dresses too?"

It was.

"And the jewelry?"

Mrs. Bope shrugged her shoulders. The gems were imitations.

"Answer me!" directed Mr. Bope. "Why did you buy them?"

Another shrug.

"I've told you. It was because I was happy. You were getting well again and it made me feel like a girl."

"Huh! . . . And it wasn't because you thought me dying—almost dead?"

For a long moment Mrs. Bope stared at him. The stare was disparaging.

"No," she said slowly; "but I'll tell you this, Roscoe Bope:

"Once you're dead and buried, what I'll do to that money of yours will make you turn over in your grave!"

A pause followed. During it the look on Mr. Bope's face underwent many curious changes. It was grave; it grew grim. It showed wonder; it almost showed respect. Finally over it spread an air of shrewd, calculating, cunning craft.

"Well, you won't!" said Mr. Bope.

"Won't I?" retorted Mrs. Bope.

"No," answered Mr. Bope. "All the afternoon I've been sitting here, figuring it out; and when I die, you—or anyone else, either—won't make me roll over in my grave! I know now what I'm going to do with my money!"

A gasp, a pregnant exclamation, leaped to the lips of Mrs. Bope.

"You do?"

"Yes; I do!" he nodded.

Then, before she could speak again, Mr. Bope raised a hand to silence her.

"Maybe you're right in what you said. Maybe my money's been no good to me. Maybe, too, all these years I've been nothing but a dried-up, miserly old skinflint. That's not what I'm driving at, though. I made up my mind this afternoon that I'm not going on making money just for someone else to get the good of it. If I can't get any good out of it I'm not going to let anyone else get it either! . . . There!" said Mr. Bope. "Just you put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Mrs. Bope was staring at him again. It was not his words that startled her; it was the tone in which he said them. Once or twice she tried to speak; but evidently wonder, not to say dumfounded amazement, held her in its thrall. Finally, however, a wheezing gasp escaped her.

"Roscoe Bope," inquired Mrs. Bope, "have you gone plumb mad?"

Mr. Bope slowly nodded.

"Mebbe, ma—mebbe!"

Again a gasp from Mrs. Bope.

"What are you going to do?"

"Well," replied Mr. Bope deliberately, "for one thing, seeing as I can't take my money with me when I go, I'm going to get some good out of it while I'm living. That's what! I'm not going to slave and sweat any more, just so some other fellow c'n have the fun. I'm going to have some fun myself!"

"Roscoe!" cried Mrs. Bope.

"You bet I am!" said Mr. Bope.

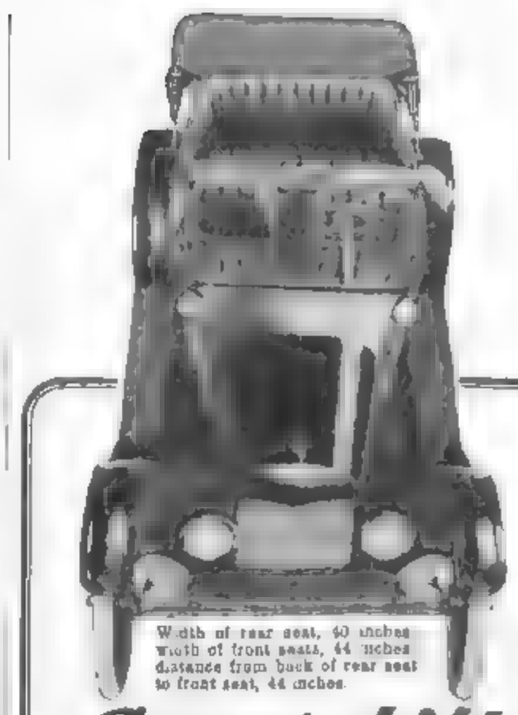
Half an hour later the nurse pushed open the sick-room door and entered. The instant she did so, though, she gaped; then tiptoed out again. Mr. Bope was seated in his chair. Mrs. Bope was seated in the same chair also. He had his arm about his wife's waist; and Mrs. Bope's face was shining like a girl's.

In Mrs. Bope's hand was a magazine, and she and Mr. Bope were looking at the advertisements. The advertisements were of motor cars.

"I like the closed ones, of course," Mrs. Bope was saying; "but the open ones would be healthier for you."

As the nurse softly closed the door she heard Mr. Bope speak.

"If I was to get one of each, ma," Mr. Bope said craftily, "mebbe the dealer'd give me a discount!"



Width of rear seat, 40 inches; width of front seats, 44 inches; distance from back of rear seat to front seat, 44 inches.

Ames-bilt

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This wonderful little body attached to a Ford [illegible] in a few moments your FORD—new or old—can be put into the luxury class. Look at the illustration above. You can make your Ford look just like the one pictured.

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Doors: [illegible] Best quality 20-gauge [illegible]

Upholstering: Best quality [illegible] stuffed with real curled hair. Deep, luxurious cushions.

Body: [illegible] rear vision wind [illegible]

Complete, ready for shipment, $215 [illegible]

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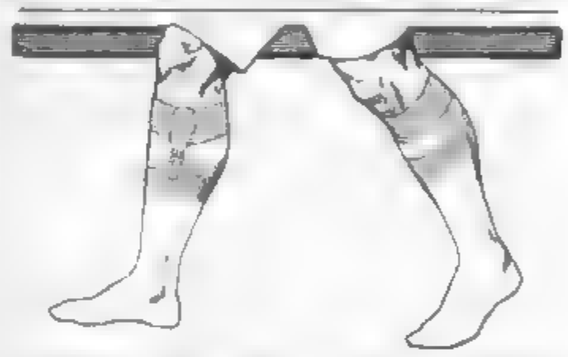

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Made WIDE for Comfort and Free Circulation. No straps, buckles or adjustments. Quickest on and off. Cool in summer.

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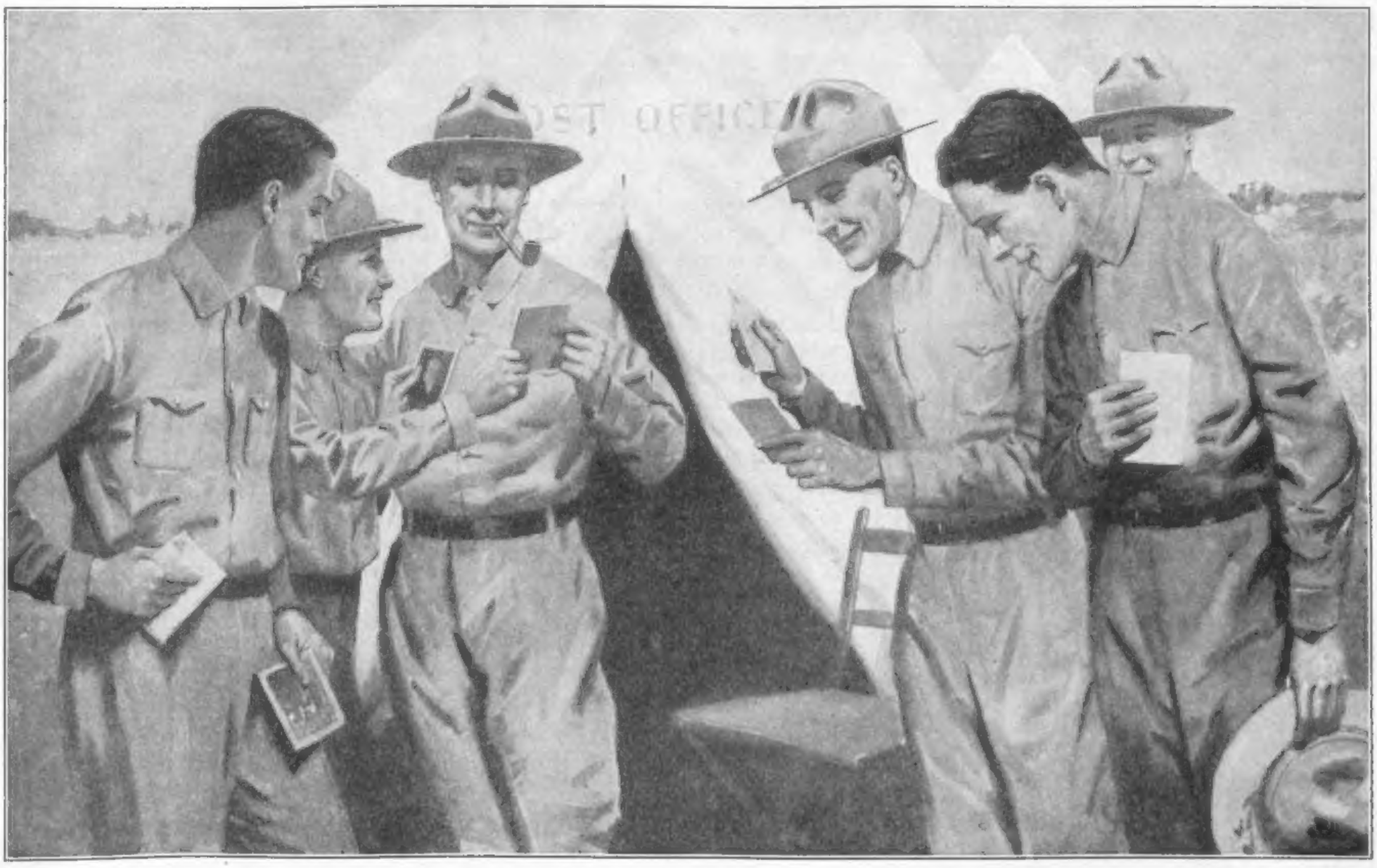

Snap-Shots from Home.

Give cheer to the boys in camp and on shipboard by sending them pictures from home. There are likely to be some tedious, homesick days and a little cheer-up in the way of photographs of the home folks and the home doings will do them a lot of good.

And some day when you want to give something a little more substantial, send along a Vest Pocket KODAK and ask your Soldier or Sailor Boy to send pictures to you.

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MILWAUKEE

The City that Honor Built

FROM an Indian village to a great manufacturing metropolis—from a trading post to a city upon whose markets the sun never sets, all in a hundred years—such has been Milwaukee's history.

It is history that could not have been made outside of America, where only genius is royal; where industry alone wears a crown—the crown of a great democracy. And even in America such growth is not merely incidental to the flight of time. Bigness of purpose, an eternal "hewing to the line"—some great characteristic—is necessary to industrial supremacy.

In Milwaukee this necessary characteristic has been industrial honor—an heritage, a sacred trust handed down from father to son. On such a foundation have Milwaukee's great temples of industry been erected. Monuments to a principle—tributes to a trust inviolate.

And so, "Made in Milwaukee," our mark of quality, has come to signify sterling worth; the hall mark of value.

Today, in "The City that Honor Built" there are more than 3600 manufacturers. Even the few noted here will at once remind you of Milwaukee products that you have tried and found true.

Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.,	Farm Tractors, Tillers, Power and Industrial Machinery
David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.,	Makers of Collegian Clothes
The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.,	Largest Producers of Electrical Controlling Devices
Eagle Lye Works,	Largest Exclusive Lye Manufacturers in United States
Evinrude Motor Company,	Detachable Rowboat and Canoe Motors—80,000 sold
The Federal Rubber Co.,	Federal Tires and Mechanical Rubber Goods
Gemco Manufacturing Co.,	America's Largest Producers of Automobile Bumpers
Holeproof Hosiery Co.,	Famous Holeproof Hosiery—worn by millions
O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.,	Quality Gloves—known the world over
Hummel & Downing Co.,	Makers of Fibre and Corrugated Shipping Cases
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.,	Makers of Palm Olive Soap and Toilet Articles
Robert A. Johnston Co.,	Johnston's Chocolates—the appreciated candy
Kearney & Trecker Co.,	Milwaukee Milling Machines—automatically lubricated
F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co.,	Makers of Dry-Sox Shoes for Wet Weather
Milwaukee Corrugating Co.,	Mfrs. "Netmesh" Metal Lath and "Superior" Corner Bead
Milwaukee Paper Box Co.,	Candy Boxes of Quality
National Enameling & Stamping Co.,	Largest Manufacturers of Tin and Enameled Ware
Nunn & Bush Shoe Co.,	Service Shoes—"Farm-Wear" Shoes, Army Shoes
Phoenix Knitting Works,	Phoenix Silk Hosiery—largest selling brand
Pawling & Harnischfeger Co.,	America's Largest Makers of Electric Cranes
The Richardson-Phenix Co.,	Lubrication Engineers and Manufacturers
A. O. Smith Corporation,	World's Largest Automobile Frame Plant
Sterling Motor Truck Co.,	Sterling Motor Trucks—2½, 3½, 5 and 7-Ton
Sivyer Steel Casting Co.,	Quality has made their business national
Wisconsin Motor Mfg. Co.,	Auto, Boat and Aëro Motors—three world's records

Milwaukee wants you to know her better. You may have the booklet "Milwaukee"—The City That Honor Built—gratis.

Electricity is cheap in Milwaukee

ROTARY CLUB MILWAUKEE

The Vision of Solomon Juneau, Milwaukee's Pioneer Founder (A Dream That Came True)

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